

# Songs of Worship

for the Sunday School

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Suffer little children, and  
forbid them not, to come  
unto me: for of such is  
the kingdom of heaven.

Division

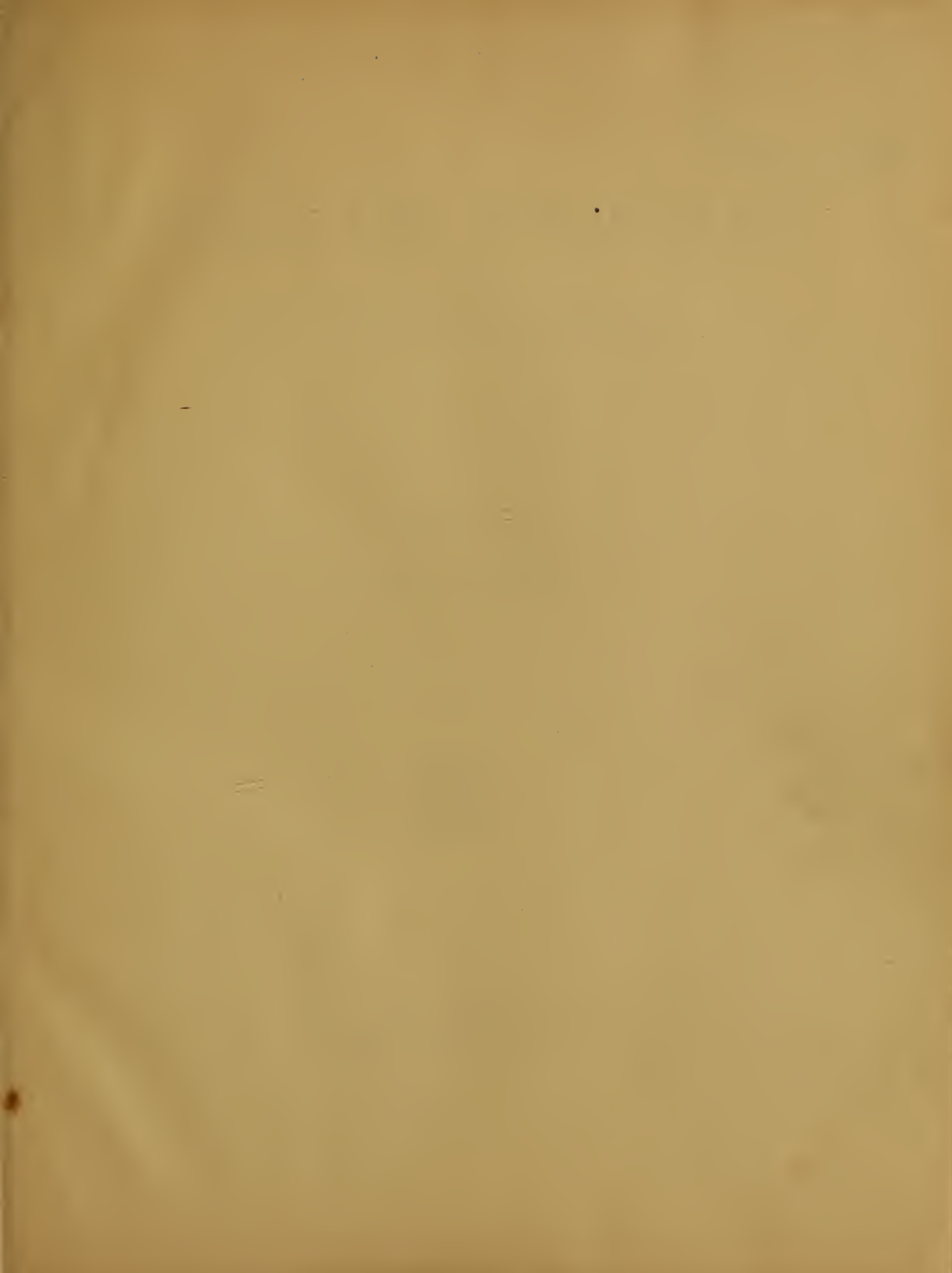
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# SONGS OF WORSHIP

*FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL*

EDITED BY

✓  
WALDO S. PRATT



NEW-YORK  
THE CENTURY CO.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.



THESE SONGS OF WORSHIP are intended to form a compact manual of musical worship, suitable for the Sunday School or for other church services. The hymns have been chosen so as to afford expression for all the principal forms of devout approach to God. Descriptive, hortatory, and didactic poems are almost entirely omitted. It is hoped that the classification, though obviously only a suggestion, will conduce to an intelligent use of the hymns as direct utterances of worship.

The tunes are meant to be genuine and dignified embodiments of the dominant sentiment of the various hymns. Triviality and mere jingle are avoided, simply because they express nothing. Many tunes were written specially for the book, and all have been chosen and arranged with reference to practical utility.

This collection is intended to serve as an introduction to the use of any of the leading church hymnals, and to be a real educator of taste in church music. It is large enough to afford variety for a series of years, and high enough in poetic and musical standard to justify careful and progressive study.

The editor will be well repaid for his labor upon these SONGS if they shall contribute to the wider appreciation and use of our nobler hymns and tunes as among the choicest means of publicly worshiping God.

WALDO S. PRATT.

HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,  
October 1, 1887.

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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# SONGS OF THE LORD'S DAY.

## This Day, by Thy creating word.

I

W. W. How, 1854.  
*Not too fast.*

G. A. MACFARREN, 1872.

*mp*

1. This Day, by Thy cre - a - ting word, First o'er the  
 2. This Day the Lord, for sin - ners slain, In might vic -  
 3. This Day the Ho - ly Spir - it came With fi - ery  
 4. O Day of light and life and grace, From earth - ly

*cres.*

earth the light was pour'd; O Lord, this Day up - on us  
 to - rious rose a - gain; O Je - sus, may we rais - ed  
 tongues of clo - ven flame; O Spir - it, fill our hearts to -  
 toils sweet rest - ing - place, Thy hal - low'd hours, best gift of

*f* *dim.*

shine, And fill our hearts with light di - vine.  
 be, From death of sin to life in Thee.  
 day With grace to hear and grace to pray.  
 love, Give we a - gain to God a - bove. A - MEN.




# Jesus, we love to meet on this Thy holy Day.

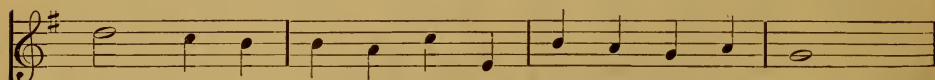
Mrs. E. R. PARSON, 1836.  
UNISON.

"BEECHORFT."

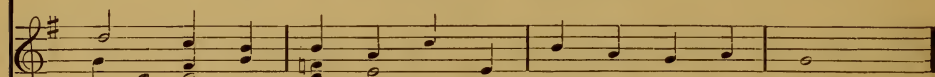

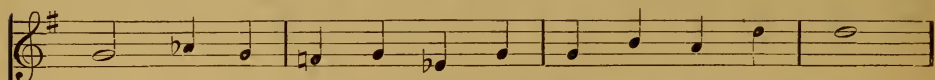
T. G. REED, 1880 ?



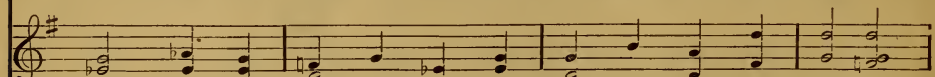
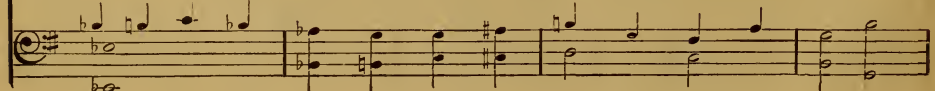
1. Je - sus, we love to meet on this Thy ho - ly Day;  
2. We dare not tri - fle now on this Thy ho - ly Day;  
3. We list - en to Thy Word on this Thy ho - ly Day;



We wor - ship 'round Thy seat on this Thy ho - ly Day.  
In si - lent awe we bow on this Thy ho - ly Day.  
Bless all that we have heard on this Thy ho - ly Day.

Thou ten - der, heav'n - ly Friend, to Thee our pray'rs as - cend,  
Check ev - ery wand' - ring thought, and let us all be taught  
Go with us when we part, and to each youth - ful heart



Jesus, we love to meet.—*Concluded.*

*rall.*

O'er our young spir - its bend, on this Thy ho - ly Day.  
 To serve Thee as we ought, on this Thy ho - ly Day.  
 Thy sav - ing grace im - part on this Thy ho - ly Day. A-MEN.

# Blest Day of God, most calm, most bright. 3

J. MASON, 1683.

"MOUNT CALVARY."

R. STEWART, 1874.

1. Blest Day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days, The  
 2. My Sav-iour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise, And  
 3. The first-fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind; And  
 4. This Day I must to God draw near; For, Lord, the Day is Thine; Help

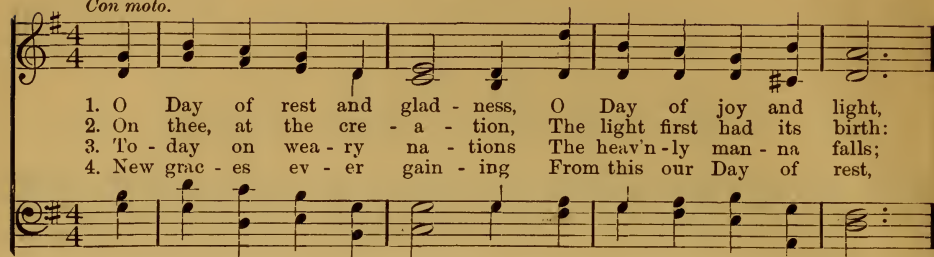
la - borer's rest, the saint's de-light, The Day of pray'r and praise!  
 made thee heav'n-ly and di-vine Be - yond all oth - er days.  
 they the Day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.  
 me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine. A-MEN.

## O Day of rest and gladness.

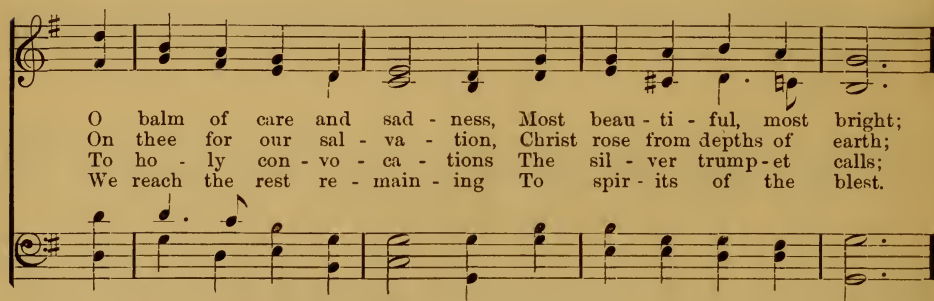
C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"HOLY CHURCH."

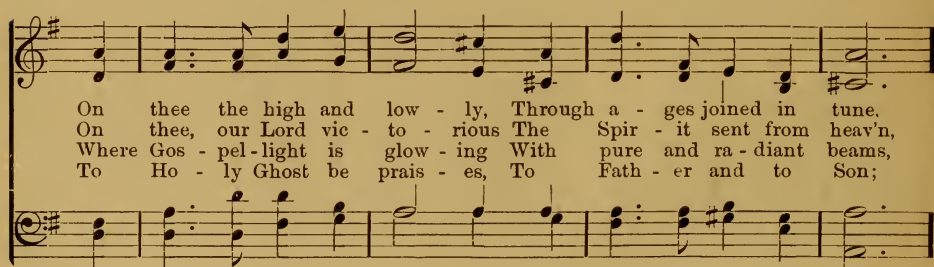
A. H. BROWN.

*Con moto.*


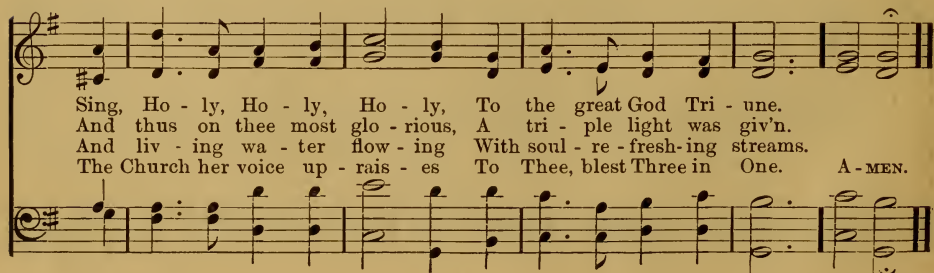
1. O Day of rest and glad - ness, O Day of joy and light,  
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;  
 3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n - ly man - na falls;  
 4. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our Day of rest,



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;  
 On thee for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump - et calls;  
 We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.



On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune.  
 On thee, our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from heav'n,  
 Where Gos - pel - light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,  
 To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fath - er and to Son;



Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.  
 And thus on thee most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.  
 And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.  
 The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

## Come, let us all with one accord.

H. M. C., 1872.

G. A. MACFARREN.

*Allegro.*

1. Come, let us all with one ac - cord A - dore and  
 2. That saw pri - me - val dark - ness break, And that more  
 3. Then on this day let us a - dore Our God, and

mag - ni - fy the Lord, And fes - tal ser - vice pay;  
 glo - rious life a - wake That last - eth ev - er - more;  
 sup - pli - ca - tions pour That, when worlds pass a - way,

On this the Day that God hath blest, The day of  
 That saw hell's le - gions pros - trate fall, And Christ, tri -  
 Thro' Christ's dear grace our souls may rest In peace and

peace and heav'n - ly rest, The Lord's own ho - ly Day;—  
 umph - ant o - ver all, His own to heav'n re - store.  
 joy for ev - er blest Till the great Judg - ment - Day. A - MEN.

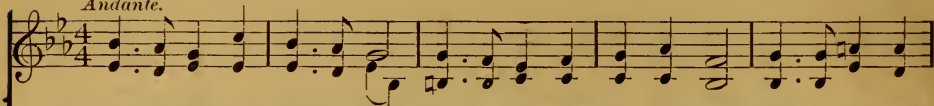
Christ, whose glory fills the skies.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

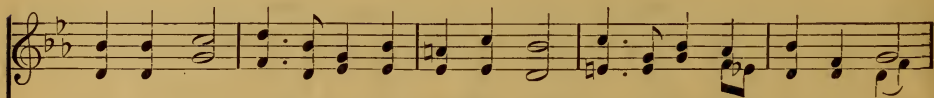
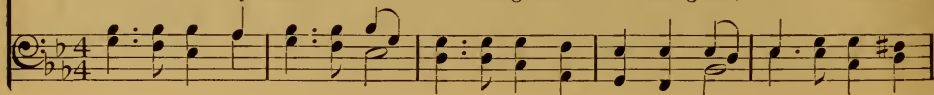
FIRST TUNE.

H. D. LESLIE, 1872.

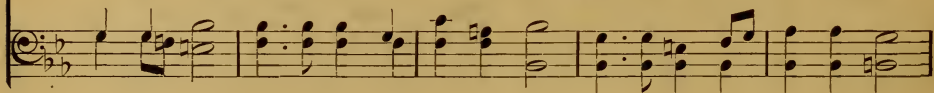
*Andante.*



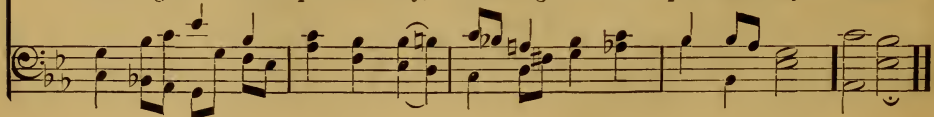
1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Righteous-  
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn Un - ac-com - pa - nied by Thee; Joy-less is the  
3. Vis - it ev - ery soul of Thine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief; Fill us, Ra-dian-



ness, a - rise, Triumpho'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near;  
day's re - turn Till Thy mercy's beams we see: Till they in - ward light im - part,  
cy di - vine, Scat-ter all our un - be - lief; More and more Thy - self dis - play,



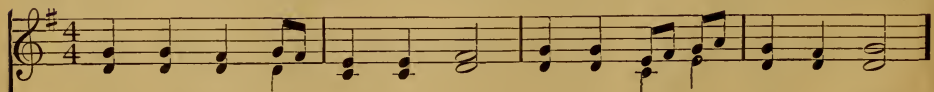
Day - star, in our hearts ap - pear! Day - star, in our hearts ap - pear!  
Glad our eyes and warm our heart, Glad our eyes and warm our heart.  
Shin - ing to the per - fect day, Shin - ing to the per - fect day. A-MEN.



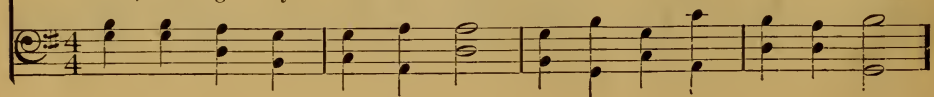
SECOND TUNE.

"VERONA."

Italian.

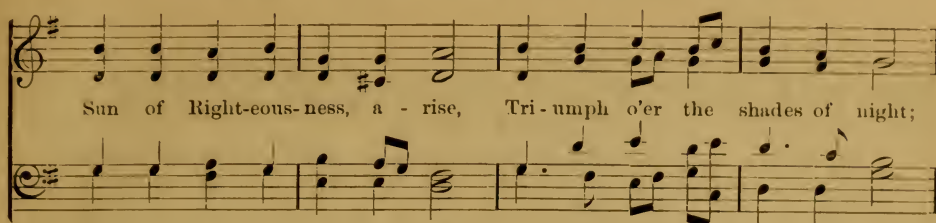


Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,

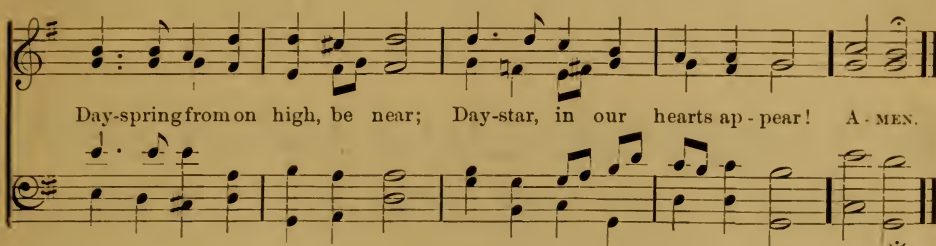




Christ, whose glory fills the skies.—*Concluded.*



Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;



Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in our hearts ap - pear! A - MEN.

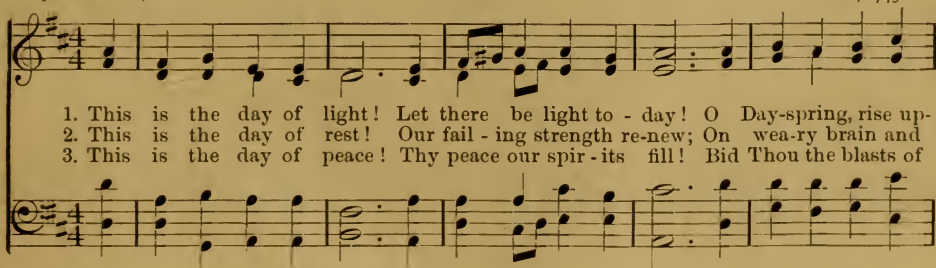
## This is the day of light.

7

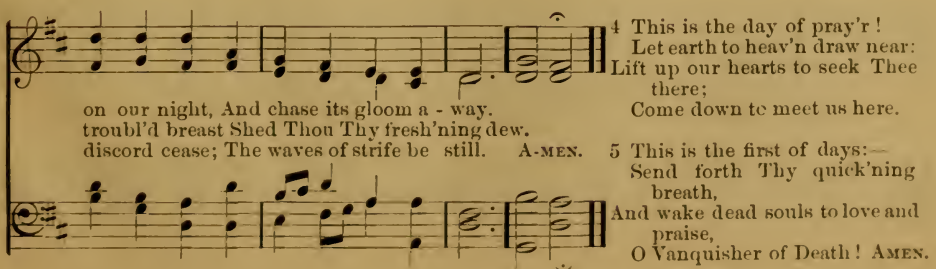
J. ELLERTON, 1868.

"SWABIA."

German, 1745.



1. This is the day of light! Let there be light to - day! O Day-spring, rise up -  
 2. This is the day of rest! Our fail - ing strength re-new; On wea-ry brain and  
 3. This is the day of peace! Thy peace our spir - its fill! Bid Thou the blasts of



on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.  
 troubl'd breast Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.  
 discord cease; The waves of strife be still. A-MEN. 4 This is the day of pray'r!  
 Let earth to heav'n draw near:  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee  
 there;  
 Come down to meet us here.  
 5 This is the first of days:—  
 Send forth Thy quick'ning  
 breath,  
 And wake dead souls to love and  
 praise,  
 O Vanquisher of Death! AMEN.

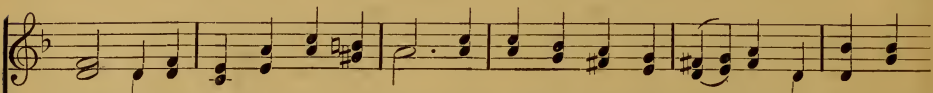
## The dawn of God's new Sabbath.

Mrs. A. C. Cross, 1886.

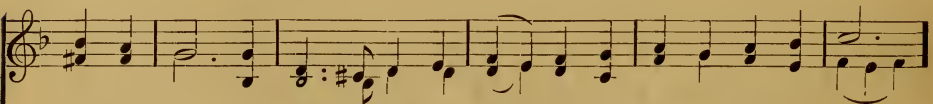
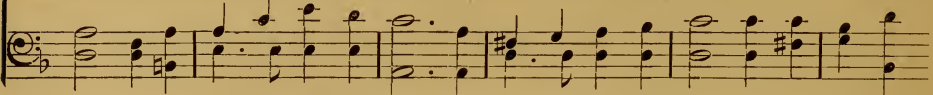
G. F. HÄNDEL, 1741.

*Andante.*

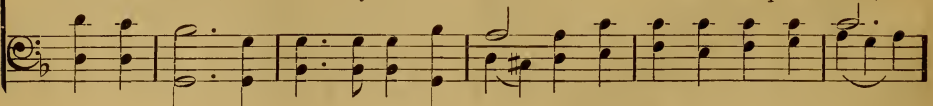
1. The dawn of God's new Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As some sweet summer  
 2. Lord, we would bring our bur-den Of sin - ful tho't and deed, In Thy pure presen-  
 ce



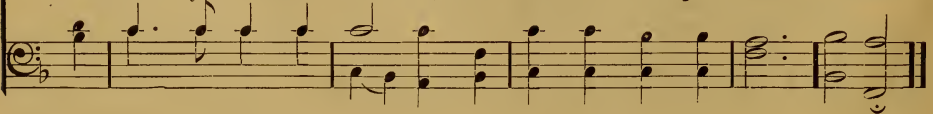
morn-ing Aft - er a night of pain. It comes as cool-ing show - ers, To cheer a  
 kneel-ing, From bondage to be freed, Our heart's most bitter sor - row For all our



thirst-ing land, As shades of cluster'd palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand;  
 work un - done, So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed, So few true conquests won;



As shades of clus - ter'd palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.  
 So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed, So few true con - quests won. A - MEN.



The dawn of God's new Sabbath.—*Concluded.*

3 Yet still, O Lord long-suff'ring,  
Still grant us in our need  
Here in Thy holy presence  
The saving Name to plead;  
And on Thy day of blessings,  
Within Thy temple-walls,  
||: To foretaste the pure worship  
Of Zion's golden halls. :||

4 Until in joy and gladness  
We reach that home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow  
And sin and strife is past;  
When angel-hands have gather'd  
The first ripe fruit for Thee,  
||: O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Most Holy Trinity! :|| Amen.

Safely through another week.

9

J. NEWTON, 1779.

G. A. BURDETT, 1886.

*Andante.*

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;  
2. Mer - cies mul - ti - plied each hour, Gra - cious Lord, our praise de - mand;  
3. As Thy sun doth o'er us rise, May we feel Thy pres - ence near;

Let us now a bless - ing seek On this ho - ly Sab - bath day,  
Guard - ed by Thy might - y pow'r, Nour - ish'd by Thy bounteous hand.  
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, As we in Thy House ap - pear.

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
Now, from world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
Thus may all our Sab - baths prove Fore - tastes of the joys a - bove. A - MEN.

## Now, when the dusky shades of night.

B. H. KENNEDY, 1863.

J. STAINER, 1872.

*Moderato.* *cres.* *f*

1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night re - treat - ing Be - fore the  
2. Look from the height of heav'n, and send to cheer us Thy light and

*mf* *cres.*

sun's red ban - ner swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are  
truth, and guide us on - ward still; Still let Thy mer - cy, as of old, be

*ff*

fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee.  
near us, And lead us safe - ly to Thy ho - ly Hill. A - MEN.

3 Lo, when that morn of endless light is waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,  
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,  
Through all the long, bright day to dwell with Thee.

4 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy, granted,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;  
Whose glory by the heav'n and earth is chanted,  
Whose name by men and angels is confess'd. AMEN.



## Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

German, 1699.

*Allegro.*

J. STAINER, 1872.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing  
 2. Glad - ly hail the light re - turn - ing; Read - y burn - ing  
 3. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or,

O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come! to Him, who made this splendor,  
 Be the in - cense of thy pow'rs; For the night is safe - ly end - ed;  
 When thine aim is good and true; But that He may ev - er thwart thee,

See thou rend - er All thy fee - ble strength can pay.  
 God hath tend - ed With His care Thy help - less hours.  
 And con - vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue. A - MEN.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
 Light refuse not,  
 But His Spirit's voice obey;  
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
 Light unfolding  
 All things in unclouded day.

2

5 Glory, honor, exaltation,  
 Adoration,  
 Be to the Eternal One;  
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 Praise and merit,  
 While unending ages run! AMEN.

## Every morning mercies new.

H. BONAR, 1868.

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1886.

*Allegro.*

1. Ev - ery morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as ear - ly dew;  
2. Still the great-ness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move;

Ev - ery morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;  
Dai - ly, far as east to west, Lifts the bur - den from the breast;

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure, Thy compas - sion doth en - dure.  
Gives un-bought to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day. A - MEN.

3 Let our pray'rs each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail;  
And, as we confess the sin  
And the tempter's pow'r within,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life,  
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever-blessed Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailing pray'r and praise. AMEN.

## Day-spring of Eternity!

German.

*Allegro.*

J. MOSENTHAL, 1886.

1. Day - spring of E - ter - ni - ty, Brightness of the light di - vine,  
 2. As on drooping herb and flow'r Lies the soft, re - fresh - ing dew,  
 3. Let Thy fire of love de - stroy All our earth - ly taint and leav'n;

As the day - light fills the sky, Let Thy beams up - on us shine,  
 Let Thy Spir - it's fresh - ning power Dry and faint - ing hearts re - new;  
 Wake our souls to love and joy, Kindling like the east - ern heav'n;

Scat - t'ring with their glo - rious might All our night.  
 Show'rs of bless - ing o - ver all Soft - ly fall.  
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life hath set. A - MEN.

4 Day-spring of eternal skies,  
 Grant that on Thine Advent-morn,  
 From the dust our flesh may rise  
 To a nobler being born,  
 Strong in heav'n its course to run  
 As the sun.

5 Sorrowing here we seek Thy face;  
 Guide us with Thy cheering ray:  
 Lead us, glorious Sun of grace,  
 To the land of endless day,  
 Where the joy that bids us rise  
 Never dies. AMEN.

## Abide with me!

H. F. LYTE, 1847.

"EVENTIDE."

W. H. MONK, 1861.

*With expression.*

1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its  
 3. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word; But as Thou dwell'st with

Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee,  
 glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scending, pa - tient, free,

Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me!  
 O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid with me!  
 Come, not to so - journ, but a - bid with me! A - MEN.

- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?  
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.  
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! AMEN.

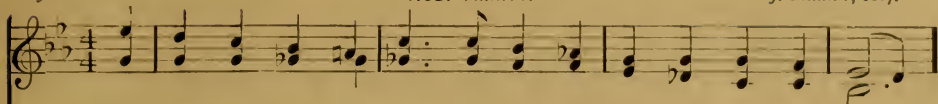


## The Lord be with us.

J. ELLERTON.

"HOLY TRINITY."

J. BARNEY, 1867.

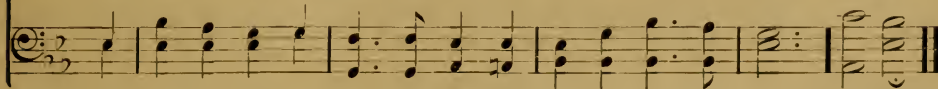


1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to receive;  
 2. The Lord be with us as we walk A-long our homeward road;  
 3. The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest;



His gift of peace up-on us send, Be-fore His courts we leave.  
 In si-lent thought or friend-ly talk Our hearts be still with God.  
 Be He of ev-ery heart the Light, Of ev-ery home the Guest.

A-MEN.



## Now the day is over.

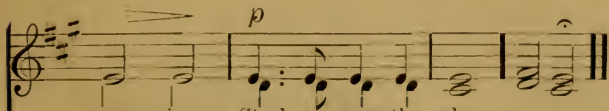
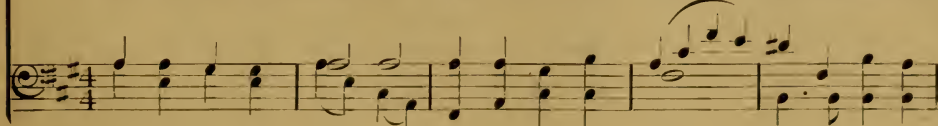
16

S. BARING-GOULD, 1861.

J. BARNEY, 1868.

*p* Smoothly.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh; Shad-ows of the  
 2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose; With Thy tend'rest  
 3. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an-gels spread Their white wings a-

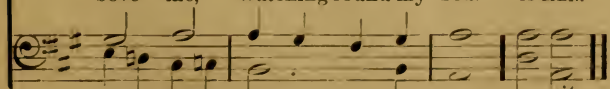


even-ing Steal a-cross the sky.  
 bless-ing May mine eye-lids close.  
 bove me, Watching round my bed.

A-MEN.

- 4 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
 In Thy holy eyes.

- 5 Glory to the Father,  
 Glory to the Son,  
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
 Whilst all ages run. AMEN.



evening Steal a-cross the sky.

## Night's shadows falling.

A. T. RUSSELL, 1851.

F. F. FLEMMING, 1810.

*Andante.*

1. Night's shad-ows fall - ing Now to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos -  
2. O Sav - iour, hear us; Son of God, be near us; Thine an - gels

sess - ing Heav'nly peace and bless - ing; This we im - plore Thee,  
send us; Let Thy love at - tend us. He noth - ing fear - eth

Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of glo - ry.  
Whom Thy pres - ence cheer-eth, Light his path clear - eth. A - MEN.

3 Be near, relieving  
All who now are grieving;  
Thy visitation  
Be our consolation;  
O hear the sighing  
Of the faint and dying;  
Lord, hear our crying.

4 O Lord of Glory  
Praise we and adore Thee,—  
Thee for us given  
Our true Rest from heaven;  
Rest, peace, and blessing  
We are now possessing,  
Thy name confessing. AMEN.

## Day is dying in the west.

Miss M. A. LATHBURY, 1880.

W. S. P., 1887.

*mp* Not too slow.*p*

UNISON.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest: Wait and  
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er

wor - ship, while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky. }  
 us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh. }

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High! A - MEN.

## Sun of my soul!

J. KEBLE, 1827.

"HURSLEY."

German, 1792.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep. My wear-ied eye-lids gen-tly steep,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast. A-MEN.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live:  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heav'n above. AMEN.

## Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

J. EDMESTON, 1820.

"NEWTON FERNS."

S. SMITH.

*Andante.*

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;  
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;  
3. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,



## The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

J. ELLERTON.

"ST. CLEMENT."

C. C. SCOTTEFIELD.

*Cantabile.*

1. The day Thou gav-est, Lord, is end-ed, The dark-ness falls at  
 2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un-sleep-ing, While earth rolls on-ward  
 3. As o'er each con-ti-nent and is-land The dawn leads on an-

Thy be-hest; To Thee our morn-ing hymns as-cend-ed; Thy praises shall  
 in-to light, Thro' all the world her watch is keep-ing, And nev-er  
 oth-er day, The voice of pray'r is nev-er si-lent, Nor dies the

hal-low now our rest.  
 rests by day or night.  
 strain of praise a-way. AMEN.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking  
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,  
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
 But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,  
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. AMEN.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.—*Concluded.*

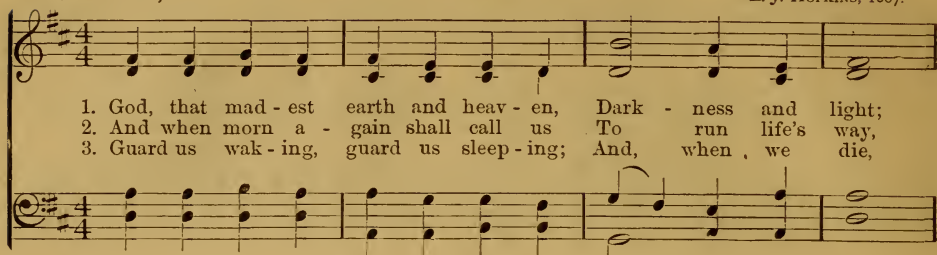
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
 Thou art He, who, nev-er wear-y, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be.  
 An-gel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh. A-MEN.

## God, that madest earth and heaven.

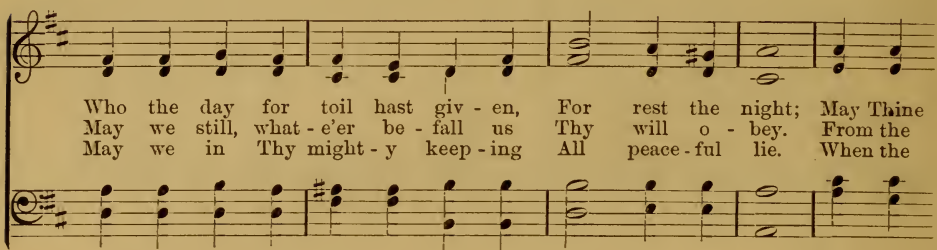
R. HEBER, 1827.  
W. MERCER, 1864.  
R. WHATELEY, 1860.

"TEMPLE."

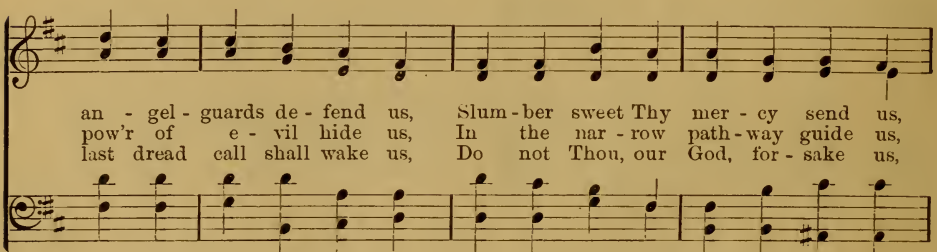
E. J. HOPKINS, 1867.



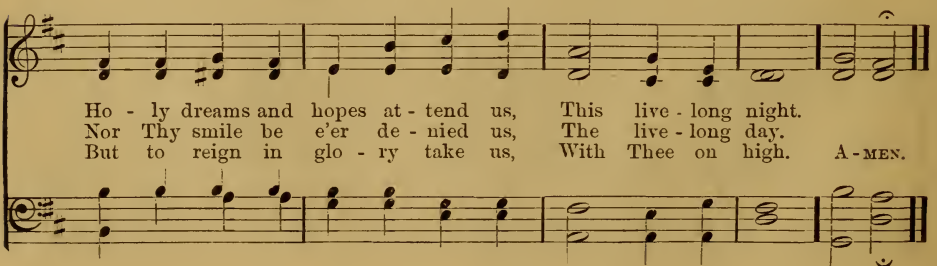
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;  
2. And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way,  
3. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine  
May we still, what - e'er be - fall us Thy will o - bey. From the  
May we in Thy might - y keep - ing All peace - ful lie. When the



an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,  
pow'r of e - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way guide us,  
last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our God, for - sake us,



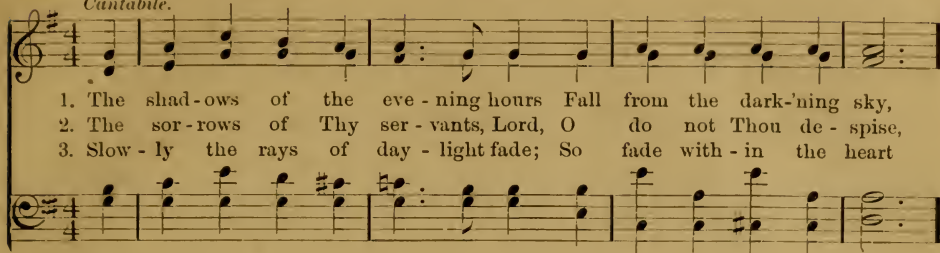
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.  
Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us, The live - long day.  
But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high. A - MEN.

## The shadows of the evening hours.

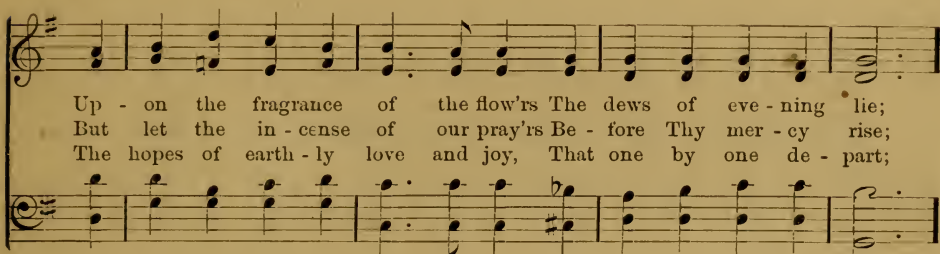
Miss A. A. PROCTOR, 1858.

"ST. LEONARD."

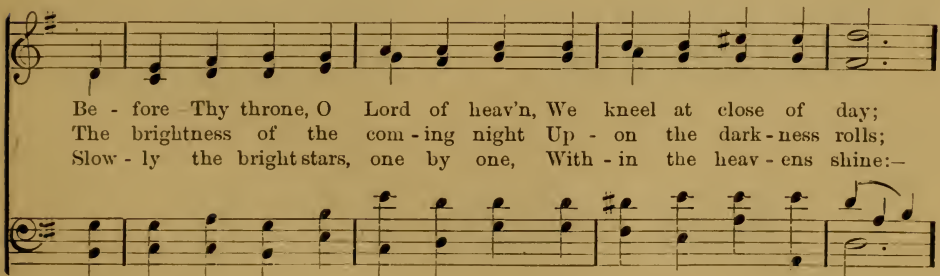
H. HILES.

*Cantabile.*


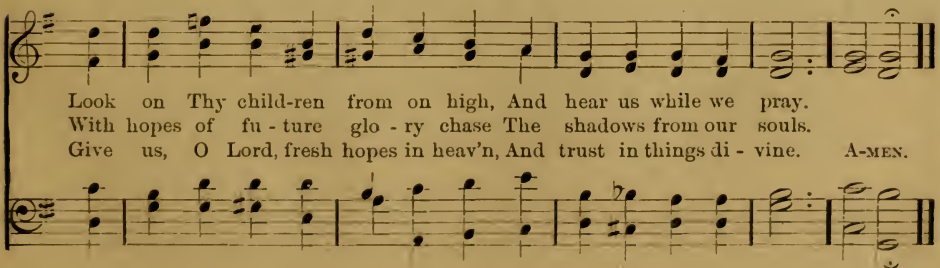
1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-ning sky,  
 2. The sor-rows of Thy ser-vants, Lord, O do not Thou de-spise,  
 3. Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with-in the heart



Up-on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie;  
 But let the in-cense of our pray'rs Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise;  
 The hopes of earth-ly love and joy, That one by one de-part;



Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;  
 The brightness of the com-ing night Up-on the dark-ness rolls;  
 Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heav-ens shine:-

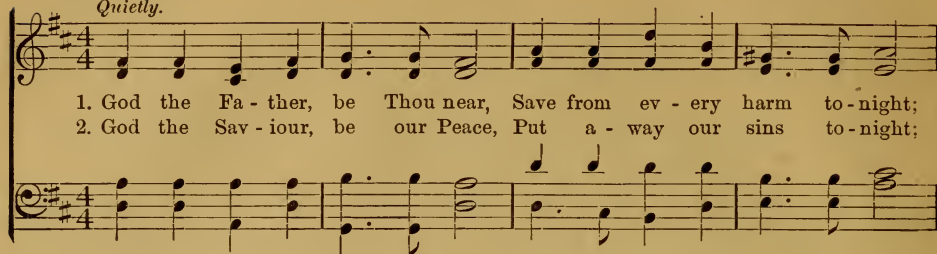


Look on Thy child-ren from on high, And hear us while we pray.  
 With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The shadows from our souls.  
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di-vine. A-MEN.

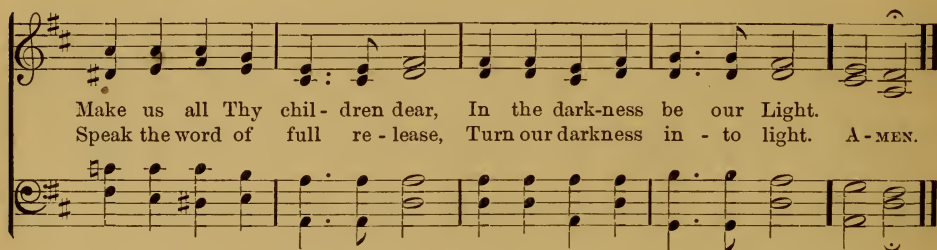
## God the Father, be Thou near.

G. RAWSON, 1858.

R. REDHEAD, 1852.

*Quietly.*


1. God the Fa - ther, be Thou near, Save from ev - ery harm to - night;  
 2. God the Sav - iour, be our Peace, Put a - way our sins to - night;



Make us all Thy chil - dren dear, In the dark - ness be our Light.  
 Speak the word of full re - lease, Turn our darkness in - to light. A - MEN.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,  
 Sanctify us all to-night;  
 In our hearts prepare Thy home,  
 Turn our darkness into light.

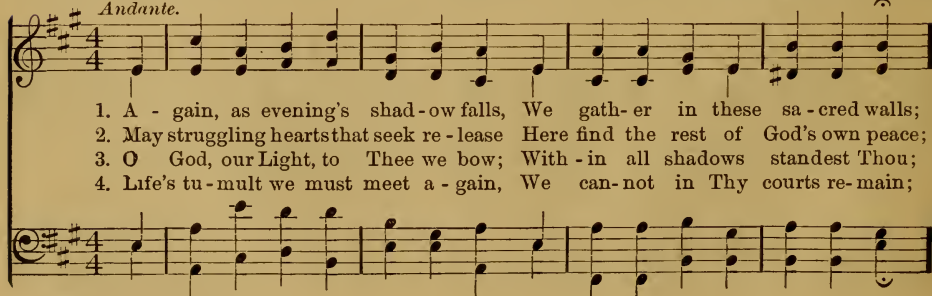
4 Holy Trinity, be nigh,  
 Mystery of love ador'd;  
 Help to live and help to die;  
 Lighten all our darkness, Lord. AMEN.

## Again, as evening's shadow falls.

S. LONGFELLOW, 1859.

"TERRY."

R. DE W. MALLARY, 1885.

*Andante.*


1. A - gain, as evening's shad - ow falls, We gath - er in these sa - cred walls;  
 2. May struggling hearts that seek re - lease Here find the rest of God's own peace;  
 3. O God, our Light, to Thee we bow; With - in all shadows standest Thou;  
 4. Life's tu - mult we must meet a - gain, We can - not in Thy courts re - main;



## The radiant morn hath passed away.

G. THRING, 1864.

"WOODTHORPE."

J. ADCOCK.

*Andante.*

1. The ra - diant morn hath pass'd a - way, And spent too soon her  
 2. Our life is but a fad - ing dawn; Its glo - rious noon how  
 3. O by Thy soul - in - spir - ing grace, Up - lift our hearts to

gold - en store; The shadows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.  
 quick - ly past! Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last!  
 realms on high; Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky;— A-MEN.

4 Where light and life and joy and peace  
 In undivided empire reign,  
 And thronging angels never cease  
 Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are cloth'd in spotless white,  
 And evening shadows never fall;  
 Where Thou, eternal Light of light,  
 Art Lord of all! AMEN.

Again, as evening's shadow falls.—*Concluded.*

And ves - per hymn and ves - per pray'r Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.  
 And strengthen'd here by hymn and pray'r, Cast off their burden and their care.  
 Give deep - er calm than night can bring; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.  
 But in the spir - it's se - cret cell May hymn and pray'r for ev - er dwell. A-MEN.

## Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

"VALETE."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

*Andante.*

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in - stil,  
 2. The day is done, its hours have run; And Thou hast tak - en count of all—  
 3. Do more than par-don; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber lib - er - ty,  
 4. All toil is blest, for Thou hast toil'd, And care is light, for Thou hast car'd:

And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.  
 The scan - ty triumphs grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall.  
 And sim - ple hearts with - out al - loy, That on - ly long to be like Thee.  
 Let not our works by strife be soil'd, Or by de - ceit our hearts ensnar'd.

REFRAIN.

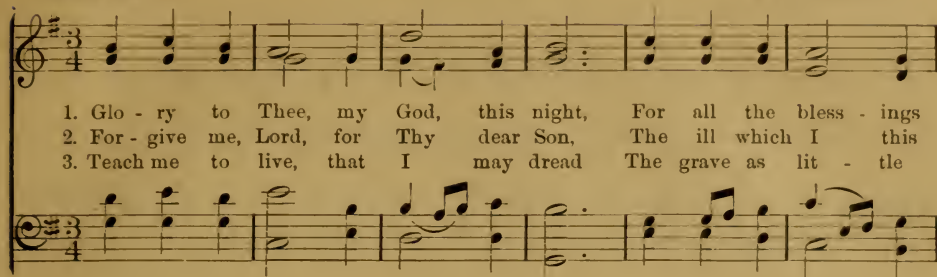
Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - MEN.

- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
 O let Thy mercy make us glad:  
 Thou art our Saviour, and our All.—REF.
- 6 Sweet Saviour, bless us! night is come;  
 Through night and darkness near us be;  
 Good angels watch about our home,  
 And we are one day nearer Thee!—REF. AMEN.

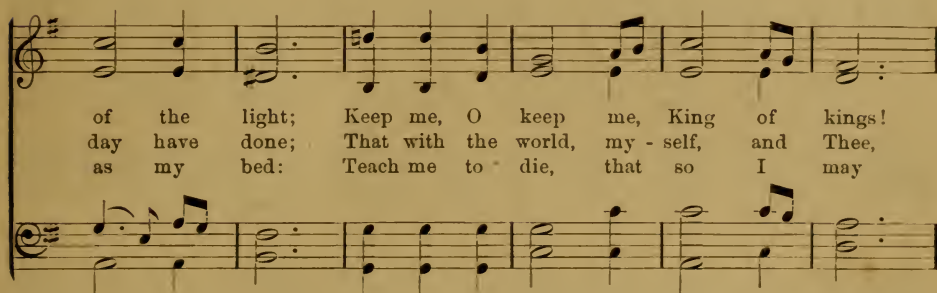
## Glory to Thee, my God, this night.

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

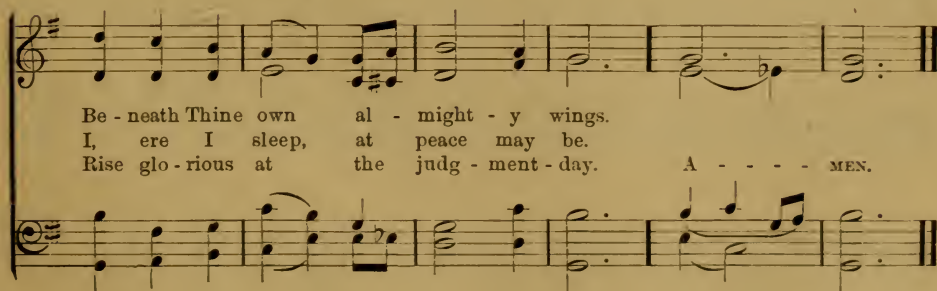
J. R. FAIRLAMB, 1886.



1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings  
 2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill which I this  
 3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle



of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!  
 day have done; That with the world, my - self, and Thee,  
 as my bed: Teach me to die, that so I may



Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
 Rise glo - rious at the judg - ment - day. A - - - - MEN.

4 O let my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!  
 Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.

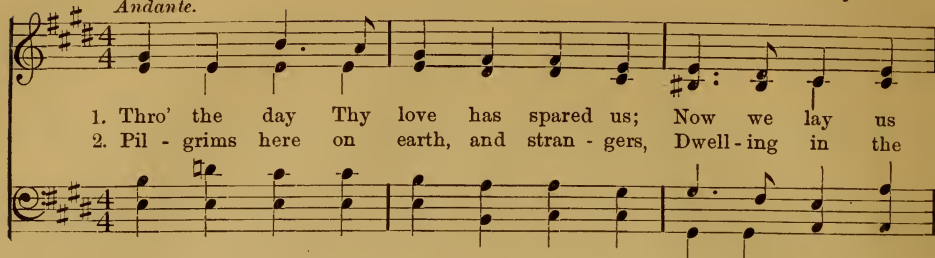
5 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! AMEN.

## Through the day Thy love has spared us.

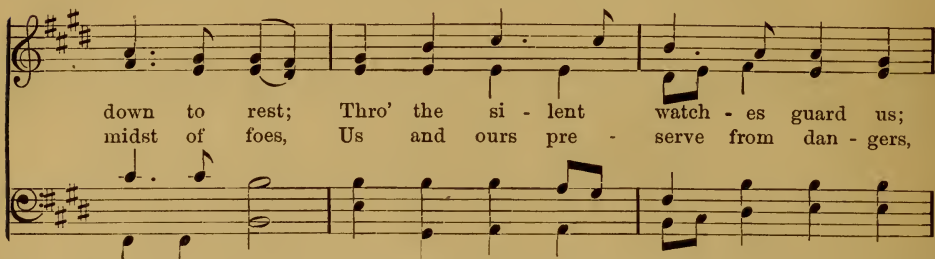
T. KELLY, 1806.

"STONELEIGH."

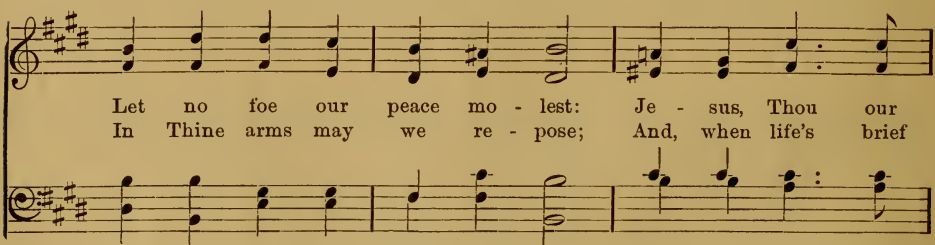
C. S. JEVYLL.

*Andante.*


1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us  
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the



down to rest; Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us;  
midst of foes, Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers,



Let no foe our peace mo - lest: Je - sus, Thou our  
In Thine arms may we re - pose; And, when life's brief



Guard - ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.  
day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last. A - MEN.



# SONGS OF THE LORD'S HOUSE.

30

## Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.

Lady WHITMORE, 1824.

"ELLERTON."

E. J. HOPKINS, 1866.

*Cantabile.*

*cres.*

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i -  
 2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease-less care, And all Thy work from  
 3. We are un - worth - y of Thy bound-less love, Too oft with care-less  
 4. O by that name in which all ful - ness dwells, O by that love which

tence be - neath Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces raise,  
 day to day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies crown'd?  
 feet from Thee we rove; But now, en - cour - aged by Thy voice, we come,  
 ev - ery love ex - cels, O by that blood so free - ly shed for sin,

To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.  
 Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?  
 Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa - ther's home.  
 O - pen blest mer - cy's gate, and take us in! A - MEN.

## Pleasant are Thy courts.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

W. B. GILBERT, 1862.

1. { Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of light and love; }  
 { Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe. }  
 2. { Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy al - tars, O Most High! }  
 { Hap - pier souls that find a rest In a heav'n-ly Fa - ther's breast! }

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,  
 Like the wand'-ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,

For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace!  
 They can to their ark re - pair And en - joy it ev - er there. A-MEN.

By permission.

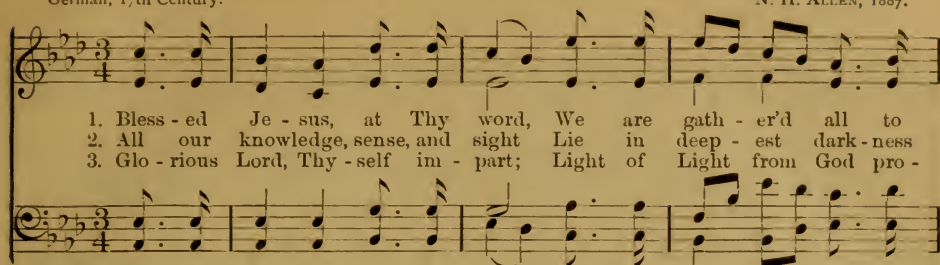
3 Happy souls! Their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies:  
 On they go from strength to strength  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord! be mine this prize to win;  
 Guide me through a world of sin;  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
 Give me at Thy side a place.  
 Sun and shield alike Thou art:  
 Guide and guard my erring heart.  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me! AMEN.

## Blessed Jesus, at Thy word.

German, 17th Century.

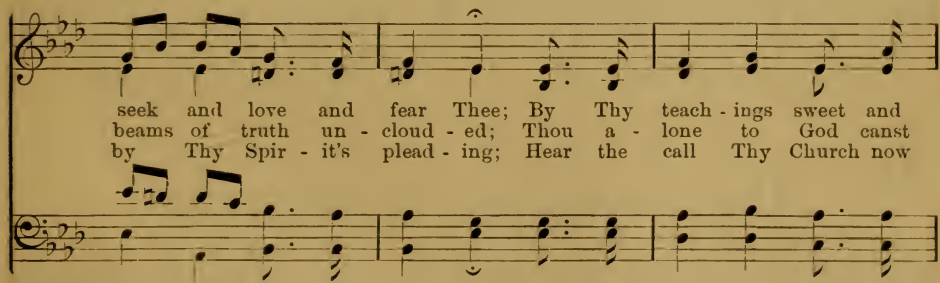
N. H. ALLEN, 1837.



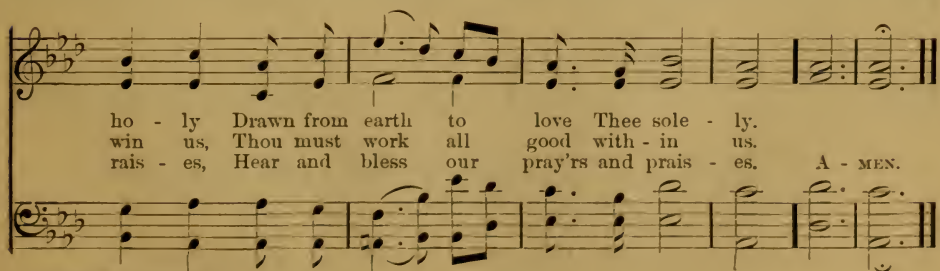
1. Bless - ed Je - sus, at Thy word, We are gath - er'd all to  
 2. All our knowledge, sense, and sight Lie in deep - est dark - ness  
 3. Glo - rious Lord, Thy - self im - part; Light of Light from God pro -



hear Thee; Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd Now to  
 shroud - ed, Till Thy Spir - it breaks our night With the  
 ceed - ing, O - pen Thou our ears and heart, Help us



seek and love and fear Thee; By Thy teach - ings sweet and  
 beams of truth un - cloud - ed; Thou a - lone to God canst  
 by Thy Spir - it's plead - ing; Hear the call Thy Church now



ho - ly Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - ly.  
 win us, Thou must work all good with - in us.  
 rais - es, Hear and bless our pray'rs and prais - es. A - MEN.

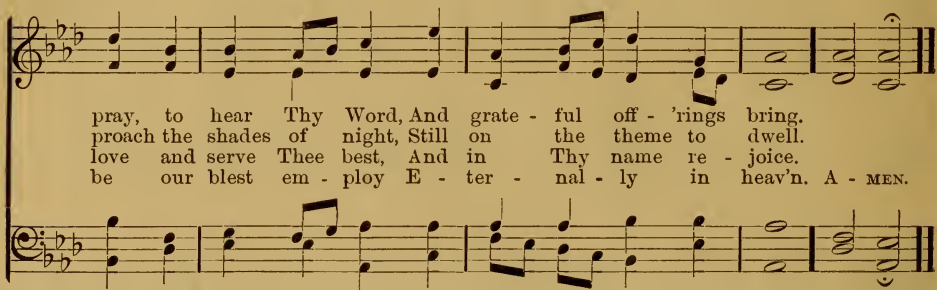
## Sweet is the work, O Lord.

Miss H. AUBER, 1829.  
*Con moto.*

E. G. MONK, 1867.



1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing; To praise and  
2. Sweet—at the dawn - ing light, Thy boundless love to tell; And when ap-  
3. Sweet—on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice, With those who  
4. To songs of praise and joy Be ev - ery Sab - bath giv'n, That such may




pray, to hear Thy Word, And grate - ful off - 'rings bring.  
proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.  
love and serve Thee best, And in Thy name re - joice.  
be our blest em - ploy E - ter - nal - ly in heav'n. A - MEN.

## How amiable are Thy tabernacles!

From Psalm 84.

G. F. HÄNDEL.



- 1 How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O | Lord of | Hosts! ||  
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth | for the | courts \* of the | Lord.  
3 They go from | strength to | strength, ||  
Every one of them appeareth be- | fore | God in | Zion.  
5 Glory to the Father, | and \* to the | Son, ||  
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;



## Stand up and bless the Lord.

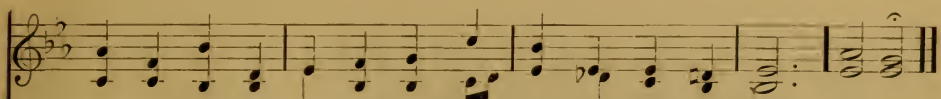
J. MONTGOMERY, 1825.

"BEN RHYDDING."

A. R. REINAGLE.

*With emphasis.*

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand  
 2. Tho' high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who  
 3. O for the liv - ing flame, From His own al - tar brought, To

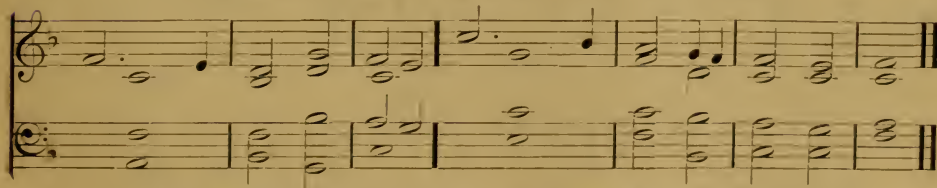


up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.  
 would not fear His ho - ly name And laud, and mag - ni - fy?  
 touch our lips, our minds in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought. A-MEN.



4 God is our strength and song,  
 And His salvation ours;  
 Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,  
 With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;  
 The Lord your God adore:  
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
 Henceforth for evermore. AMEN.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles!—*Concluded.*

2 Blessed are they that dwell • in Thy House; ||  
 They will be still praising Thee.

4 For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand; ||  
 I had rather stand at the threshold of the House of my God  
 than to dwell • in the tents of wickedness.

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, ||  
 World without end: A-men.



## Come forth, O Christian brothers!

J. ELLERTON.  
*Con brio.*

"LANCASHIRE."

H. SMART, 1836. (?)

1. Come forth, O Chris-tian broth - ers, In or - der'd, fair ar - ray;  
 2. Le - vites of that new tem - ple Not built by hu - man hands,  
 3. Be - fore Thy throne great an - gels With veil - ed fa - ces bow;  
 4. So, kin - dled from Thine al - tar, Pre - par'd and own'd by Thee;

Come forth, with strains of glad - ness, To greet your fes - tal Day!  
 Be - fore whose heav'nly al - tar Our Priest for ev - er stands;  
 Have mer - cy on the sin - ful Who dare to seek Thee now;  
 Shall bod - y, soul, and spir - it, A whole, rich off - 'ring be;

Re - joice in God your Sav - iour; Your hearts and voi - ces raise,  
 Thro' Him our gifts we of - fer, Thro' Him our vows we pay,  
 And o'er our earth-soil'd gar - ments Thy robe of whiteness fling,  
 So with th'e - ter - nal an - them Our prais - es shall u - nite,

His gates with songs to en - ter; And tread His courts with praise!  
 The fruit of hearts made read - y To give Him thanks to - day.  
 And touch with fire su - per - nal Our lips be - fore we sing!  
 And this, our low - ly ser - vice, Be pleas - ing in Thy sight. A - MEN.

## Come, Thou almighty King!

C. WESLEY, 1757.  
*Con brio.*

"ITALIAN HYMN."

F. GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword:

Help us to praise: Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!  
Word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend! A - MEN.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of pow'r!

4 To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
His sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore. AMEN.

## With joy we lift our eyes.

T. JERVIS, 1795.

"PACKINGTON."

J. BLACK.

*With energy.*

1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove, That  
 2. Be - fore Thy throne we bow, O Thou al - might - y King; Here  
 3. While in Thy House we kneel, With trust and ho - ly fear, Thy  
 4. Lord, teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing; Nor

glo - rious tem - ple in the skies; Where dwells e - ter - nal Love.  
 we pre - sent the sol - emn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.  
 mer - cy and Thy truth re - veal, And lend a gra - cious ear.  
 from Thy pres - ence cast a - way The sac - ri - fice we bring. A-MEN.

## Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Psalm 100.

"JUBILATE DEO."

W. CROTCH.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; ||  
 Serve the Lord with gladness, come be- | fore His | presence with | singing.  
 3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise; ||  
 Give thanks unto | Him, and | bless His | name;  
 5 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son,  
 And | to the | Holy Ghost;

## My God, is any hour so sweet?

Miss C. ELLIOTT, 1834.

J. NAYLOR.

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,  
 2. Then is my strength by Thee renew'd: Then are my sins by Thee for-giv'n;  
 3. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - ery want I find:  
 4. Lord, till I reach yon bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be

As that which calls me to Thy feet— The hour of pray'r?  
 Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude, With hopes of heav'n.  
 What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind!  
 As thus my in - most soul to pour In pray'r to Thee. A-MEN.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord!—*Concluded.*

- 2 Know ye that the Lord, He is God; it is He that hath made us, and | we are | His. ||  
 We are His people, and the | sheep of | His | pasture.  
 4 For the Lord is good; His mercy en - | dureth for | ever, ||  
 And His faithfulness | unto | all gener - | ations.  
 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ||  
 World | without | end: A - | MEN.



## Angel-voices ever singing.

F. POTT, 1861.

"ANGEL-VOICES."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. An - gel - voice - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,  
 3. Yes, we know Thy love re - joi - ces O'er each work of Thine;

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thousands  
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we  
 Thou didst ears and hands and voice - es For Thy praise com - bine; Po - et's

on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might  
 feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yes, we can.  
 art and mu - sic's measure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign. A - MEN.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee;  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
 Thine shall ever be,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Blessed Trinity!  
 Of the best that Thou hast given,  
 Earth and heaven  
 Render Thee! AMEN.



## Above the clear, blue sky.

J. CHANDLER, 1841.

"COBHAM."

W. H. HARPER, 1885.

*Allegro.*

1. A - bove the clear, blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode,  
 2. But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise;  
 3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To us in love im - part,  
 4. O may Thy ho - ly Word Spread all the world a - round:

The an - gel - host on high, Sing prais - es to their God:  
 We then our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise:  
 And teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art.  
 And all with one ac - cord Up - lift the joy - ful sound:

Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing, Al - le - lu - ia! They  
 Al - le - lu - ia! We too will sing, Al - le - lu - ia! We  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Then shall we sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Then  
 Al - le - lu - ia! All then shall sing, Al - le - lu - ia! All

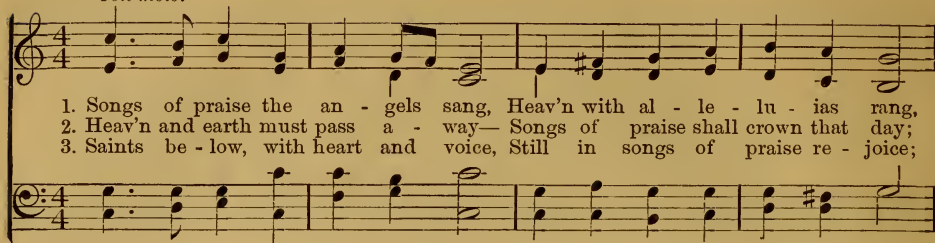
love to sing, To God their King Al - le - lu - ia!  
 too will sing, To God our King Al - le - lu - ia!  
 shall we sing, To God our King Al - le - lu - ia!  
 then shall sing, To God their King Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

## Songs of praise the angels sang.

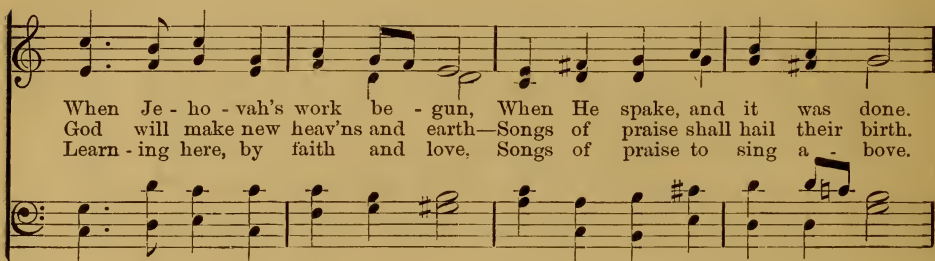
J. MONTGOMERY, 1819.

"THANKSGIVING."

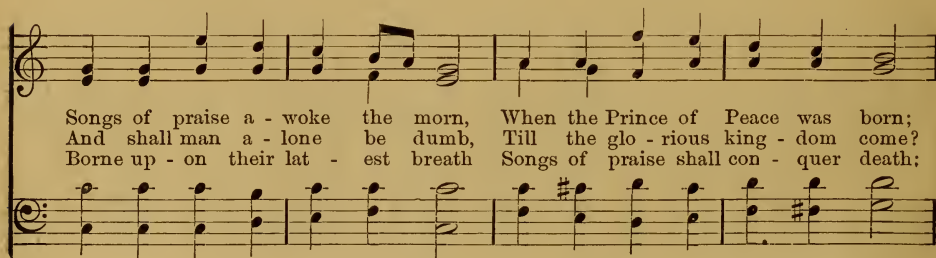
W. B. GILBERT, 1862.

*Con moto.*


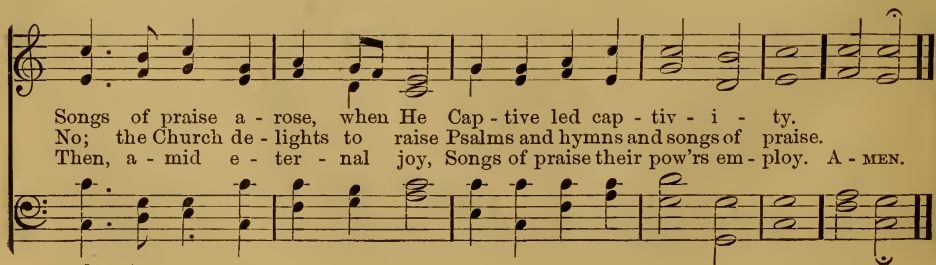
1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,  
2. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way— Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice;



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.  
God will make new heav'ns and earth— Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
Learn - ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.



Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;  
And shall man a - lone be dumb, Till the glo - rious king - dom come?  
Borne up - on their lat - est breath Songs of praise shall con - quer death;

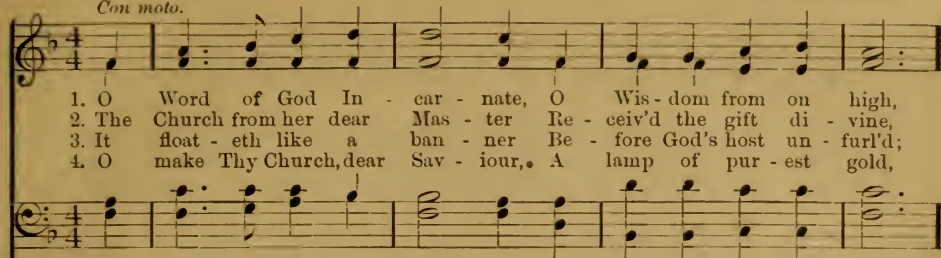


Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.  
No; the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.  
Then, a - mid e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs em - ploy. A - MEN.

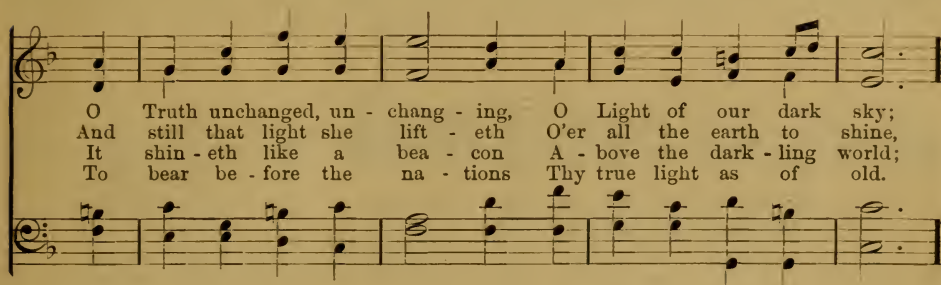
## O Word of God Incarnate.

W. W. How, 1866.

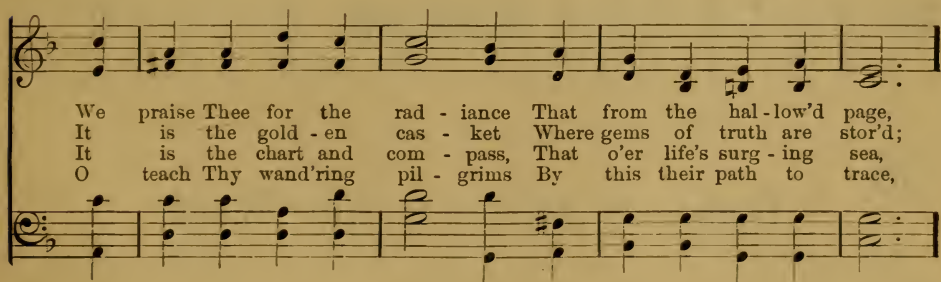
R. STEWART, 1874.

*Con moto.*


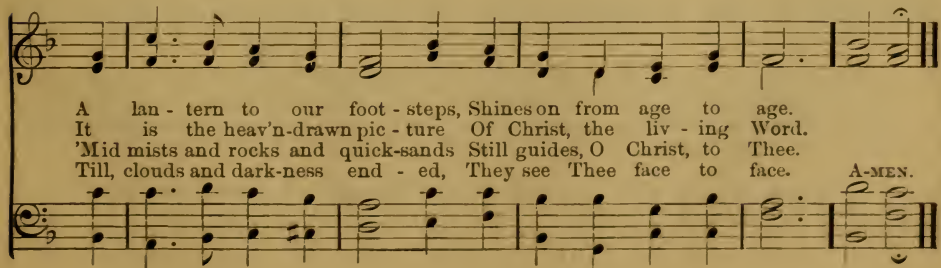
1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceiv'd the gift di - vine,  
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furld;  
 4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,



O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;  
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine;  
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world;  
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old.



We praise Thee for the rad - iance That from the hal - low'd page,  
 It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stor'd;  
 It is the chart and com - pass, That o'er life's surg - ing sea,  
 O teach Thy wand'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
 It is the heav'n-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.  
 'Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.  
 Till, clouds and dark-ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face. A-MEN.

## Lord, Thy Word abideth.

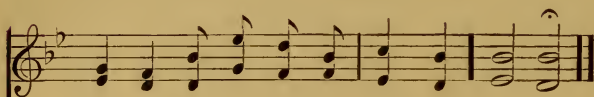
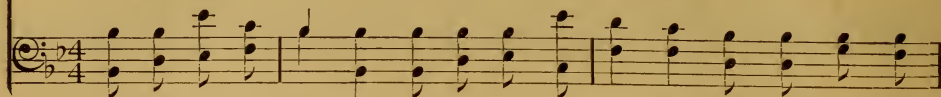
H. W. BAKER, 1861.

"ST. CYPRIAN."

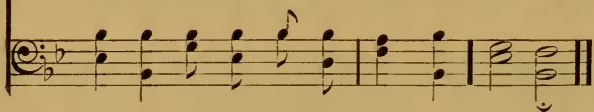
R. R. CHOPE, 1862.

*Andante.*

1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth; Who its truth be -  
 2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us, Word of con - so -  
 3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us, Then its light di -



- liev - eth, Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.  
 la - tion, Message of sal - va - tion.  
 rect-eth, And our way pro - tect - eth. A - MEN.



- 4 Word of mercy, giving  
 Succor to the living;  
 Word of life, supplying  
 Comfort to the dying!—

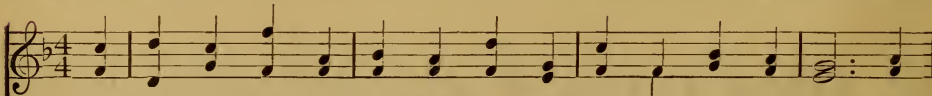
- 5 O that we, discerning  
 Its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
 Evermore be near Thee!

AMEN.

## Father of mercies, in Thy Word.

Miss A. STEELE, 1760.

G. M. GARRETT, 1872.



1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines! For  
 2. Here springs of con - so - la - tion rise To cheer the faint - ing mind; And  
 3. O may these heav'nly pa - ges be My ev - er dear de - light; And  
 4. Di - vine In - struc - tor, gracious Lord, Be Thou for ev - er near; Teach





# Almighty God, Thy Word is cast.

J. CAWOOD, 1815?

"CHILDHOOD."

C. J. DICKINSON, 1861.

*Andante.*

1. Al - might-y God, Thy Word is cast Like seed up - on the ground;  
 2. Let not the foe of Christ and man This ho - ly seed re - move;  
 3. Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares The ris - ing plant de - stroy;  
 4. Great God, come down, and on Thy Word Thy might-y pow'r be - stow,

O may it grow in hum - ble hearts, And righteous fruits a - bound.  
 But give it root in pray - ing souls To bring forth fruits of love.  
 But let it yield an hundred - fold The fruits of peace and joy.  
 That all who hear the joy - ful sound, Thy sav - ing grace may know. A - MEN.

## Father of mercies, in Thy Word.—*Concluded.*

ev - er be Thy name a - dor'd, For these ce - les - tial lines.  
 thirs - ty souls re - ceive sup - plies, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.  
 still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light.  
 me to love Thy sa - cred Word, And view my Sav - iour there. A - MEN.



## Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace.

B. BARTON.

"JAZER."

A. E. TOZER.

*Andante.*

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray; Stream  
 2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed; True man - na from on high; Our  
 3. Pil - lar of fire, through watches dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day; When  
 4. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God; Will of His glo - rious Son; With -

from the fount of heav'n-ly grace; Brook by the trav - ler's way;  
 guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky;  
 waves would whelm our toss-ing bark, Our anch - or and our stay;  
 out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won! A - MEN.

5 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,  
 Thy mysteries to reveal,  
 That Spirit which first gave thee forth  
 Thy volume must unseal.

6 And we, if we aright would learn  
 The wisdom it imparts,  
 Must to its heav'nly teaching turn  
 With simple, childlike hearts. AMEN.

## Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet.

From Psalm 119.

J. ROBINSON.

- 1 Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and light | unto my | path; ||  
 Thy testimonies have I taken as a | heri- | tage for | ever.  
 3 The opening of Thy | words giveth | light; ||  
 It giveth under- | standing | to the | simple.  
 5 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son, ||  
 And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

## Thy Word is like a garden, Lord.

E. HODDER, 1868.

"ST. DIONIS."

J. GOODWIN.

1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair, And  
 2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine, And jew - els rich and rare Are  
 3. Thy Word is like a star - ry host; A thou-sand rays of light Are

ev - ery one who seeks may pluck A love - ly nose-gay there.  
 hid - den in its might-y depths For ev - ery search-er there.  
 seen to guide the tru - vel - er, And make his path-way bright. A - MEN.

4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,  
 And loud its anthems ring;  
 Though many tongues and parts unite,  
 It is one song they sing.

5 Thy Word is like an armory,  
 Where soldiers may repair,  
 And find for life's long battle-day  
 All needful weapons there.

6 O may I love Thy precious Word:  
 May I explore the mine;  
 May I its fragrant flowers glean;  
 May light upon me shine.

7 O may I find my armor there,  
 Thy Word my trusty sword;  
 I'll learn to fight with every foe  
 The battle of the Lord. AMEN.

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet.—*Concluded.*

2 Thou art my hiding-place and my shield: I | hope - in Thy | Word; ||  
 I love Thy commandments above gold, | yea, a- | bove fine | gold.

4 Let my lips utter praise, for Thou teachest | me Thy | statutes; ||  
 Let my tongue sing of Thy Word, for all Thy com- | mandments are | righteous- | ness.

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ||  
 World | without | end: A- | MEN.

## Saviour, again to Thy dear name.

J. ELLERTON, 1866.

J. BARNEY, 1872.

*Cantabile.*

*p*

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With Thee be -

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our  
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the

*f* *dim. e rall.*

wor - ship cease; Then low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name. A - MEN.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. AMEN.

## Lord, now we part in Thy blest name.

52

J. DRACUP, 1787, alt.

"LYRA."

A. PATTON, 1873.

*Allegretto.*

1. Lord, now we part in Thy blest name, In which we here to - geth-er came; Grant  
2. Teach us in life and death to bless The Lord, our Strength and Righteousness; And

us, our few re - main-ing days, To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.  
grant us all to meet a - bove, Where we shall bet-ter sing Thy love. A-MEN.

## Around Thy throne on high.

53

J. ELLERTON.

"LYDNEY."

ANON, 1885.

*Andante.*

1. A-round Thy throne on high, Where night can nev-er be, The white-rob'd harpers  
2. Too faint our anthems here; Too soon of praise we tire: But ah, the strains how  
3. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou at-tune the heart, We in Thine an-gels'

of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee,  
full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir!  
mu-sic still May bear our low-er part. A-MEN.

4 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.

5 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.  
AMEN



## Holy Offerings

J. S. B. MONSELL.

R. REDHEAD.

*Andante.*

1. Ho - ly off' - rings, rich and rare, Off - er - ings of  
 2. Sin - ful thoughts and wil - ful ways, Love of self and  
 3. Bright - er joys and tend' - rer tears, Fond - er faith, more

praise and pray'r, Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed  
 hu - man praise, Pride of life and lust of eye, World - ly  
 faith - ful fears, Low - lier pen - i - tence for sin, More of

hands, up - lift - ed eye, Low - ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion  
 pomp and van - i - ty— Faults that hold and will not leave us,  
 Christ our souls with-in; Love which, when its life was new - er,

To the God of our sal - va - tion— On His al - - tar  
 Though their stay - ing sore - ly grieve us, Help, O help us  
 Burnt with-in us deep - er, tru - er— Lost too long, while



Holy Offerings.—*Concluded.*

laid we leave them: Christ, pre-sent them! God, re-ceive them!  
 to out-live them; Christ, a-tone for! God, for-give them!  
 we de-plore them, Je-sus, plead for! God, re-store them! A-MEN.

4 Homage of each humble heart  
 Ere we from Thy house depart;  
 Worship fervent, deep and high.  
 Adoration, ecstasy;  
 All that childlike love can render  
 Of devotion true and tender—  
 On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
 Christ, present them! God, receive them!

5 To the Father, and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Though our mortal weakness raise  
 Off'rings of imperfect praise,  
 Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,  
 Crying Holy! Holy! Holy!  
 On Thine altar laid we leave them;  
 Christ, present them! God, receive them!

AMEN.

## Now to Him who loved us.

55

S. M. WARING, 1826.

"MURIEL."

C. GOUNOD.

Now to Him that lov'd us, gave us Ev-ery pledge that love can give.

Free-ly shed His blood to save us, Gave His life that we might live,

Be the king-dom and do-min-ion And the glo-ry ev-er-more. A-MEN.

## Of Thy love some gracious token.

T. KELLY, 1802.

"ST. LUCIAN."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1868.

Of Thy love some gra - cious to - ken Grant us, Lord, be - fore we

go; Bless Thy word which has been spok - en; Life and peace on all be -

stow. When we join the world a - gain, Let our hearts with

Thee re - main; O di - rect us, And pro - tect us, Till we

gain the heav'n - ly shore, Where Thy peo - ple want no more. A - MEN.

# SONGS OF ADORATION.

## Holy! Holy! Holy!

57

Is. 6:3; Rev. 4:8.

"SANCTUS."

W. S. P., 1887.

*mf* Solemnly.

UNISON.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Je - ho - vah of Hosts! The whole earth is

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The accompaniment starts with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and a quarter note B1. The lyrics 'Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Je - ho - vah of Hosts! The whole earth is' are written below the staves.

full of Thy glo - ry. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God the Al -

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and a quarter note B1. The lyrics 'full of Thy glo - ry. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God the Al -' are written below the staves.

might - y, Who wast, and who art, and who art to come! A - - MEN.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and a quarter note B1. The lyrics 'might - y, Who wast, and who art, and who art to come! A - - MEN.' are written below the staves.

## Holy, Holy, Holy!

R. HEBER, 1827.

"NICAEA."

J. B. DYKES, 1860.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!  
 golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be! A - MEN.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;  
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea.  
 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity! AMEN.



## Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1853.

"HONITON."

E. FLOOD.

*Maestoso.*

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth  
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Thee, One Je - ho - vah ev - er - more,  
 3. "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!" all Heav'n's tri-umph - ant choirs shall sing.

Out of dark-ness, at Thy word, Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,  
 Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, we, Dust and ash - es, would a - dore;  
 When the ransom'd na - tions fall At the foot - stool of their King;

All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good,  
 Light-ly by the world es - teem'd, From that world by Thee re - deem'd.  
 Then shall saints and ser - a - phim, Hearts and voi - ces, swell one hymn,

While they sang, with one ac - cord, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"  
 Sing we here with glad ac - cord, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"  
 Round the throne with full ac - cord, - "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!" A - MEN.



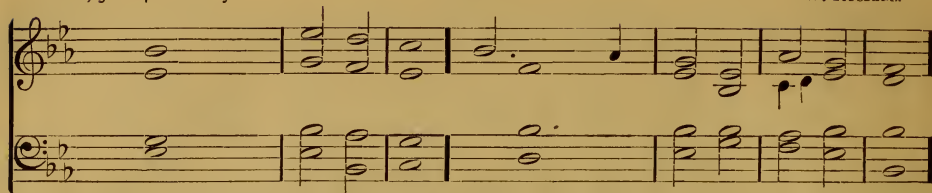
# We praise Thee, O God!

"TE DEUM."

Latin, 3d or 4th Century.

PART I.

W. RUSSELL.



- 1 We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to | be the | Lord.||  
 All the earth doth worship Thee, the | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 "Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Sabaoth; ||  
 Heav'n and earth are full of the | majes-ty | of Thy | glory."
- 5 The noble army of | martyrs | praise Thee; ||  
 The holy Church throughout all the | world • doth ac- | knowledge|Thee,

PART II.

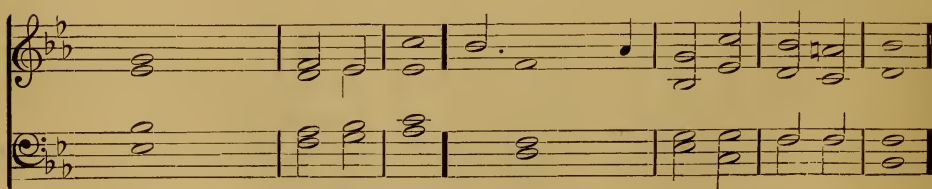
J. Goss.



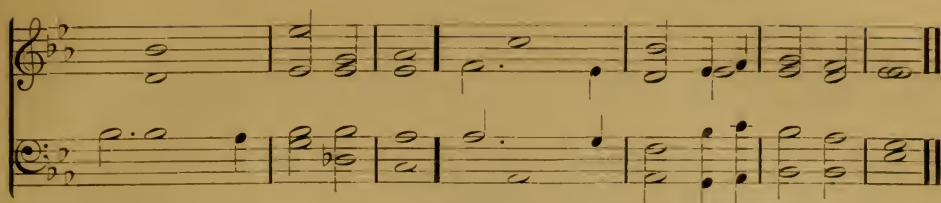
- 7 Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!  
 Thou art the everlasting | Son • of the | Father.||  
 When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,  
 Thou didst humble Thy- | self • to be | born • of a | virgin.
- 9 Thou sittest at the right hand of God,  
 In the glory | of the | Father:||  
 We believe that Thou shalt | come to | be our | Judge:

PART III.

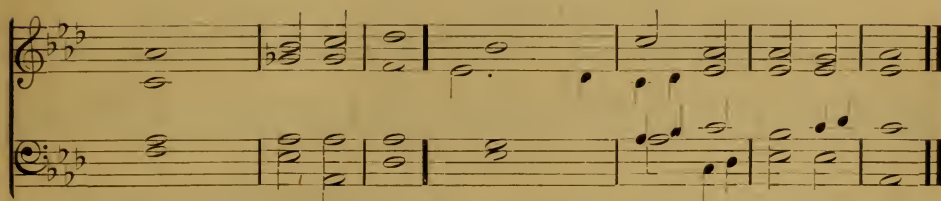
P. HENLEY.



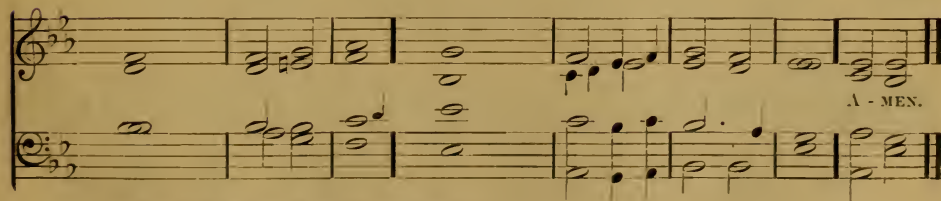
- 11 O Lord, save Thy people, and | bless Thy | heritage; ||  
 Govern them and | lift them | up for | ever.
- 13 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day without | sin: ||  
 O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer- | cy up- | on us;

We praise Thee, O God!—*Concluded.*

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heav'ns and all the pow'rs there- in. ||  
 To Thee cherubim and seraphim con- tinual- ly do cry,—
- 4 The glorious company of the a- postles | praise Thee. ||  
 The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise | Thee.
- 6 The Father, of an infinite majesty; Thine adorable, true and | only | Son. ||  
 Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comfort- | er.



- 8 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, ||  
 Thou didst open the kingdom of | Heav'n to | all be- | lievers.
- 10 We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants,  
 Whom Thou hast redeem'd with Thy | precious | blood;||  
 Make them to be number'd with Thy saints  
 In | glory | ever- | lasting.



- 12 Day by day we | magni- fy | Thee;||  
 And we worship Thy name, | ever, | world with- out | end.
- 14 O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our | trust • is in | Thee: ||  
 O Lord, in Thee have I trusted;  
 Let me | never | be con- | founded. ||A-MEN.||

## Lord of all being, throned afar.

O. W. HOLMES, 1848.

"ALSTONE."

C. E. WILLING.

*Andante.*

1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star; Cen-  
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star  
 3. Our mid-night is Thy smile withdrawn; Our noon-tide is Thy gracious dawn; Our

tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!  
 of our hope, Thy soft'en'd light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.  
 rain - bow arch Thy mer-cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine. A - MEN.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
 Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
 Till all Thy living altars claim  
 One holy light, one heav'nly flame! AMEN.

## My God, how wonderful Thou art!

F. W. FABER, 1849.

"LAMBETH."

English.

*Andante.*

1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright!  
 2. How won - der - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be,—  
 3. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Al - might - y as Thou art;  
 4. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee, No moth - er e'er so mild,

From "Hutchins' S. S. Hymnal," by permission.

## O God, our Help in ages past.

I. WATTS, 1719.

"ST. ANN'S."

W. CROFT, 1708.

*Maestoso.*

1. O God, our Help in a - ges past, Our Hope for years to come,  
 2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceiv'd her frame,  
 3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;

Our Shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal Home!  
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun. A - MEN.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come;  
 Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal Home! AMEN.

My God, how wonderful Thou art!—*Concluded.*

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!  
 Thine endless wis - dom, boundless pow'r, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!  
 For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me The love of my poor heart.  
 Bears and for - bears as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin - ful child. A - MEN.

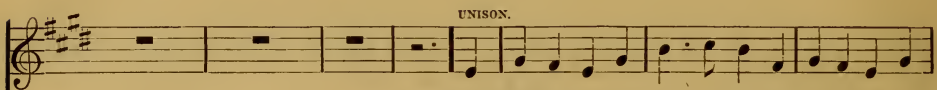


## Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals.

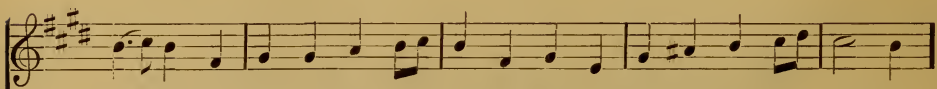
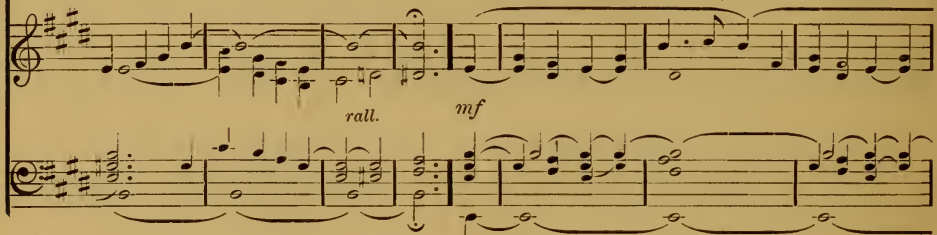
G. THRING, 1874.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

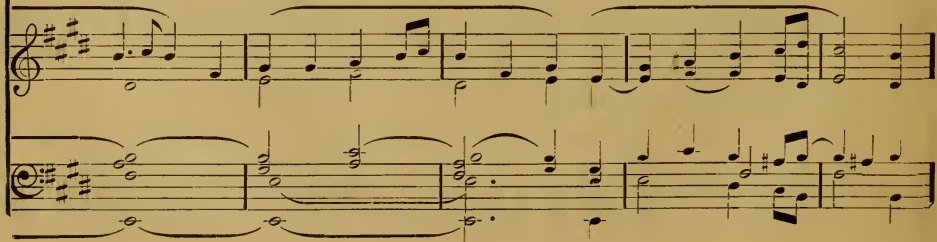
J. W. ELLIOTT.



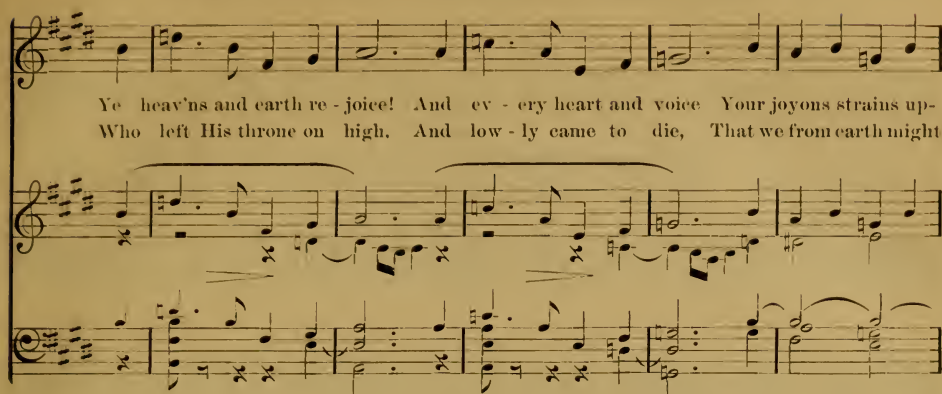
1. Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals, Our thankful hearts in-
2. Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals, Our thankful hearts in-



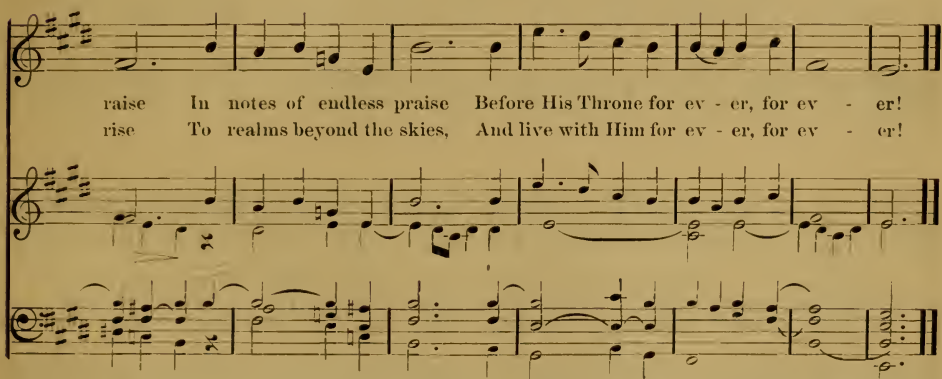
vit - ing To sing our great Cre - a - tor's praise, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!  
 vit - ing To sing the praise of Christ our King, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing;



Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals.—*Concluded.*



Ye heav'n's and earth re-joice! And ev-ery heart and voice Your joyous strains up-  
Who left His throne on high, And low-ly came to die, That we from earth might



raise In notes of endless praise Before His Throne for ev-er, for ev-er!  
rise To realms beyond the skies, And live with Him for ev-er, for ev-er!

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting;  
Who bids us flee from sin.  
And makes us pure within,  
Till, warm'd with heav'nly love,  
We yearn to sing above  
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To high upraise our songs of praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting!  
To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
Till, soaring higher and higher,  
We join the heav'nly choir  
Before His Throne for ever! AMEN.

# “Alleluia!” Song of sweetness.

Latin, 13th Century.

“ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN.”

German.

*Allegro.*

1. “Al - le - lu - ia!” Song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy that  
 2. “Al - le - lu - ia” can - not al - ways Be our song while  
 3. Trin - i - ty of end - less glo - ry, Hear Thy chil - dren

can - not die! “Al - le - lu - ia” is the an - them  
 here be - low; “Al - le - lu - ia” our trans - gres - sions  
 as they cry, Grant us all to keep Thy Sab - bath,

Heard a - mong the choirs on high; Sing - ing in God's  
 Make us for a while fore - go; For this ho - ly  
 In our home be - yond the sky, There to Thee our

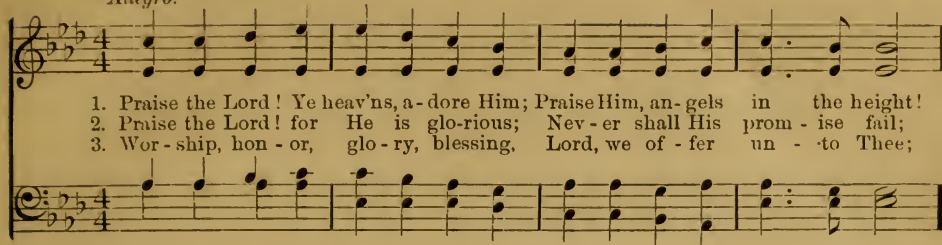
bliss - ful man - sion Day and night e - ter - nal - ly.  
 Day re - minds us That our tears for sin must flow.  
 “Al - le - lu - ia” Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - MEN.

## Praise the Lord! Ye heavens, adore Him!

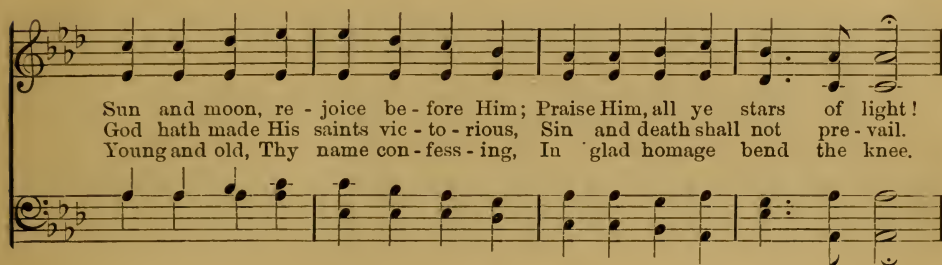
J. KEMPTHORNE, ? 1796.

"HYMN TO JOY."

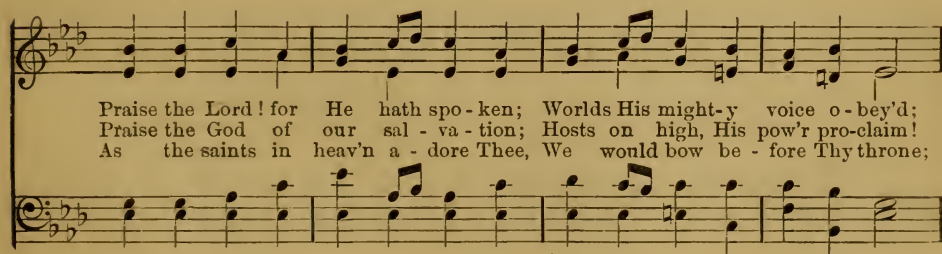
L. VAN BEETHOVEN, 1824.

*Allegro.*


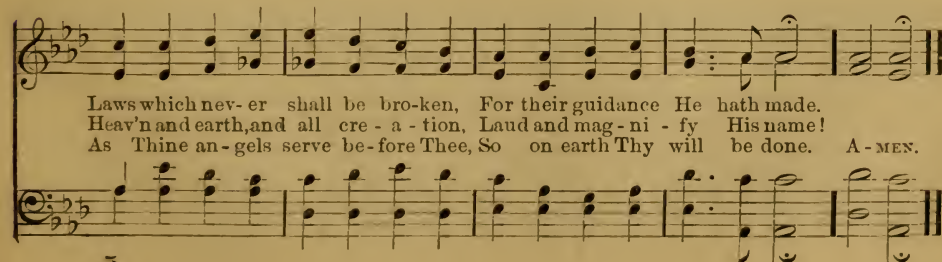
1. Praise the Lord! Ye heav'n's, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an-gels in the height!  
 2. Praise the Lord! for He is glo-rious; Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;  
 3. Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, blessing, Lord, we of-fer un-to Thee;



Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light!  
 God hath made His saints vic-to-rious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail;  
 Young and old, Thy name con-fess-ing, In glad homage bend the knee.



Praise the Lord! for He hath spo-ken; Worlds His might-y voice o-bey'd;  
 Praise the God of our sal-va-tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro-claim!  
 As the saints in heav'n a-dore Thee, We would bow be-fore Thy throne;



Laws which nev-er shall be bro-ken, For their guidance He hath made.  
 Heav'n and earth, and all cre-a-tion, Laud and mag-ni-fy His name!  
 As Thine an-gels serve be-fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done. A-MEN.

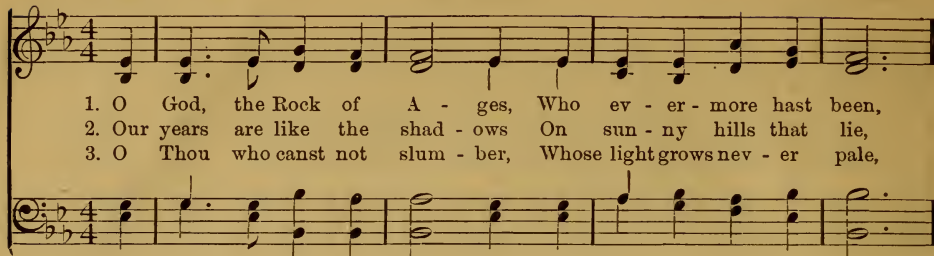


## O God, the Rock of Ages.

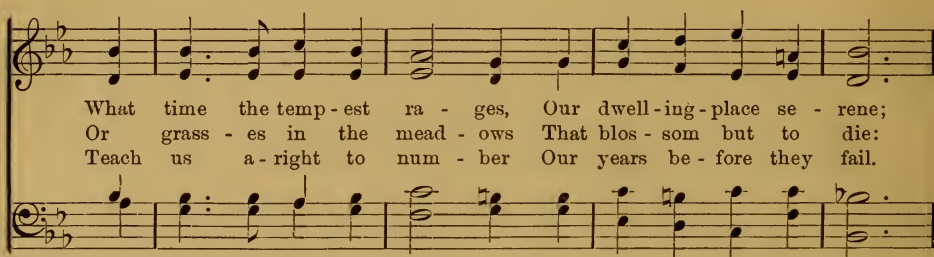
E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1862.

"ANFIELD."

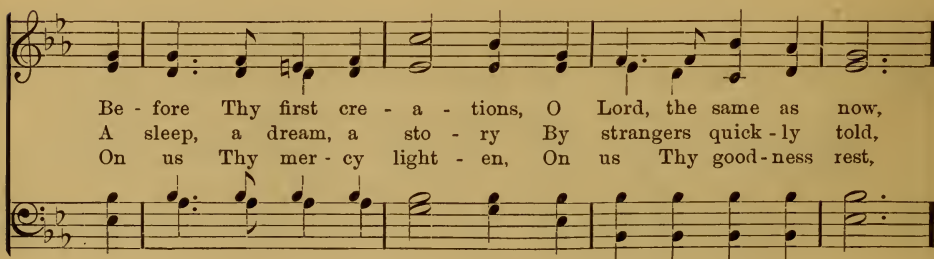
ANON.



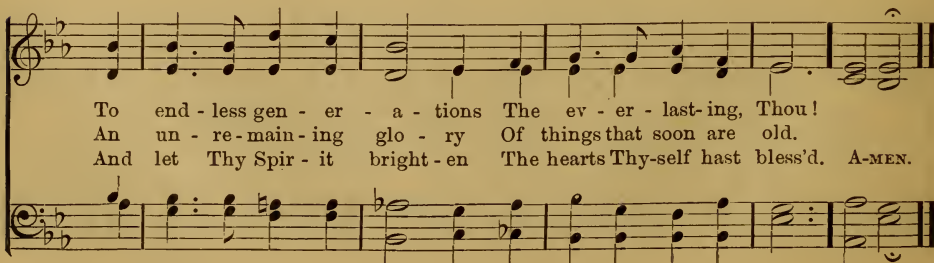
1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,  
 2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie,  
 3. O Thou who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows nev - er pale,



What time the temp - est ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;  
 Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die:  
 Teach us a - right to num - ber Our years be - fore they fail.



Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,  
 A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry By strangers quick - ly told,  
 On us Thy mer - cy light - en, On us Thy good - ness rest,

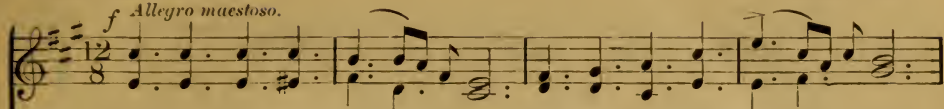


To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing, Thou!  
 An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.  
 And let Thy Spir - it bright - en The hearts Thy - self hast bless'd. A-MEN.

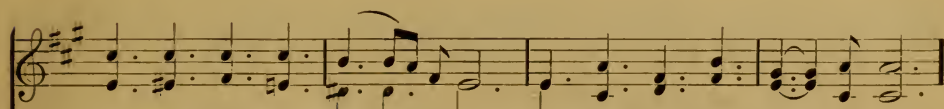
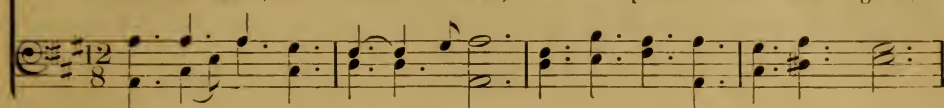
## Praise the Lord, His glories show.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

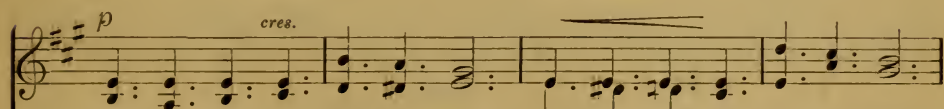
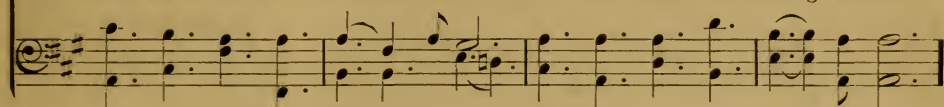
B. C. BLODGETT, 1886.

*f* *Allegro maestoso.*

1. Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with - in His courts be - low,  
 2. Praise the Lord, His mer - cies trace; Praise His prov - i - dence and grace.



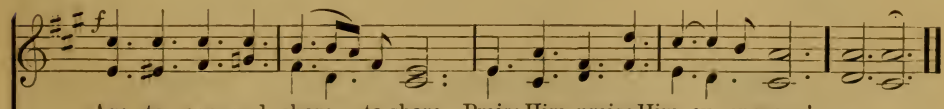
An - gels round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love.  
 All that He for man hath done, All He sends us through His Son:



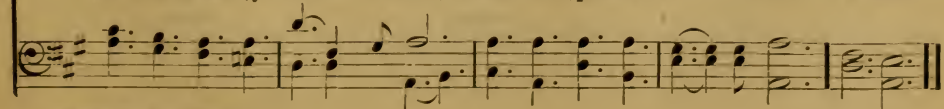
Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth;  
 Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts;



Tell  
In His  
the



Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more!  
 All that breathe, your Lord a - dore; Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more! A - MEN.



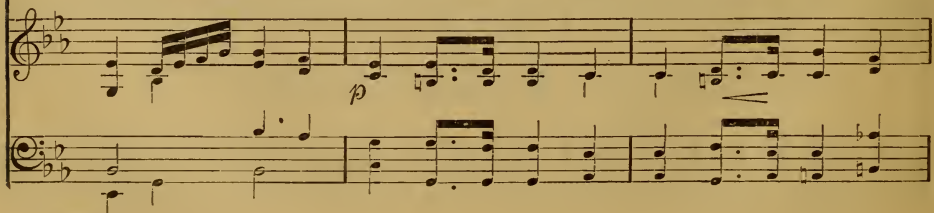
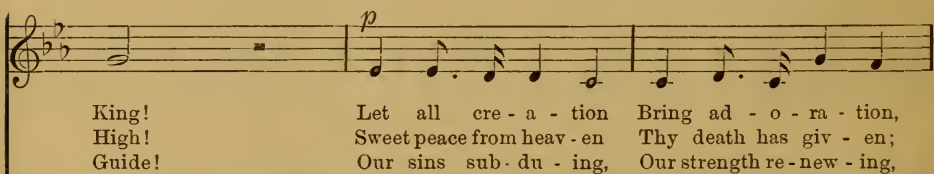
## We praise, we bless Thee.

A. T. RUSSELL.

S. B. SCHLESINGER, 1886.

*Moderato.*

1. We praise, we bless Thee, Lord, we con-fess Thee, Un-cre - at - ed God and
2. We praise, we bless Thee, Lord, we con-fess Thee, Christ, the Son of God Most
3. We praise, we bless Thee, Lord, we con-fess Thee, Ho - ly Ghost, our gracious



ADORATION.

We praise, we bless Thee.—*Concluded.*

Earth and heav'n Thy prais-es sing! Fa-ther E-ter-nal.  
 Je-sus, Lord, to Thee we fly. O Word E-ter-nal,  
 Ev-er in our hearts a-bide. Spir-it E-ter-nal,

*cres.* *f*

*cres.* *f*

all shall a-dore Thee, Lord God Al-might-y, all shall im-plore  
 all shall a-dore Thee, Sav-iour Al-might-y, all shall im-plore  
 all shall a-dore Thee, Lord and Life-giv-er, all shall im-plore }

*dim.*

*dim.*

Thee! A - MEN.

*Last time.*

*dim. e rit.*



## O worship the King.

R. GRANT, 1839.

"HANOVER."

W. CROFT (?), 1708.

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, O grate-ful - ly  
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the

sing His pow'r and His love, Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An - cient of  
light, whose can - o - py space. His cha - riots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds

days, Pa - vil - ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise!  
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm. A - MEN.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend! AMEN.

## Ye servants of God.

C. WESLEY, 1744.

"LYONS."

F. J. HAYDN, 1770.

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -  
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might-y to save; And still He is

broad His won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of  
 nigh, His presence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His

Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.  
 tri-umph shall sing, As - crib-ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King. A - MEN.

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,  
 Let all cry aloud and honor the Son.  
 The praises of Jesus all angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,  
 All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
 All honor and blessing, with angels above;  
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. AMEN.

## Christ, above all glory seated.

J. R. WOODFORD, 1863?

"DAY BY DAY."

E. S. CARTER.

*Con moto.*

1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed, King e - ter - nal, strong to save,  
 2. Thou art gone where now is giv - en What no mor - tal might could gain,  
 3. There Thy king - doms all a - dore Thee, Heav'n a - bove and earth be - low,  
 4. We, O Lord, with hearts a - dor - ing, Fol - low Thee a - bove the sky;

Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed; Bur - ied, Thou hast spoil'd the grave!  
 On th' e - ter - nal throne of heav - en, In Thy Fa - ther's pow'r to reign.  
 While the depths of hell be - fore Thee Trembling and de - feat - ed bow.  
 Hear our pray'rs Thy grace im - plor - ing, Lift our souls to Thee on high. A-MEN.

## O all ye works of the Lord!

From Psalm 148.

"BENEDICITE OMNIA,"

H. WILSON, 1860.

O ALL, etc. | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, AND MAG - NI - FY HIM FOR EVER!

- 1 O All ye Works of the Lord, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.
- 3 O ye Sun and Moon, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.
- 5 O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.
- 7 O ye Mountains and all Hills, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.
- 9 O ye Kings of the earth and all Peoples, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.
- 11 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.

## All hail the power of Jesus' name!

E. PERRONET, 1779.

"LAUD."

J. B. DYKES.

*Con brio.*

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring  
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall; Hail  
 3. Let ev - ery kindred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To  
 4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

O all ye works of the Lord!—*Concluded.*

O ye, etc. | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, AND MAG-NI-FY HIM FOR EVER! A-MEN.

- 2 O ye Angels of the Lord, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.  
 4 O ye Stars of Heav'n, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.  
 6 O ye Nights and Days, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.  
 8 O ye Heights and Depths, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.  
 10 O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.  
 12 O ye holy Men and humble of heart, | bless ye the Lord: PRAISE HIM, etc.



## All glory, laud and honor.

Latin, 9th Century.

S. P. WARREN, 1886.

*Moderato.*

1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,  
 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
 3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es: Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!  
 Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.  
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went:  
 To Thee, be - fore Thy Pas - sion, Were lift - ed hymns of praise:  
 All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

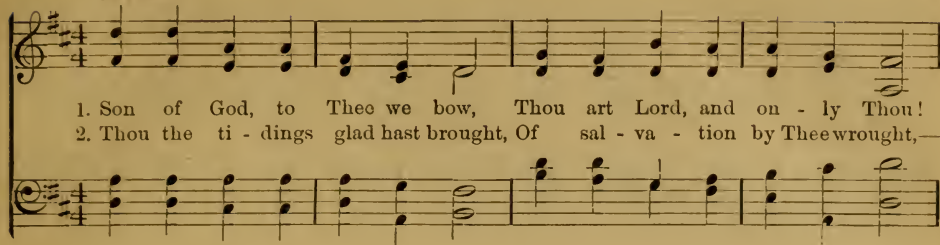
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
 To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.  
 To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! A - MEN.

## Son of God, to Thee we bow!

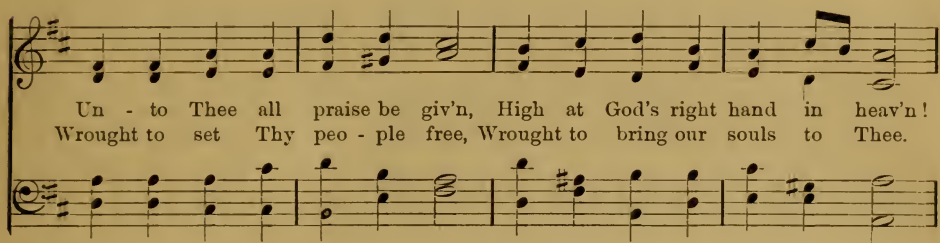
J. CENNICK, 1741.

"BERLIN."

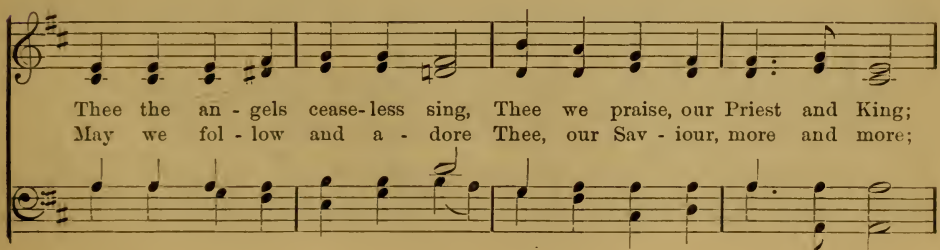
Prussian.

*Con moto.*


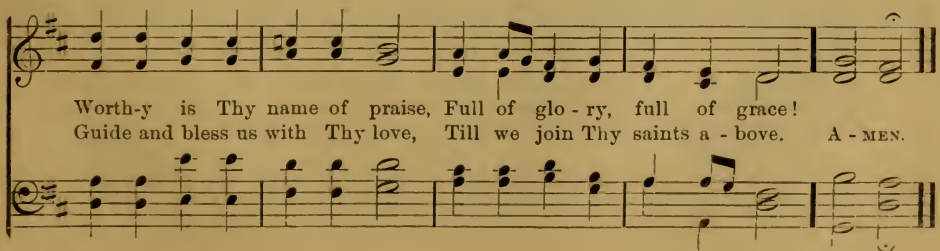
1. Son of God, to Thee we bow, Thou art Lord, and on - ly Thou!  
2. Thou the ti - dings glad hast brought, Of sal - va - tion by Thee wrought,—



Un - to Thee all praise be giv'n, High at God's right hand in heav'n!  
Wrought to set Thy peo - ple free, Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.



Thee the an - gels cease-less sing, Thee we praise, our Priest and King;  
May we fol - low and a - dore Thee, our Sav - iour, more and more;



Worth-y is Thy name of praise, Full of glo - ry, full of grace!  
Guide and bless us with Thy love, Till we join Thy saints a - bove. A - MEN.

## Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!

W. C. DIX.

C. FLORIO, 1886.

*Con moto.*

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;  
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row now;  
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our food, our stay;

N. B.—The first stanza should be repeated at the close of the hymn.

Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us, Faith be - lies, nor ques - tions how.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! here the sin - ful Flee to Thee from day to day.

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood:  
 Though the cloud from sight re - ceiv'd Him When the for - ty days were o'er,  
 In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me,

"Je - sus, out of ev - ery na - tion, Hath re - deem'd us by His blood!"  
 Shall our hearts for - get His promise—"I am with you ev - er - more?"  
 Where the songs of all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea. A - MEN.

## Holy Saviour! we adore Thee.

J. G. DECK.

DUDLEY BUCK, 1836.

1. Ho - ly Sav - iour! we a - dore Thee, Seat - ed on the  
 2. Sav - iour! though the world de - spis'd Thee, Though Thou here wast  
 3. Haste the day of Thy re - turn - ing With Thy ran - som'd

throne of God; While the heav'n - ly hosts be - fore Thee,  
 cru - ci - fied, Yet the Fa - ther's glo - ry rais'd Thee,  
 Church to reign: Then shall end our days of yearn - ing,

Glad - ly sing Thy praise a - loud. "Thou art worth - y!  
 Lord of all cre - a - tion wide; "Thou art worth - y!  
 We shall sing with rap - ture then, "Thou art worth - y!

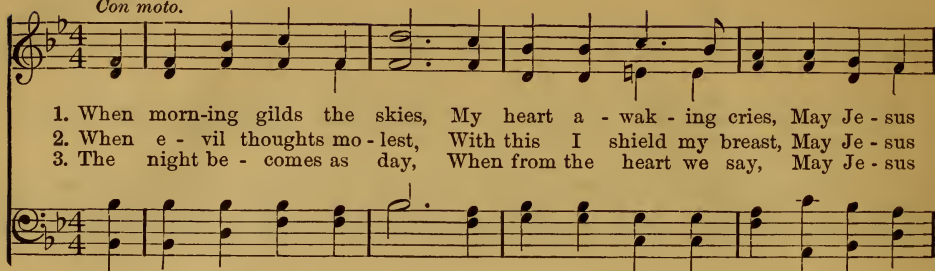
*ritard.*  
 Thou art worth - y!" We are ran - som'd by Thy blood.  
 Thou art worth - y!" We shall live, for Thou hast died.  
 Thou art worth - y!" Come, Lord Je - sus, come! A - MEN.



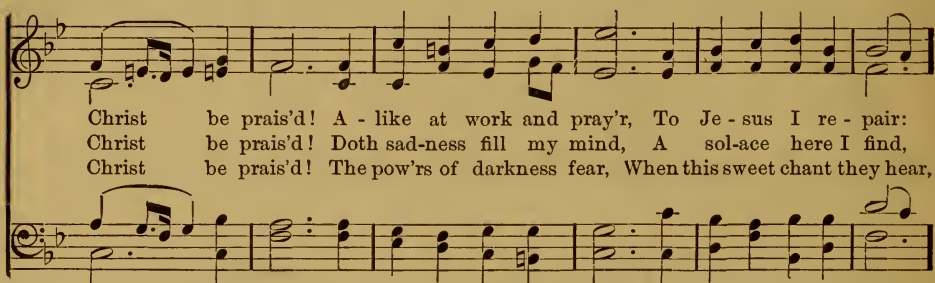
## When morning gilds the skies.

German, 17th Century.

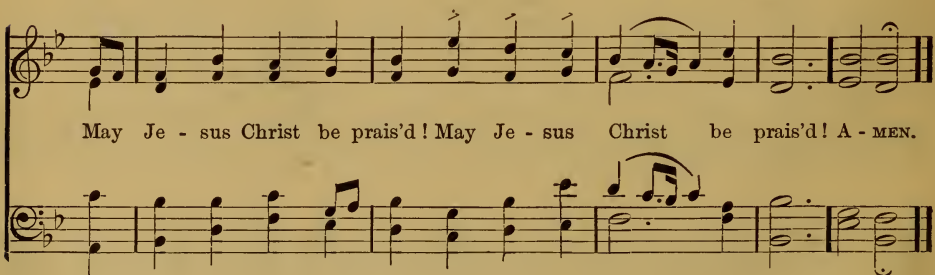
H. F. SHEPPARD.

*Con moto.*


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May Je - sus  
 2. When e - vil thoughts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus  
 3. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say, May Je - sus



Christ be prais'd! A - like at work and pray'r, To Je - sus I re - pair:  
 Christ be prais'd! Doth sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find,  
 Christ be prais'd! The pow'rs of darkness fear, When this sweet chant they hear,



May Je - sus Christ be prais'd! May Je - sus Christ be prais'd! A - MEN.

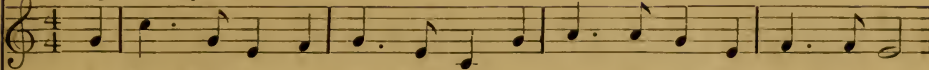
4 In heav'n's eternal bliss,  
 The loveliest strain is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be prais'd!  
 Let earth and sea and sky  
 From depth to height reply,  
 May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

5 Be this, while life is mine,  
 My canticle divine,  
 May Jesus Christ be prais'd!  
 Be this th'eternal song  
 Down through the ages long,  
 May Jesus Christ be prais'd! AMEN.


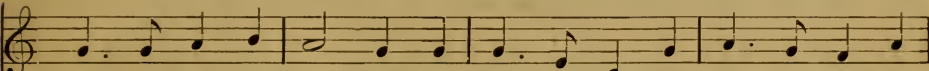
## To Him Who for our sins was slain.

A. T. RUSSELL, 1851.

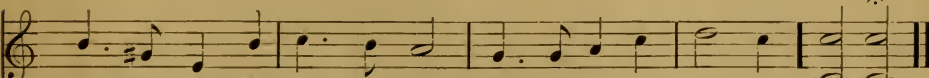
C. FLORIO, 1886.

*Allegro e con spirito.*


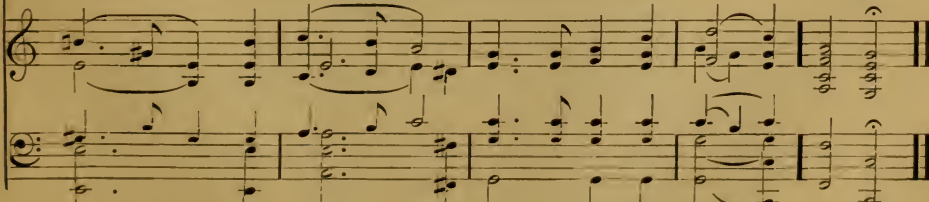
1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him, for all His dy - ing pain,  
 2. To Him Who now for us doth plead, And help - eth us in all our need,  
 3. To Him be glo - ry ev - er - more; Ye heav'n - ly hosts, your Lord a - dore!

Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To Him, the Lamb our Sac - ri - fice, Who  
 Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To Him Who doth pre - pare on high Our  
 Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One

gave His soul our ran - som - price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!  
 home in im - mor - tal - i - ty, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!  
 God most High, our joy and boast, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.



## Singing for Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

"BROMHAM."

T. R. MATTHEWS, 1886.

*Quickly.*

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, Sing - ing for Je - sus, the  
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Man - y to love Him, and

Lord whom we love; All ad - o - ra - tion we joy - ous - ly bring,  
join in the song; Call - ing the wea - ry and wan - der - ing in,

Long - ing to praise as they praise Him a - bove.  
Roll - ing the cho - rus of glad - ness a - long. A - MEN.

3 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,  
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;  
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,  
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

4 Singing for Jesus, yes, singing for joy;  
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,  
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,  
Singing for Jesus, for ever above. AMEN.

## Saviour, blessed Saviour.

G. THRING, 1862.

"PRINCETHORPE."

W. PITTS.

*Con moto.*

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces  
2. Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o -

rais - ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we  
ra - tion Bend-ing low the knee. Thou for our re - demp - tion, Cam'st on

hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.  
earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high. A-MEN.

3 Clearer still, and clearer  
Dawns the light from heaven;  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sin forgiven.  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

6

4 Higher then, and higher,  
Bear the ransom'd soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where, in joys unthought of,  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King. AMEN.

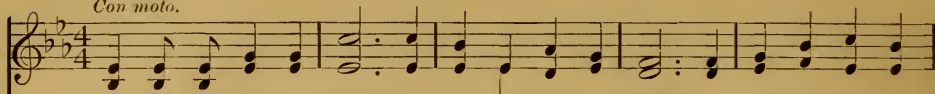


## Crown Him with many crowns.

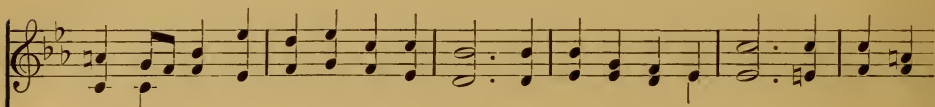
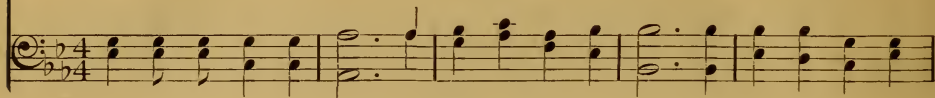
M. BRIDGES, 1847.

" DIADEMATA."

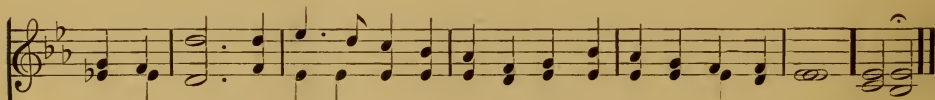
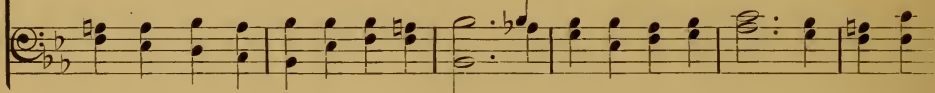
G. J. ELVEY.

*Con moto.*

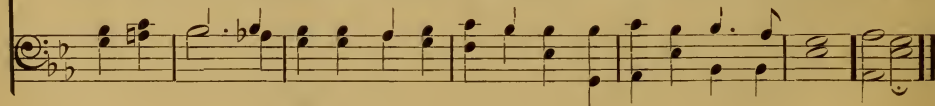
1. Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne! Hark, how the heav'nly  
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—Dear wounds, yet vis-i -



an-then drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who  
 ble a - bove, In beau-ty glo - ri - fied. No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly



died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 bear the sight, But downward bends his wond'ring eye At myster - ies so bright. A-MEN.



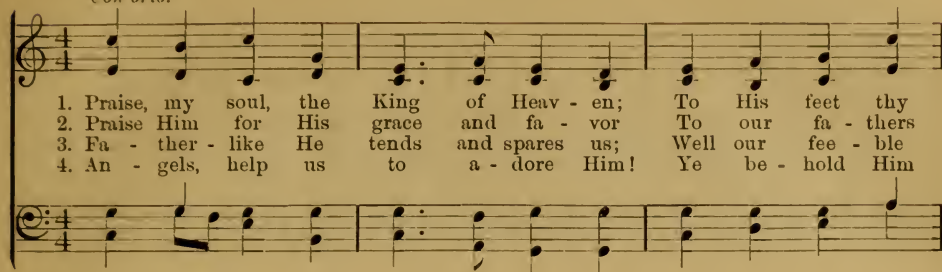
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace!  
 Whose pow'r a sceptre sways  
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
 And all be pray'r and praise.  
 His reign shall know no end;  
 And round His pierced feet  
 Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend  
 Their fragrance ever sweet

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,  
 The Potentate of time,  
 Creator of the rolling spheres,  
 Ineffably sublime!  
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
 For Thou hast died for me;  
 Thy praise shall never, never fail  
 Throughout eternity! AMEN.

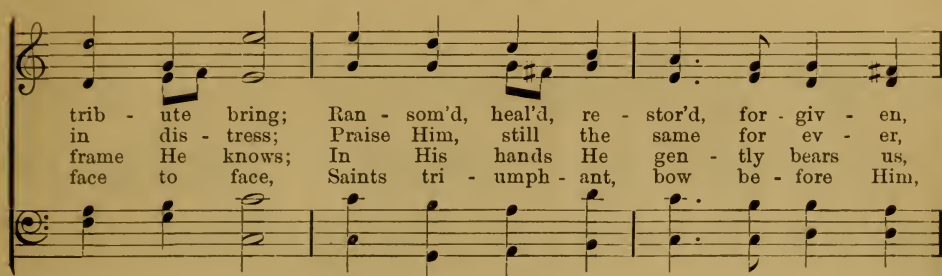
## Praise my soul, the King of Heaven.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

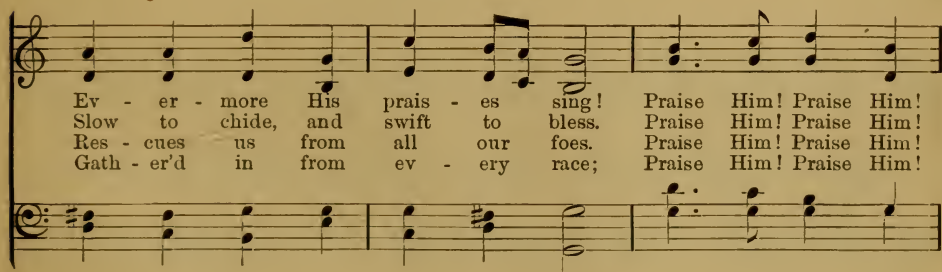
H. SMART.

*Con brio.*


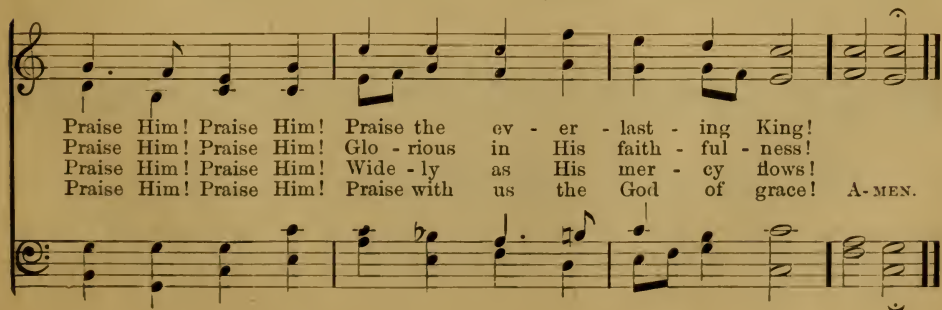
1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His feet thy  
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers  
 3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
 4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him! Ye be - hold Him



trib - ute bring; Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for ev - er,  
 frame He knows; In His hands He gen - tly bears us,  
 face to face, Saints tri - umph - ant, bow be - fore Him,



Ev - er - more His prais - es sing! Praise Him! Praise Him!  
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Praise Him! Praise Him!  
 Res - cues us from all our foes. Praise Him! Praise Him!  
 Gath - er'd in from ev - ery race; Praise Him! Praise Him!



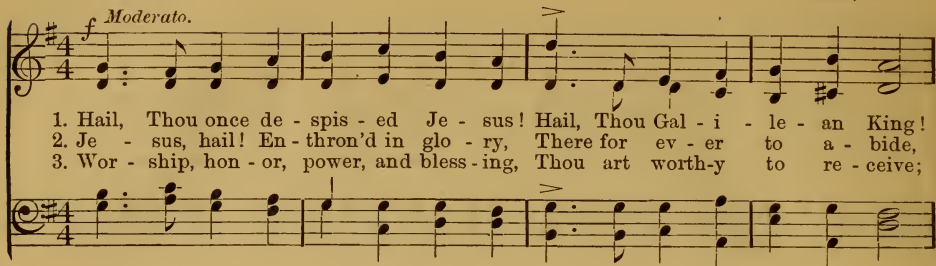
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!  
 Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!  
 Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows!  
 Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A-MEN.

## Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!

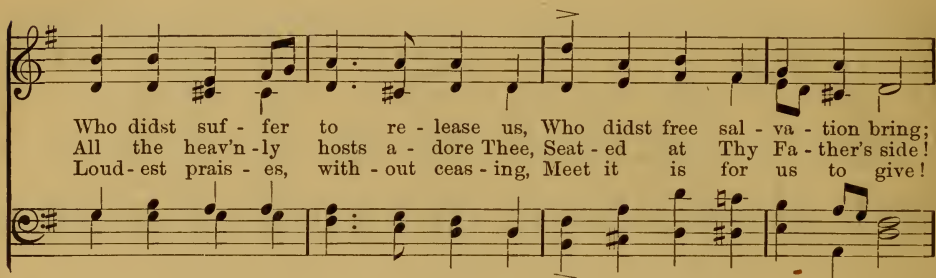
J. BAKWELL, 1757.

S. P. WARREN, 1886.

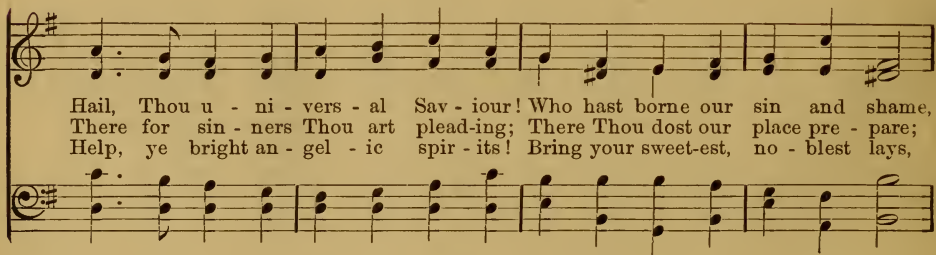
*Moderato.*



1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!  
 2. Je - sus, hail! En - thron'd in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide,  
 3. Wor - ship, hon - or, power, and bless - ing, Thou art worth-y to re - ceive;

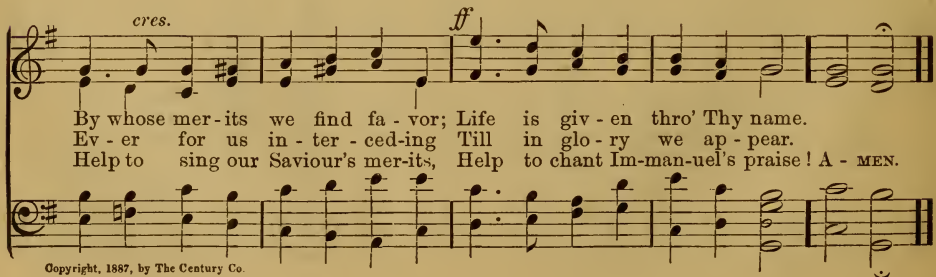


Who didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Who didst free sal - va - tion bring;  
 All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side!  
 Loud - est prais - es, with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give!



Hail, Thou u - ni - vers - al Sav - iour! Who hast borne our sin and shame,  
 There for sin - ners Thou art plead - ing; There Thou dost our place pre - pare;  
 Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its! Bring your sweet - est, no - blest lays,

*cres.* *ff*




By whose mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.  
 Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.  
 Help to sing our Saviour's mer - its, Help to chant Im - man - uel's praise! A - MEN.

## O who like Thee, so calm, so bright.

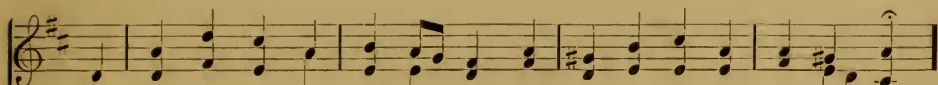
A. C. COXE.

"ST. BASIL."

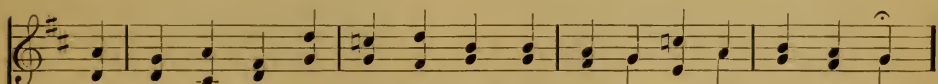
German.

*Stately.*


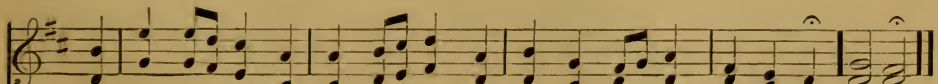
1. O who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of Light!  
 2. And all Thy life's un - chang-ing years, A man of sor-rows and of tears,  
 3. O wondrous Lord, our souls would be Still more and more con-form'd to Thee,



O who like Thee did ev - er go So pa-tient thro' a world of woe!  
 The cross, where all our sins were laid, Up - on Thy bending shoulders weigh'd;  
 And learn of Thee, the low - ly One, And like Thee all our jour-ney run.



O who like Thee so hum-bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men be-fore;—  
 And death, that sets the pris-ner free, Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;  
 O in this light be ours to go, Il - lu-ming ev - ery way of woe;



So meek, for-giv-ing, God-like, high, So glorious in hu - mil - i - ty!  
 Yet love thro' all Thy tor-ture glow'd, And mer-cy with Thy life-blood flow'd.  
 And give us ev - er on the road To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God. A-MEN.



## Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

Latin, 12th Century.

R. REDHEAD, 1872.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast; But  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find A  
 3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek! To

sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
 sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind.  
 those who fall, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek! A - MEN.

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus—what it is  
 None but His lov'd ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our crown wilt be;  
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity. AMEN.

## Jesus! the very thought is sweet.

Latin, 12th Century.

"CANONBURY."

R. SCHUMANN.

1. Je - sus! the ve - ry thought is sweet, In that dear name all heart-joys meet; But,  
 2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No sound is heard more full of bliss, No  
 3. No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No pen can write the bless - ed - ness; He

4 O Jesus, King of wondrous might!  
 O Victor, glorious from the fight!  
 Sweetness that may not be express'd,  
 And altogether loveliest!

## The King of love my Shepherd is.

H. W. BAKER, 1868.

"DOMINUS REGIT ME."

J. B. DYKES, 1868.

*Brightly.*

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er; I  
 2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ransomed soul He lead-eth, And  
 3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me, And

noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev-er.  
 where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-lestial feed-eth.  
 on His shoulder gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me. A-MEN.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,  
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
 Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days  
 Thy goodness faileth never;  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
 Within Thy house for ever. AMEN.

Jesus! the very thought is sweet.—*Concluded.*

O! than ho-ney sweet-er far The glimpses of His presence are.  
 thought brings sweeter com-fort nigh, Than Je-sus, Son of God most High.  
 on-ly who hath prov'd it knows What bliss from love of Je-sus flows. A-MEN.

5 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day;  
 Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;  
 And with Thine own true sweetness feed  
 Our souls, from sin and darkness freed. AMEN.

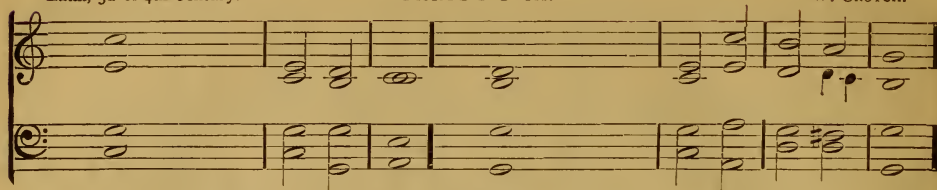
# Glory be to God on high! (I.)

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

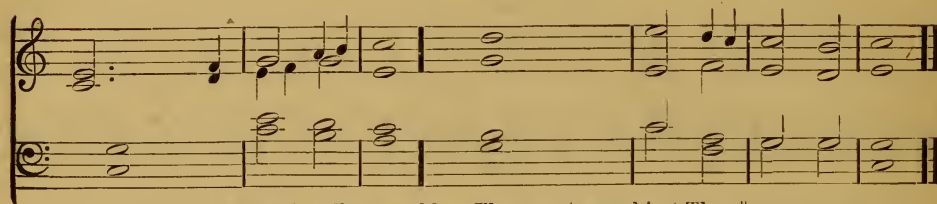
Latin, 3d or 4th Century.

PARTS I & III.

W. CROTCH.



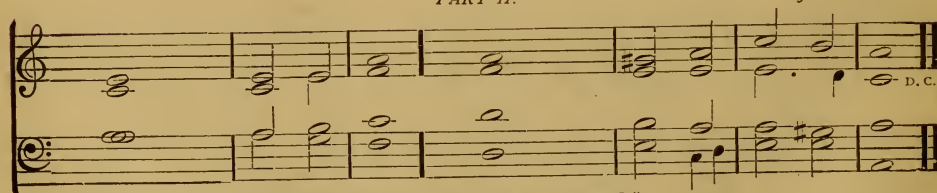
- 1 Glory be to | God on | high; ||  
And on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
- 3 O Lord God, | heav'n-ly | King, ||  
God the | Fa-ther | Al- | mighty.
- 8 For Thou | only art | holy; ||  
Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord;



- 2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee, ||  
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.
- 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ; ||  
O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father;
- 9 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost, ||  
Art most high in the glory of | God the | Father: A- | MEN.

PART II.

J. T. COOPER.



- 5 That takest away the | sin • of the | world, ||  
Have | mer- | cy up- | on us:
- 6 Thou that takest away the | sin • of the | world, ||  
Re- | ceive | our | prayer:
- 7 Thou that sittest on the right hand of | God the | Father, ||  
Have | mer- | cy up- | on us.

[8th and 9th verses above.]

*In singing this and the following chant, care should be taken to follow the order of the verses as indicated by their numbers.*

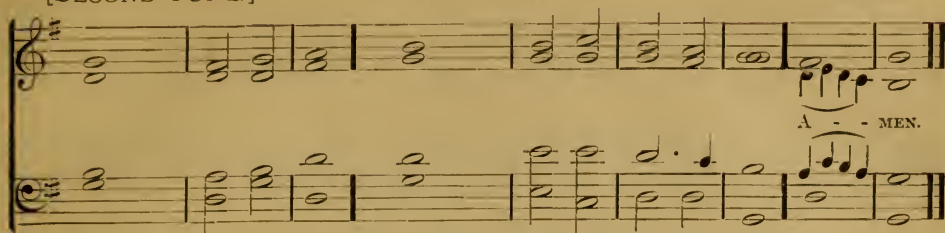
## Glory be to God on high! (II.)

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

[SECOND TUNE.]

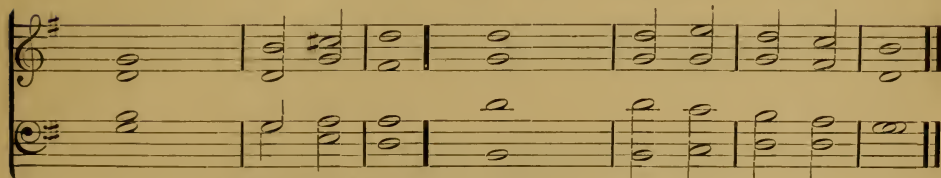
PARTS I &amp; IV.

Traditional.



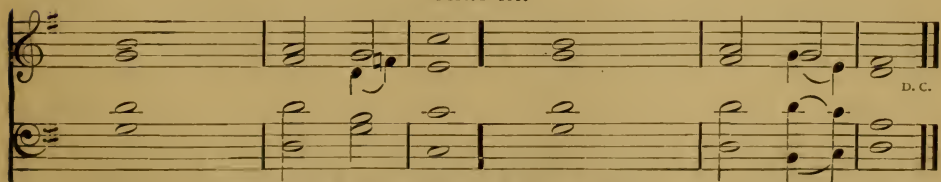
- 1 Glory be to | God on | high;||  
And on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
- 2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee,||  
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory,
- 3 For Thou | only art | holy;||  
Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord;
- 9 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost,||  
Art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father: ||A-MEN.||

PART II.



- 3 O Lord God, | heav'n-ly | King,||  
God the | Fa-ther | Al- | mighty.
- 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ;||  
O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father;

PART III.



- 5 That takest away the | sin • of the | world,||  
Have | mercy up- | on us:
- 6 Thou that takest away the | sin • of the | world,||  
Re- | ceive our | prayer:
- 7 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father,||  
Have | mercy up- | on us.

[8th and 9th verses above.]



# Glory be to the Father! (I.)

Latin, 2d century.

"GLORIA PATRI."

H. LAWES.



1 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son, ||  
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost:

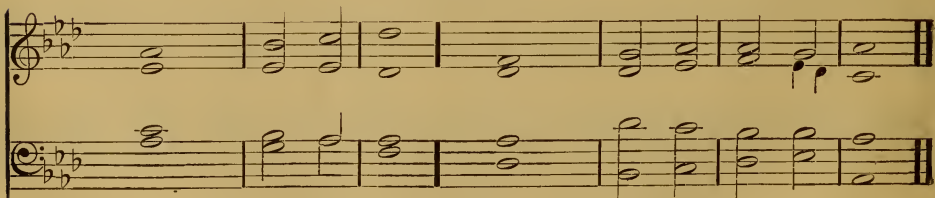


2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, ||  
World | with-out | end: A- | MEN.

# Glory be to the Father! (II.)

"GLORIA PATRI."

G. A. MACFARREN.



1 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son, ||  
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost:

2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, ||  
World | with-out | end: A- | MEN

# SONGS OF THANKSGIVING.

92

## My God, I thank Thee.

MISS A. A. PROCTOR.  
*Con moto.*

"WENTWORTH."

F. C. MAKER.

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,  
 2. I thank Thee too that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;  
 3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;  
 4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though amp - ly blest,

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;  
 So ma - ny gen - tle thoughts and deeds Circ - ling us round;  
 I have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more,—  
 Can nev - er find, al - though they seek, A per - fect rest,—

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.  
 That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.  
 A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace Not known be - fore.  
 Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast. A - MEN.

## Now thank we all our God.

German, 1644.  
*Stately.*

"NUN DANKET."

German, 1644.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces,  
 2. O may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us,  
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;  
 With ev - er - joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us;  
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en!

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath bless'd us on our way  
 And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plex'd,  
 The One E - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;

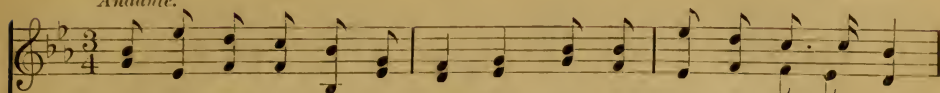
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next.  
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A - MEN.

# Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee. 94

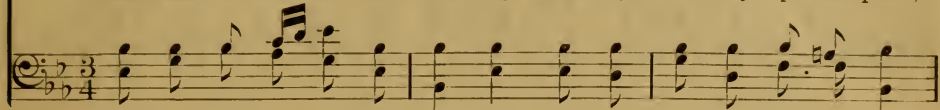
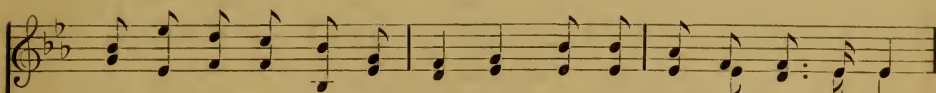
F. S. KEY, 1826.

"ST. CHAD."

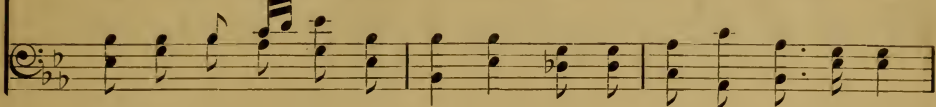
R. REDHEAD.

*Andante.*


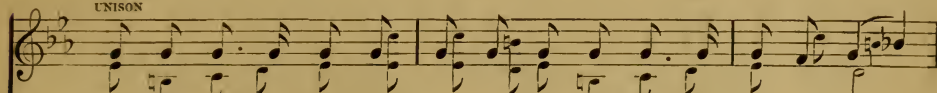
1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows,  
 2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far a-stray;  
 3. Lord, this bo-som's ar-dent feel-ing Vain-ly would my lips ex-press;

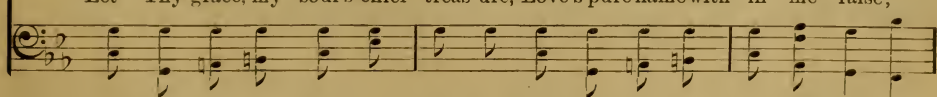
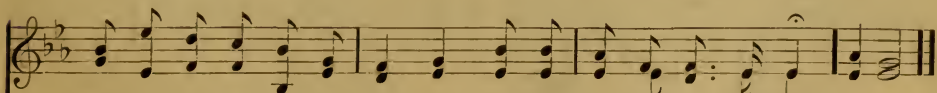
For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.  
 Found thee lost, and kind-ly brought thee From the paths of death a-way:  
 Low be-fore Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless.



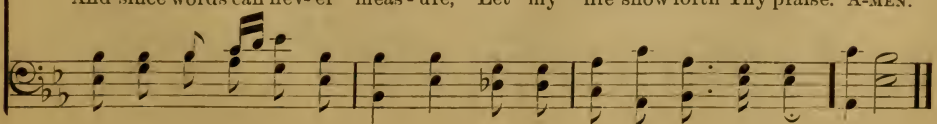
UNISON



Help, O God, my weak en-deay-or, This dull soul to rap-ture raise;  
 Praise, with love's de-vout-est feel-ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas-ure, Love's pure flamewith-in me raise;

Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warm'd to praise.  
 And, the light of hope re-veal-ing, Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.  
 And since words can nev-er meas-ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise. A-MEN.





## For all Thy care we bless Thee.

S. DOUDNEY.

A. E. FISHER, 1886.

*Con moto.*

1. For all Thy care we bless Thee, O Fa - ther, God of might!  
 2. For all Thy love we bless Thee; No mor - tal lips can speak

For gold - en hours of morn - ing, And qui - et hours of night.  
 Thy com - fort to the wea - ry, Thy pit - y for the weak.

*p*

Thine is the arm that shields us When dan - ger threat - ens nigh,  
 By Thee life's path is bright - en'd, With sun - shine and with song;

*ff*

And Thine the hand that yields us Rich gifts of earth and sky.  
 The heav - y loads are light - en'd, The fee - ble hearts made strong. A - MEN.

For all Thy care we bless Thee.—*Concluded.*

3 For all Thy truth we bless Thee;  
Our human vows are frail,  
But through the strife of ages  
Thy word can never fail.  
The kingdoms shall be broken,  
The mighty ones shall fall;  
The promise Thou hast spoken  
Shall triumph over all.

4 O teach us how to praise Thee,  
And touch our hearts with fire!  
O let the Spirit's presence  
Our hearts and minds inspire!  
Thus toiling, watching, singing,  
We tread our earthly way,  
While every hour is bringing  
Nearer the dawn of day. AMEN.

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

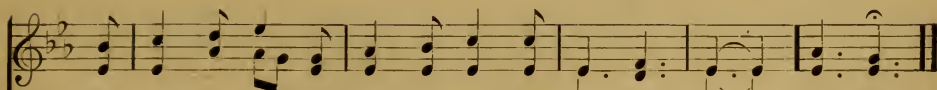
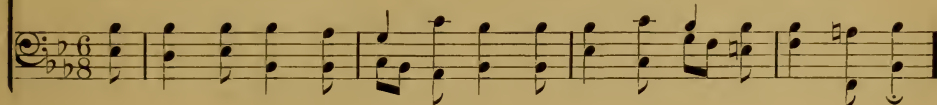
96

C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

S. S. WESLEY.



1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be ;  
2. For peace - ful homes and health - ful days, For all the bless - ings earth displays,  
3. Thou didst not spare Thine on - ly Son, But gav'st Him for a world un-done,



How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?  
We owe Thee thank - ful - ness and praise, Who giv - est all.  
And free - ly with that bless - ed One, Thou giv - est all. A - MEN.



4 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower,  
Upon us all.  
5 For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Who givest all;—  
7 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
Oh, may we ever for Thee live,  
Who givest all. AMEN.

## Sing to the Lord a joyful song.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

*Con moto.*

J. BARNBY, 1872.

1. Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi-ces raise;  
 2. For life and love, for rest and food, For dai-ly help and night-ly care,  
 3. For joys un-told that from a-bove Cheer those who love His sweet em-ploy,  
 4. For life be-low, with all its bliss, And for that life, more pure and high,

To us His gra-cious gifts be-long, To Him our songs of love and praise.  
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good, And praise His name, for it is fair!  
 Sing to our God, for He is love; Ex-alt His name for it is joy!  
 That in-ner life, which o-ver this Shall ev-er shine, and nev-er die,

## REFRAIN.

Sing to the Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an-gels serve and saints a-dore,

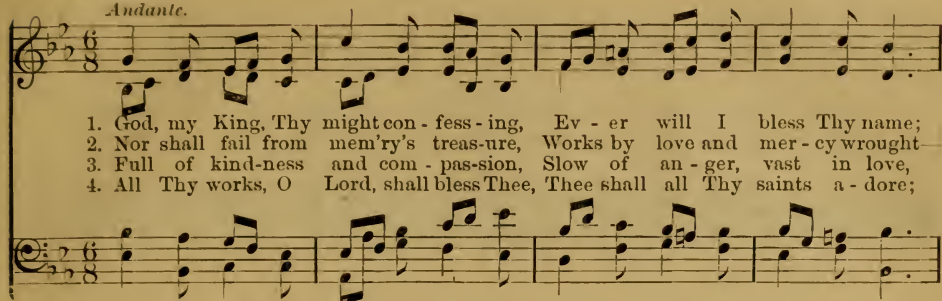
The Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev-er-more! A-MEN.

## God, my King, Thy might confessing.

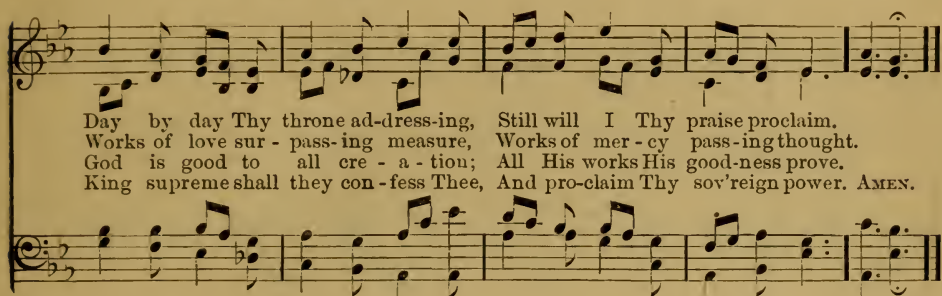
R. MANT, 1832.

"CARITAS."

E. J. HOPKINS, 1887.

*Andante.*


1. God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy name;  
 2. Nor shall fail from mem'ry's treas-ure, Works by love and mer - cy wrought;  
 3. Full of kind-ness and com - pas-sion, Slow of an - ger, vast in love,  
 4. All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee, Thee shall all Thy saints a - dore;



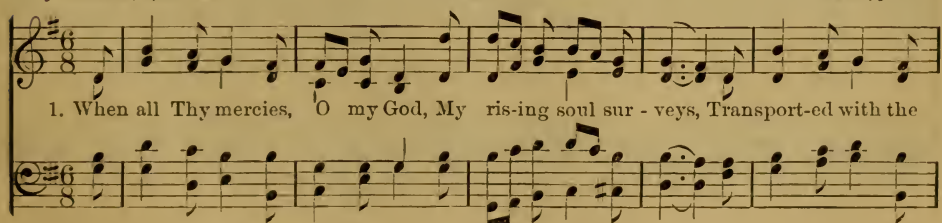
Day by day Thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim.  
 Works of love sur - pass - ing measure, Works of mer - cy pass - ing thought.  
 God is good to all cre - a - tion; All His works His good-ness prove.  
 King supremeshall they con - fess Thee, And pro - claim Thy sov'reign power. AMEN.

## When all Thy mercies, O my God.

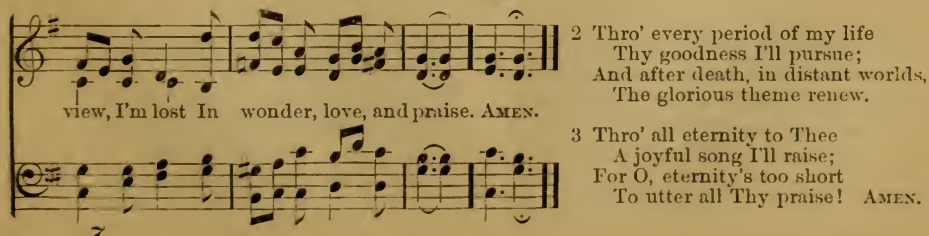
J. ADDISON, 1712.

"BELMONT."

S. WEBBE, Jr.?



1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Transport - ed with the



view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise. AMEN.

2 Thro' every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

3 Thro' all eternity to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 For O, eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise! AMEN.

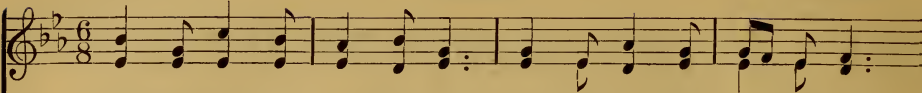


## For the beauty of the earth.

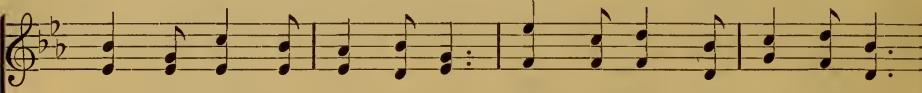
F. S. PIERPOINT, 1864.

"LILYBOURNE."


S. SMITH, 1886.



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,  
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,



For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,



Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.

3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefil'd,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For the Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Off'ring up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise. AMEN.

## Summer suns are glowing.

W. W. How.

"RUTH."

S. SMITH.

*Brightly.*

1. Summer suns are glow-ing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing  
2. God's free mercy streameth O - ver all the world, And His ban-ner gleameth

Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev - ery - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays,  
Ev - ry-where un-furl'd. Broad and deep and glo-rious, As the heav'n a - bove,

And earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.  
Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love. A - MEN.

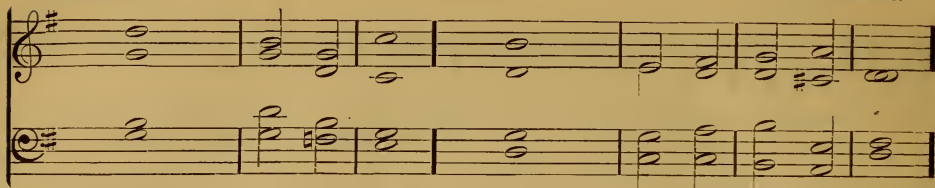
3 Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For Thy loving-kindness  
Make us love Thee more.  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light;  
Life is dark without Thee:  
Death with Thee is bright.  
Light of Light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim-way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day. AMEN.

## I will extol Thee, my God, O King!

From Psalm 145.

H. SMART.



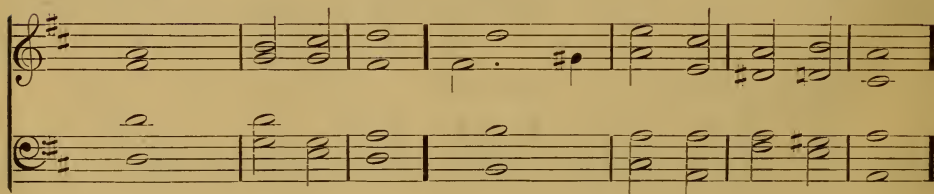
- 1 I will extol Thee, my | God, O | King, ||  
And I will bless Thy | name for | ever and | ever.
- 3 The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over | all His | works: ||  
All Thy works shall give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, and Thy | saints shall |  
bless | Thee.
- 5 The Lord is righteous in | all His | ways, ||  
And | gracious in | all His | works.
- 7 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son, ||  
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

## It is a good thing to give thanks.

From Psalm 92

"BONUM EST CONFITERI."

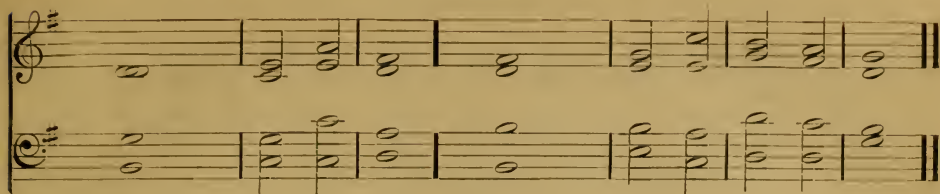
J. L. HOPKINS.



- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks | unto the | Lord,  
And to sing praises unto | Thy name, | O Most | High;
- 3 With an instrument of ten strings, | and • with the | psaltery,  
With a solemn | sound up- | on the | harp.
- 5 How great are Thy works, O Lord! Thy thoughts are | very deep,  
Thou, O Lord, art on | high for | ever- | more.
- 7 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son,  
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

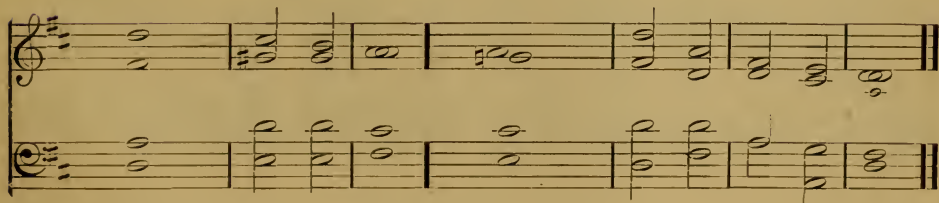
THANKSGIVING.

I will extol Thee, my God, O King.—*Concluded.*



- 2 Every | day • will I | bless Thee, ||  
And I will praise Thy | name for | ever and ever.
- 4 The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their | food • in due |  
season; ||  
Thou openest Thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of | every | living | thing.
- 6 The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call up- | on Him, ||  
To all that | call upon | Him in | truth.
- 8 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ||  
World | without | end: A- | MEN.

It is a good thing to give thanks.—*Concluded.*



- 2 To show forth Thy loving kindness | in the | morning,  
And Thy faithfulness | every | night.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me | glad • through Thy | work;  
I will triumph in the | works of | Thy | hands.
- 6 For lo, Thine enemies, O Lord, Thine enemies | shall | perish;  
All the workers of in- | iquity | shall be | scatter'd.
- 8 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be  
World | without | end: A- | MEN.

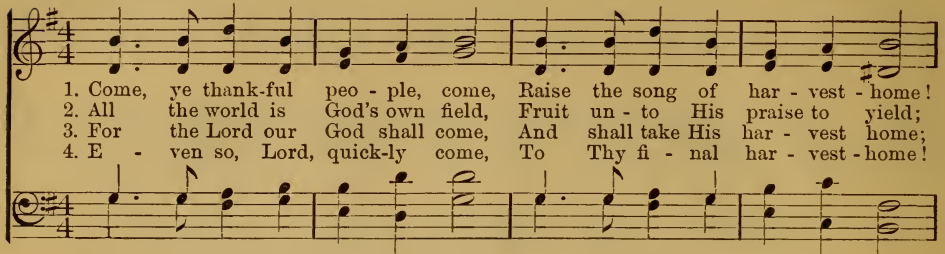


## Come, ye thankful people, come!

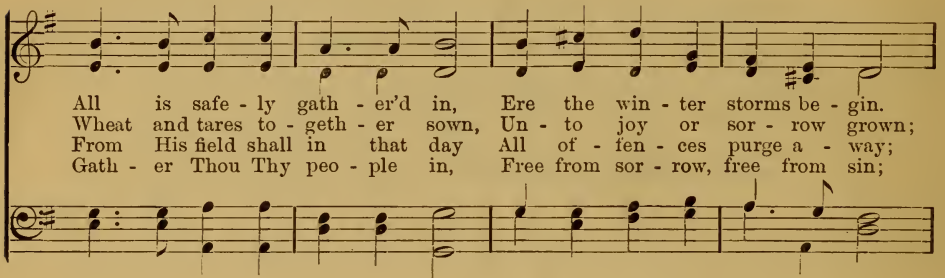
H. ALFORD, 1844.

"ST. GEORGE'S."

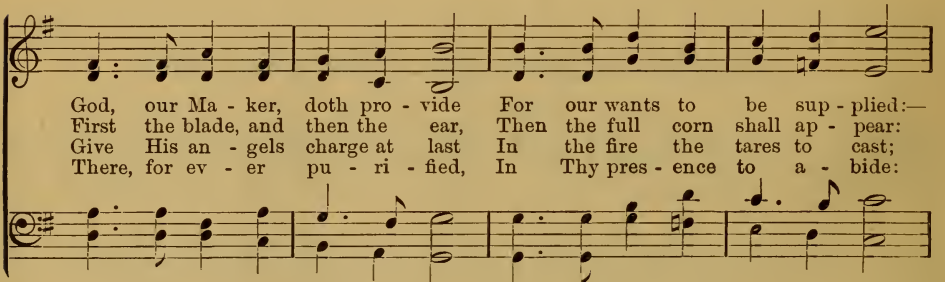
G. J. ELVEY, 1860.



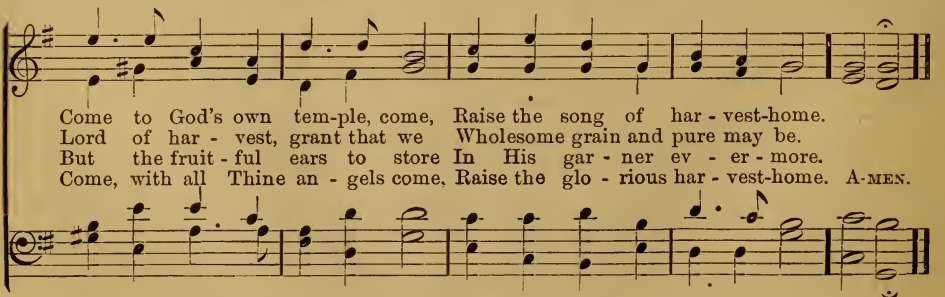
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home!  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;  
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come, To Thy fi - nal har - vest - home!



All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;  
 From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way;  
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:—  
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:  
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;  
 There, for ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide:



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 Come, with all Thine an - gels come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest-home. A-MEN.

# SONGS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

105

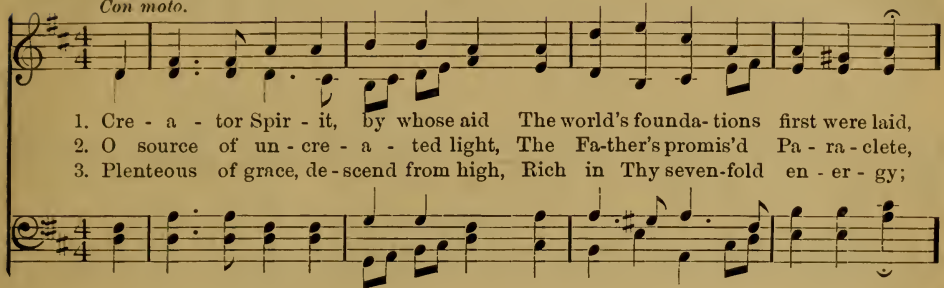
## Creator Spirit, by whose aid.

Latin, 6th Century.

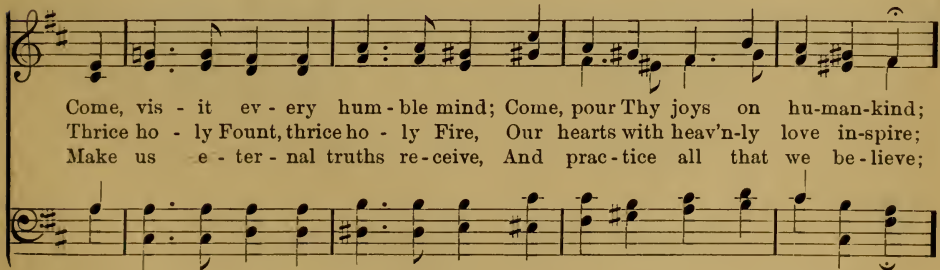
"MELITA."

J. B. DYKES.

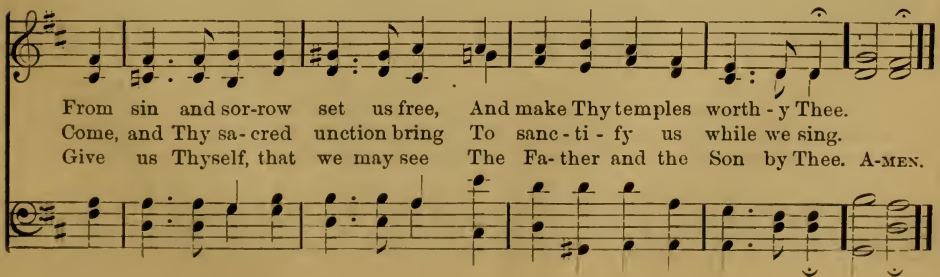
*Con moto.*



1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's founda-tions first were laid,  
 2. O source of un - cre - a - ted light, The Fa-ther's promis'd Pa - ra - clete,  
 3. Plenteous of grace, de - scend from high, Rich in Thy seven-fold en - er - gy;



Come, vis - it ev - ery hum - ble mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu-man-kind;  
 Thrice ho - ly Fount, thrice ho - ly Fire, Our hearts with heav'n-ly love in-spire;  
 Make us e - ter - nal truths re-ceive, And prac-tice all that we be-lieve;



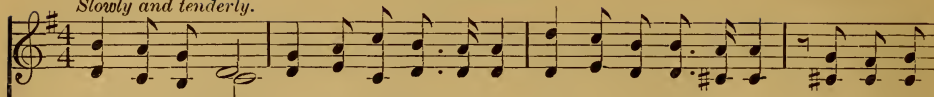
From sin and sor-row set us free, And make Thy temples worth - y Thee.  
 Come, and Thy sa - cred unction bring To sanc - ti - fy us while we sing.  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see The Fa-ther and the Son by Thee. A-MEN.

## Come Thou, O come.

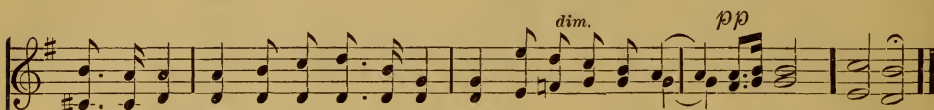
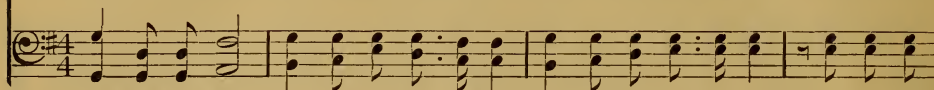
Latin, 9th Century.

"HURSTMONCEUX."

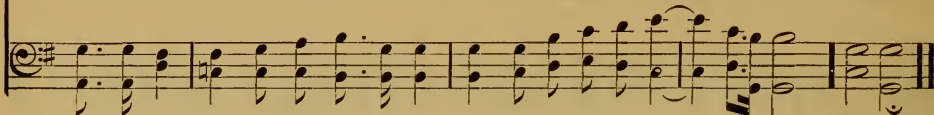
E. PROUT, 1887.

*Slowly and tenderly.*

1. Come Thou, O come, Sweetest, and kind-li-est, Giv-er of tranquil rest Un-to the
2. Come Thou, O come, Glorious and shadow-free, Star of the storm-y sea, Light of the
3. Come Thou, O come, Joy in life's narrow path, Hope in the hour of death, Come, blessed



wea-ry soul! In all anx-i-e-ty With pow'r from heav'n on high Con-sole.  
 tempest-tost, Harbor, our souls to save, When hope upon the wave Is lost!  
 Spir-it, come! Lead Thou us ten-der-ly, Till we shall find with Thee Our home. A-MEN.



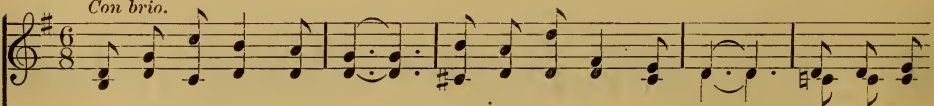
## 107

## Come, Holy Spirit, come!

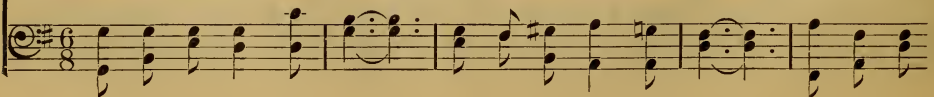
J. HART, 1759.

"CHISELHURST."

J. BARNEY, 1887.

*Con brio.*

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come! Let Thy bright beams a-rise; Dis-pel the
2. Re-vive our droop-ing faith, Our doubts and fears re-move, And kin-dle
3. Dwell therefore in our hearts, Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we



## Holy Spirit, Truth divine.

S. LONGFELLOW.

"SEYMOUR."

C. M. VON WEBER, 1826.

*Cantabile.*

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with - in this heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.  
 Kin - dle ev - ery high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire!  
 By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive. A-MEN.

4 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,  
 Still this restless heart of mine;  
 Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
 Stay'd in Thy tranquillity.

5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,  
 Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
 In the desert-ways I sing,  
 "Spring, O Well, for ever spring!" AMEN.

Come, Holy Spirit, come!—*Concluded.*

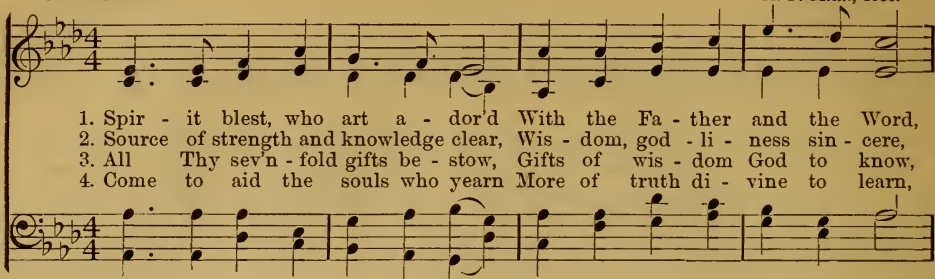
dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes.  
 in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.  
 know, and praise, and love, The Fa - ther, Son, and Thee. A-MEN.



## Spirit blest, who art ador'd.

T. B. POLLOCK.

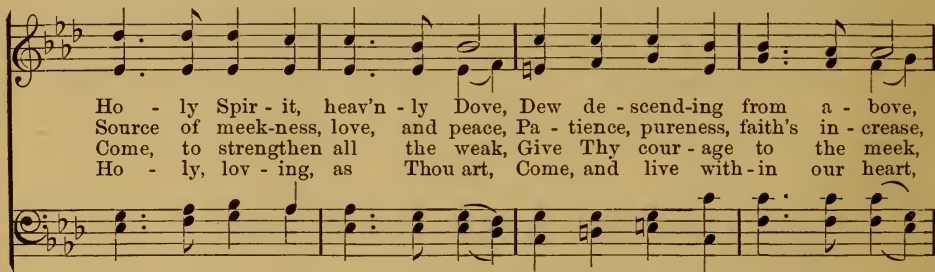
H. P. MAIN, 1886.



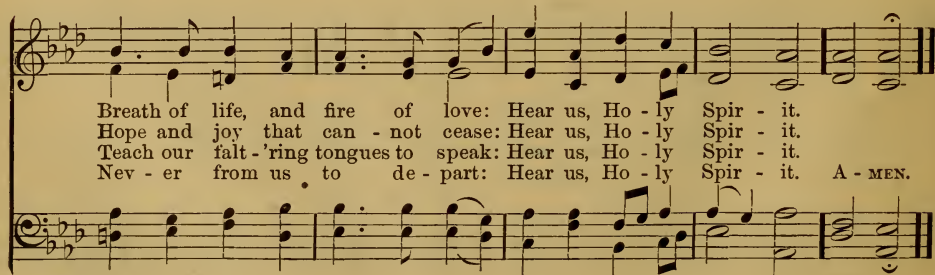
1. Spir - it blest, who art a - dor'd With the Fa - ther and the Word,  
 2. Source of strength and knowledge clear, Wis - dom, god - li - ness sin - cere,  
 3. All Thy sev'n - fold gifts be - stow, Gifts of wis - dom God to know,  
 4. Come to aid the souls who yearn More of truth di - vine to learn,



One e - ter - nal God and Lord: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Un - der - stand - ing, coun - sel, fear: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Gifts of strength to meet the foe: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 And with deep - er love to burn: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.



Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, Dew de - scend - ing from a - bove,  
 Source of meek - ness, love, and peace, Pa - tience, pureness, faith's in - crease,  
 Come, to strengthen all the weak, Give Thy cour - age to the meek,  
 Ho - ly, lov - ing, as Thou art, Come, and live with - in our heart,



Breath of life, and fire of love: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Hope and joy that can - not cease: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Teach our falt - ring tongues to speak: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Nev - er from us to de - part: Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it. A - MEN.

# Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.

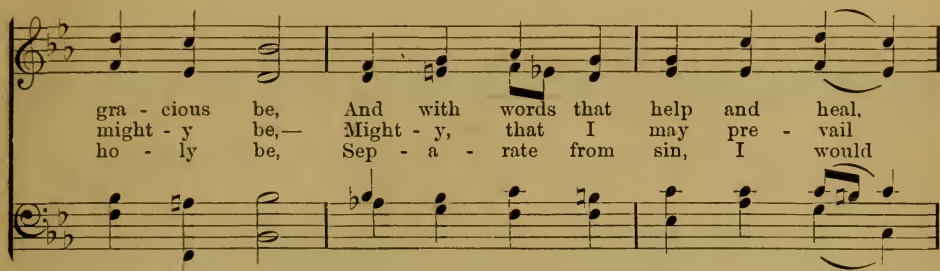
T. T. LYNCH.

H. N. BARTLETT, 1886.

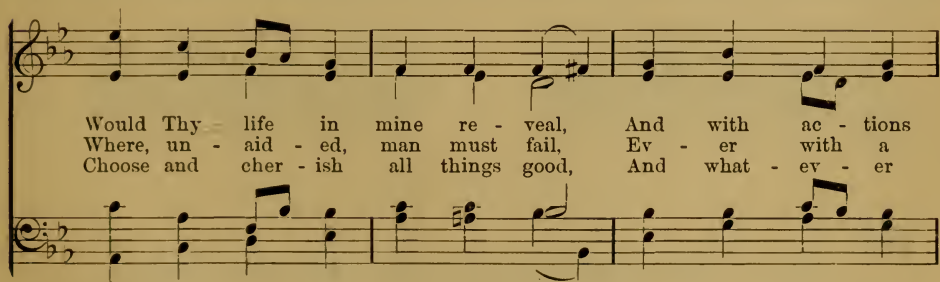
*Smoothly.*



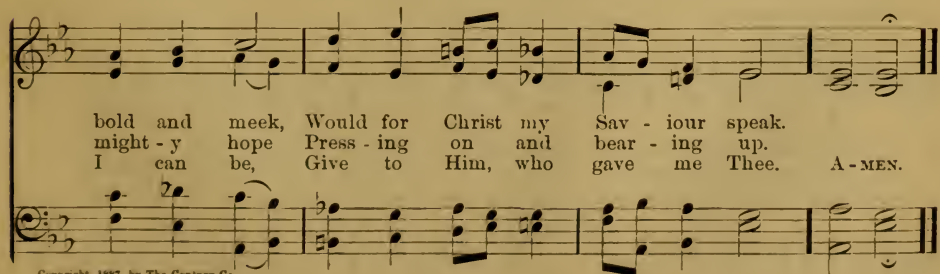
1. Gra - cious Spir - it, dwell with me; I my - self would  
 2. Might - y Spir - it, dwell with me; I my - self would  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me; I my - self would



gra - cious be, And with words that help and heal,  
 might - y be, Might - y, that I may that pre - vail  
 ho - ly be, Sep - a - rate from sin, I would



Would Thy life in mine re - veal, And with ac - tions  
 Where, un - aid - ed, man must fail, Ev - er with a  
 Choose and cher - ish all things good, And what - ev - er



bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.  
 might - y hope, Press - ing on and bear - ing up.  
 I can be, Give to Him, who gave me Thee. A - MEN.

# III

HOLY SPIRIT

## Come, O Creator Spirit blest.

Latin, 9th Century.

"LITLINGTON TOWER."

J. BARNBY, 1862.

*Firmly.*

1. Come, O Cre-a - tor Spir-it blest, And in our souls take up Thy rest; Come,  
2. Great Com-fort-er, to Thee we cry, O high-est gift of God Most High! O

with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.  
fount of life, O fire of love, And sweet a - noint-ing from a - bove! A - MEN.

3 Our senses touch with light and fire,  
Our hearts with charity inspire;  
And with endurance from on high  
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,  
And let Thy peace within us dwell;  
So may we, having Thee for Guide,  
Turn from each hurtful thing aside. AMEN.

# II2

## Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

Miss H. AUBER, 1829.

"ST. CUTHBERT."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

*Smoothly.*

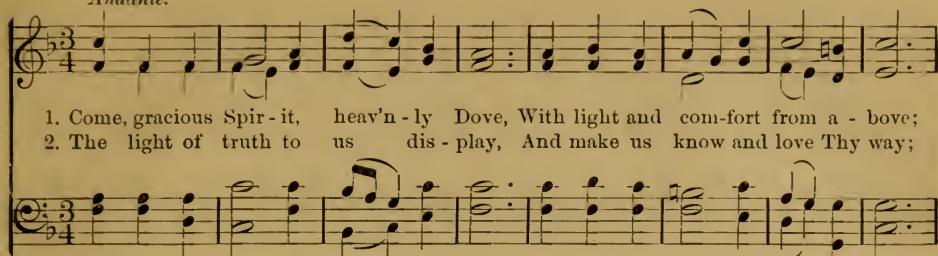
1. Our blest Re-deemer, ere Hebreath'd His ten-der last fare-well, A Guide, a  
2. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gracious, will-ing guest, While He can  
3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of ev'n, That checks each

# Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.

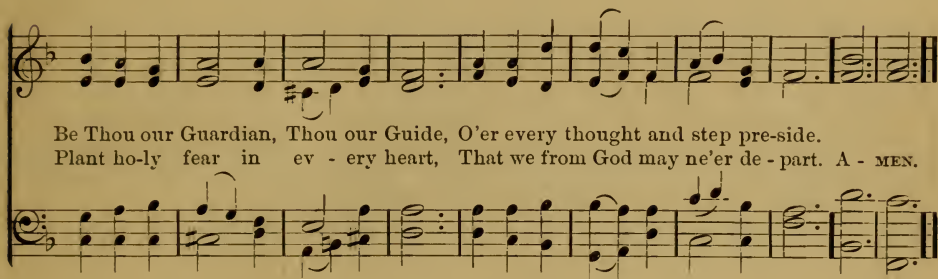
S. BROWNE, 1720.

W. HARRISON.

*Andante.*



1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;  
2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and love Thy way;

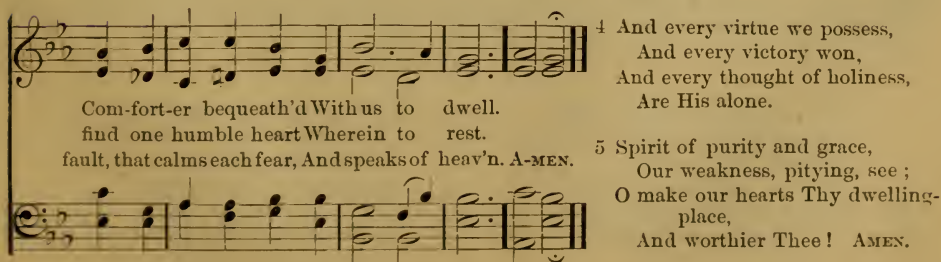


Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er every thought and step pre-side.  
Plant ho-ly fear in ev - ery heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part. A - MEN.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final Rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest;  
Lead us to heav'n, that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there. AMEN.

## Our blest Redeemer.—*Concluded.*



Com-fort-er bequeath'd With us to dwell.  
find one humble heart Wherein to rest.  
fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n. A-MEN.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-  
place,  
And worthier Thee! AMEN.



# Come, Holy Ghost, in love.

Latin, 10th Century.

"PENTECOST."

G. LOMAS.

*Con moto.*

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove Thine  
2. Come, tend'-rest Friend and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest, With

own bright ray; Di - vine - ly good Thou art: Thy sa - cred gifts im -  
sooth - ing pow'r,— Rest, which the wea - ry know, Shade, 'mid the noon-tide -

part To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day!  
glow, Peace, when deep griefs o'er - flow, Cheer us this hour. A-MEN.

3 Come, Light serene and still,  
Our inmost bosoms fill;  
Dwell in each breast;  
We know no dawn but Thine;  
Send forth Thy beams divine,  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.

4 Come, all the faithful bless;  
Let all who Christ confess  
His praise employ;  
Give virtue's rich reward;  
Victorious death accord,  
And, with our glorious Lord,  
Eternal joy. AMEN.

# SONGS OF CONFESSION AND SUPPLICATION.

## No, not despairingly.

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H. BONAR, 1866.

R. STEWART, 1873.

*Andante.*

1. No, not des - pair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis -  
 2. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am,  
 3. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and

trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee. Sin hath gone o - ver me,  
 tell I Thee, All I have been. Purge Thou my sin a - way;  
 kind art Thou When chil - dren call. Lord, let the cleans - ing blood,

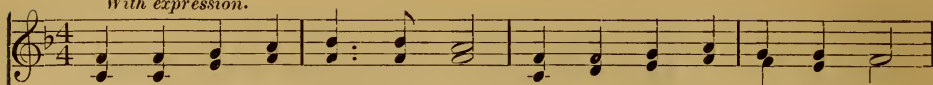
Yet is this still my plea, "Je - sus hath died."  
 Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean!  
 Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul! A - MEN.

## Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

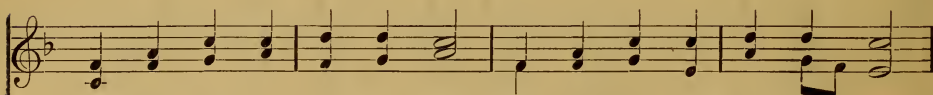
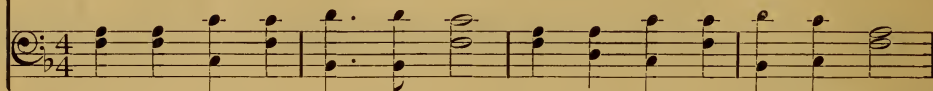
A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

"ROCK OF AGES."

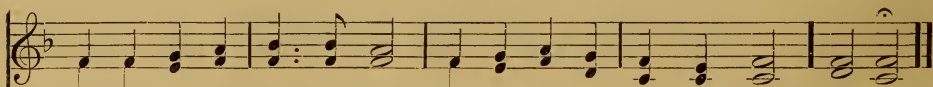
R. REDHEAD, 1853.

*With expression.*

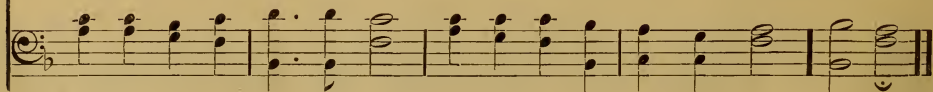
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!  
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;



- Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,  
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,—



- Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r!  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone! A - MEN.



- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress:  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyelids close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee! AMEN.

# O sacred Head, now wounded.

Latin, 12th Century.

"PASSION CHORALE."

German, 1601.

*Slowly.*

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,  
 Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown,

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd Was all for sin - ners' gain:  
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain:

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;

Yet, tho' des - pis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.  
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch-safe to me Thy grace. A - MEN.

3 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 Lord, make me Thine for ever,  
 Nor let me faithless prove:  
 O let me never, never,  
 Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near when I am dying,  
 O show Thy cross to me;  
 And for my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free!  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move;  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely, through Thy love. AMEN.



## Near the cross was Mary weeping.

Latin, 13th Century.

"STABAT MATER."

J. B. DYKES, 1874.

*Slowly and expressively.*

1. Near the cross was Ma - ry weep - ing, There her mourn - ful sta - tion  
 2. But we have no need to bor - row Mo - tives from the moth - er's  
 3. When no eye its pit - y gave us, When there was no arm to  
 4. Je - sus, may Thy love con - strain us, That from sin we may re -

*cres.* *f*  
 keep - ing, Gaz - ing on her dy - ing Son: There in  
 sor - row, At our Sav - iour's cross to mourn. 'Twas our  
 save us, He His love and pow'r dis - play'd: By His  
 frain us, In Thy griefs may deep - ly grieve: Thee our

*dim.*  
 speech - less an - guish groan - ing, Yearning, trem - bling, sigh - ing,  
 sins brought Him from heav - en, These the cru - el nails had  
 stripes He wrought our heal - ing, By His death, our life re -  
 best af - fec - tions giv - ing, To Thy glo - ry ev - er -

*rit.*  
 moan - ing, Thro' her soul the sword hath gone. [Interlude, after  
 driv - en: All His griefs for us were borne. 1st, 2d & 3d verse.]  
 veal - ing, He for us the ran - som paid.  
 liv - ing, May we in Thy glo - ry live. A - MEN.

# Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.

W. W. How, 1854.  
*Cantabile.*

"ST. VINCENT."

S. NEUKOMM.

1. Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - - far, And gaze up -  
2. When we be - hold Thy bleed - ing wounds, And the rough

on Thy ho - - ly cross, In love of Thee and scorn of  
way that Thou hast trod, Make us to hate the load of

self, O may we count the world as loss.  
sin That lay so heav - y on our God. A - MEN.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,  
With outstretch'd arms, in mortal woe,  
Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below,—

4 Give us an ever-living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see;  
And in the myst'ry of Thy death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee. AMEN.

## Out of the deep I call.

H. W. BAKER.

"LANGTON."

ANON.

1. Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee; Be - fore Thy  
 2. Out of the deep I cry, The woe - ful deep of sin, Of e - vil  
 3. Lord, there is mer - cy now, As ev - er was, with Thee; Be - fore Thy

throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me.  
 done in days gone by, Of e - vil now with - in.  
 throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me. A - MEN.

## Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

C. WESLEY, 1742.

"NEW CALABAR."

J. D. FARRER.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;  
 2. Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be:

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.  
 Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild: Thou wast once a lit - tle child. A - MEN.

3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy gracious hands I am;  
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;  
 Live Thyself within my heart.

4 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
 Serve Thee all my happy days;  
 Then the world shall always see  
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me. AMEN.

# As Mary knelt in tears.

E. P. PARKER.

English.

1. As Ma - ry knelt in tears, So, gra - cious Lord, would we,  
2. We lift our eyes to Thee, And meet Thy smile di - vine;

And pour our heart's per - fume, Our choic - est love on Thee.  
Where shall we look, O Christ, For ten - der - ness like Thine?

Ab - solve our sin - ful past, Our sin - ful stains re - move;  
We love Thee and a - dore, In Thee we seek our rest;

Our souls make pure and clean In Thy for - giv - ing love.  
O raise us from Thy feet To lean up - on Thy breast. A - MEN.



## Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee.

J. J. CUMMINS, 1839.

C. FLORIO, 1886.

*Placido ma non troppo lento.*

1. Je - sus, Lord, we kneel be - fore Thee; Bend from heav'n Thy  
 2. Taught by Thine un - err - ing Spir - it, Bold - ly we draw  
 3. When temp - ta - tion sore - ly press - es, In the day of  
 4. In the sol - emn hour of dy - ing, In the aw - ful

gra - cious ear: While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee,  
 nigh to God, On - ly in Thy spot - less mer - it,  
 Sa - tan's pow'r, In our times of deep dis - tress - es,  
 judg - ment-day, May our souls, on Thee re - ly - - ing,

## REFRAIN.

Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear!  
 On - ly thro' Thy pre - cious blood. } By Thy mer - cy, By Thy  
 In each dark and try - ing hour.—  
 Find Thee still our hope and stay!

mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord! A - MEN.

# Weary of earth.

S. J. STONE, 1865.

"LANGRAN."

J. LANGRAN, 1863.

*Not too slow.*

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin  
 2. So \ vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 3. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear,  
 4. Yea, Thou wilt an - swer for me, right - eous Lord ;

I look at heav'n and long to en - ter in,  
 In the pure glo - ry of that ho - ly land?  
 His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
 Thine all the mer - its, mine the great re - ward;

But there no e - - vil thing may find a home:  
 Be - fore the white - ness of that throne ap - pear?  
 And His the blood that can for all a - tone,  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the gold - en crown ;

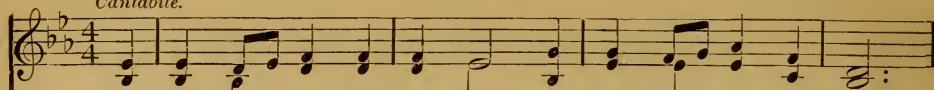
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."  
 Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.  
 And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne.  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down! A - MEN.

## O Jesus, Thou art standing.


W. W. How, 1854.  
*Cantabile.*

"ST. HILDA."


German.



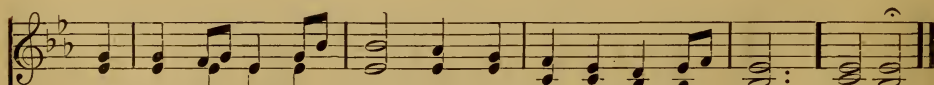
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing    Out - side the fast-clos'd door,  
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing;    And lo! that hand is scarr'd,  
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing    In ac - cents meek and low—



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing    To pass the threshold o'er,  
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle,    And tears Thy face have marr'd.  
"I died for you, my chil - dren,    And will ye treat me so!"



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear,  
O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!  
O Lord, with shame and sor - row    We o - pen now the door;



O shame, thrice shame up - on us,    To keep Him standing there!  
O sin that hath no e - qual,    So fast to bar the gate!  
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter,    And leave us nev - er - more.    A - MEN.

## Saviour and Lord of all.

E. P. PARKER.

E. P. PARKER.

*Andante.*

1. Sav - iour and Lord of all, We lift our souls to Thee; Thy mer - cy  
 2. Our sins for - give, we pray; Our faith and love in - crease; Lord, we a -  
 3. When darkness clouds our way, O Je - sus, then be near; With Thee a -  
 4. Bright - en our dark - est hours, Till the last hour shall come; Then o'er us

send us. Guide and de - fend us, What - e'er our lot may be.  
 dore Thee; Lord, we im - plore Thee, Grant us Thy ho - ly peace.  
 bid - ing, In Thee con - fid - ing, Let us not faint nor fear.  
 bend - ing, All sor - row end - ing, Lord, take Thy chil - dren home. A - MEN.

## Star of morn and even.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

E. P. PARKER.

*Andante.*

1. Star of morn and e - ven, Sun of heaven's heav - en, Sav - iour, high and dear,  
 2. Sav - iour, pure and ho - ly, Lov - er of the low - ly, Sign us with Thy sign,  
 3. Star of morn and e - ven, Shine on us from heav - en; From Thy glo - ry - throne

To us turn Thine ear; Thro' whate'er may come, Thou canst lead us home.  
 Take our hands in Thine, Take our hands, and come, Lead Thy children home.  
 Hear Thy ver - y own; Lord and Saviour, come, Lead us to our home. A - MEN.



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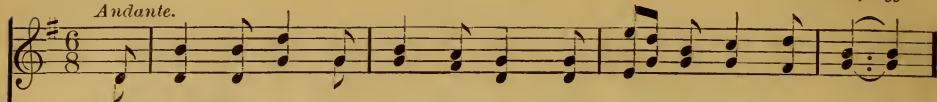
SUPPLICATION FOR GRACE.

## What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone.

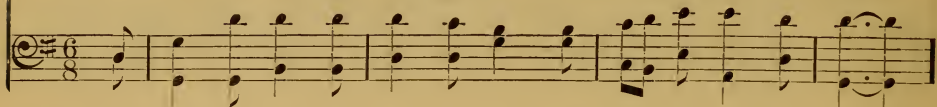
E. DENNY.

"CALVARY."

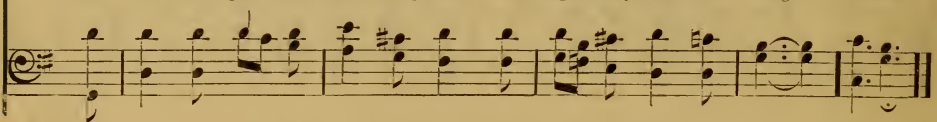
L. SPOHR, 1835.

*Andante.*

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;  
 2. For, ev - er on Thy bur - den'd heart A weight of sor - row hung;



What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.  
 Yet no un - gen - tle, murm'ring word Es - cap'd Thy si - lent tongue. AMEN.



- 3 O give us hearts to love like Thee,  
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
 Far more for others' sins, than all  
 The wrongs that we receive.

- 4 One with Thyself, may every eye,  
 In us, Thy brethren, see  
 The gentleness and grace that spring  
 From union, Lord, with Thee. AMEN.

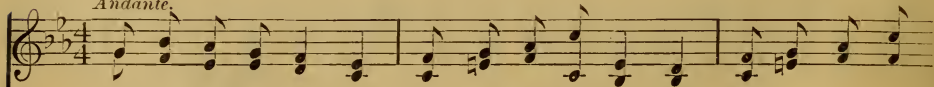
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## When the world is brightest.

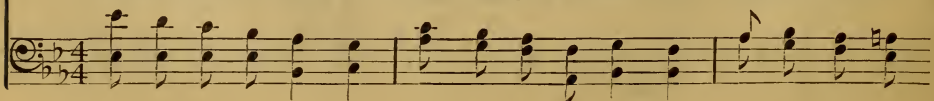
L. TUTTIETI.

"PETROX."

W. BOYD.

*Andante.*

1. When the world is brightest, And our hearts are light - est, Bless - ed Je - sus,  
 2. When life's scene is shad - ed, All its bright hopes fad - ed, Bless - ed Je - sus,



## Grant us, O our Heavenly Father.

G. THRING.

"OSWALD."

J. B. DYKES.

*Allegro.*

1. Grant us, O our Heav'nly Fa-ther, Now in these our ear-ly days,  
 2. Draw-ing near-er still and near-er, May we close and clos-er cling  
 3. Blest in joy, up-held in sor-row, At our work as in His sight,

Thee in all things to re-mem-ber, Thee to serve and Thee to praise.  
 To our Lord, and to His al-tar There our-selves an off-'ring bring.  
 May His pres-ence still be with us, As we do it with our might. A-MEN.

4 Serving Thee, our Heav'nly Father,  
 From the dawn to set of sun,  
 Serving Thee in life's young morning,  
 Till our work on earth is done,—

5 Till the shadows of the evening  
 Shall for ever pass away,  
 And the Resurrection-morning  
 Kindle into perfect day. AMEN.

---

When the world is brightest.—*Concluded.*

hear us! Let Thy hand be near us!  
 hear us! Light of heav'n, be near us! A - MEN.

3 When our foes surround us,  
 When our sins have bound us,  
 Blessed Jesus, hear us!  
 Let Thy help be near us!

4 When life, slowly waning,  
 Shows but heav'n remaining,  
 Blessed Jesus, hear us!  
 Light of all, be near us!  
 AMEN.

## Come, Thou long-expected Jesus.

C. WESLEY, 1744.

"EXPECTATION."

F. MENDELSSOHN.

*Slowly, with expression.*

1. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy  
2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the

peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us  
earth Thou art; Dear de - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of

find our rest in Thee, Let us find our rest in Thee.  
ev - ery long - ing heart, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart. A-MEN.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. AMEN.

## Come, Jesus, Redeemer.

R. PALMER, 1867.

A. E. FISHER, 1886.

1. Come, Je - sus, Re-deem - er, a - bide Thou with me; Come, glad - den my  
 2. With - out Thee but weak - ness, with Thee I am strong; By day Thou shalt  
 3. Thy love, O how faith - ful! so ten - der, so pure! Thy prom - ise, faith's

spir - it that wait - eth for Thee; Thy smile ev - ery shad - ow shall  
 lead me, by night be my song; Tho' dan - gers sur - round me, I  
 an - chor, how stead - fast and sure! That love, like sweet sun - shine, my

chase from my heart, And soothe ev - ery sor - row, tho' keen be the smart.  
 still ev - ery fear, Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Help - er, art near.  
 cold heart can warm, That prom - ise make stead - y my soul in the storm. A - MEN.

- 4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace;  
 From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou my heart cease:  
 In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,  
 Till, glad, to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.
- 5 O then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,  
 Made clean in the fountain that gush'd from Thy side,  
 I shall see thy full glory, Thy face shall behold.  
 And praise Thee with raptures for ever untold! AMEN.



# 133

SUPPLICATION FOR GRACE.

## Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.

H. COLLINS, 1852.

J. BARNBY, 1872.

*Andante.*

*cres.*

*mf*

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call,  
 2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought, How can I love Thee as I ought,  
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so lov - ing - ly?  
 4. Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song, To Thee my heart and soul be - long;

Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.  
 And how ex - tol Thy match - less fame, The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name?  
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought! O far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought!  
 All that I am or have is Thine; And Thou, my Sav - iour, Thou art mine.

*Slower.* *res.* *f* *dim.* *p*

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

# 134

## Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

Miss A. STEELE, 1760.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

*Slowly.*

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de - nies, Ac -  
 2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - ery murmur free; The  
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine: My path of life at - tend; Thy

## Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.

I. WILLIAMS, 1844.

"LACHRYMAE."

A. S. SULLIVAN.

*Andante.*

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere from us it  
 2. Lord, on us Thy Spir - it pour, Kneel - ing low - ly  
 3. By Thy night of ag - o - ny, By Thy sup - pli -

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.  
 at the door, Ere it close for ev - er - more.  
 cat - ing cry, By Thy will - ing - ness to die; A - MEN.

4 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
 For Jerusalem below,  
 Let us not Thy love forego.

5 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
 Grant us, when we see Thy face,  
 With Thy ransom'd ones a place! AMEN.

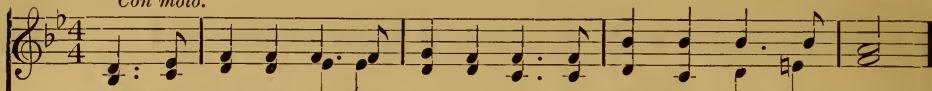
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.—*Concluded.*

cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—  
 bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.  
 pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And bless its hap - py end. A - MEN.

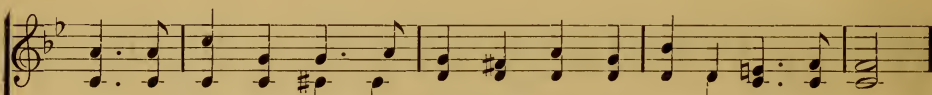
## Love Divine, all love excelling.

C. WESLEY, 1746.

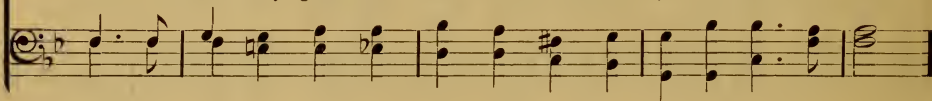
J. H. CORNELL, 1886.

*Con moto.*

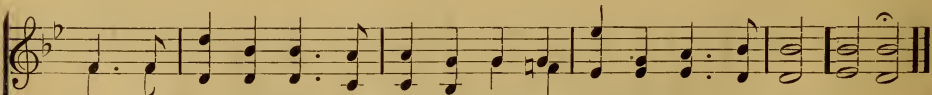
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;  
 2. Come, Al - might-y to de - liv - er! Let us all Thy life re - ceive;  
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less may we be;



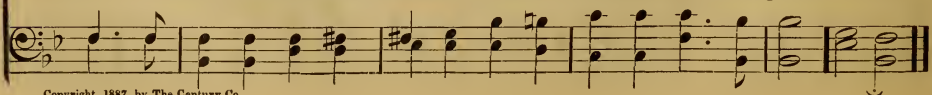
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.  
 Sud - den-ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem-ples leave.  
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stor'd in Thee.



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bounded love Thou art;  
 Thee would we be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,  
 Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise! A - MEN.



## O One with God the Father.

W. W. How.

J. R. FAIRLAM, 1886.

*Unison.*

1. O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and  
 2. Yet, Lord, we see but dark - ly:— O heav'n - ly Light a -  
 3. O Je - sus, shine a - round us With ra - diance of Thy

might, The brightness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of  
 rise, Dis - pel these mists that cloud us, And hide Thee from our  
 grace; O Je - sus, turn up - on us The bright-ness of Thy

*Harmony.*

light; O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are streaming  
 eyes! We long to track the foot - prints That Thou Thy - self hast  
 face. We need no star to guide us, As on our way we

now; The shad - ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou.  
 trod; We long to see the path - way That leads to Thee our God.  
 press, If Thou Thy light vouch - saf - est, O Sun of right - eous - ness!



## Father, hear Thy children's call.

T. B. POLLOCK.

G. A. BURDETT, 1886.

*Expressively.*

1. Fa - ther, hear Thy children's call: Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,  
 2. Love that caus'd us first to be, Love that bled up - on the tree,  
 3. We Thy call have dis - o - bey'd, Have neg - lect - ed and de - lay'd,  
 4. Hear - ing ev - ery con - trite sigh, Bid - ding sin - ful souls draw nigh,

Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all:  
 Love that draws us lov - ing - ly:  
 In - to paths of sin have stray'd: } We be - seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.  
 Will - ing not that one should die:

5 Grant us faith to know Thee near,  
 Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,  
 And through trial persevere:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Grant us hope from earth to rise,  
 And to strain with eager eyes  
 Tow'rd the promis'd heav'nly prize:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Grant us love Thy love to own,  
 Love to live for Thee alone,  
 And the pow'r of grace make known:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Lead us daily nearer Thee,  
 Till at last Thy face we see,  
 Crown'd with Thine own purity:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us. AMEN.

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## Our Father, who art in heaven.

From Matt. 6.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

R. FARRANT.

- 1 Our Father, who art in heav'n, hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heav'n;  
 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a - | gainst us; [... debts, as | we for - | give our | debtors; ]  
 3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For Thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the | glory, for | ever: A - | MEN.

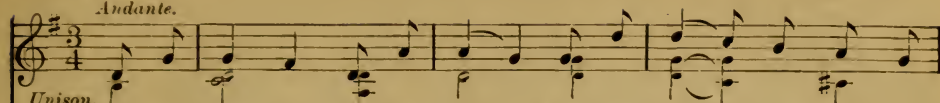
## Saviour, teach me, day by day.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

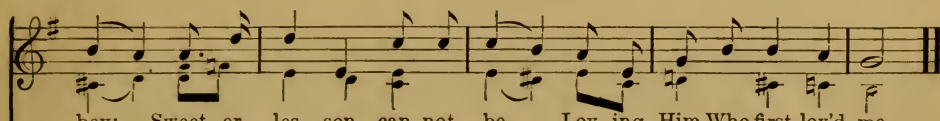
J. H. CORNELL, 1866.

*Andante.*

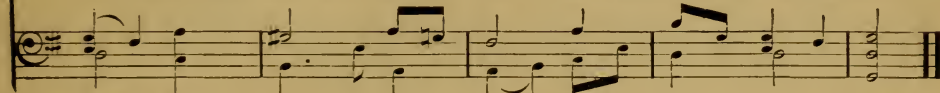
*Unison.*



1. Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-  
 2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I  
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in Thy  
 4. Thus may I re-joice to show That I feel the love I



bey; Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him Who first lov'd me.  
 move; Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee, Lov-ing Him Who first lov'd me.  
 grace; Learn-ing how to love from Thee, Lov-ing Him Who first lov'd me.  
 owe; Sing-ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love Who first lov'd me.

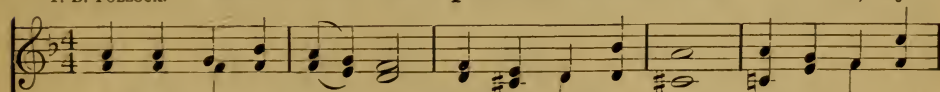


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## Faithful Shepherd, feed me.

T. B. POLLOCK.

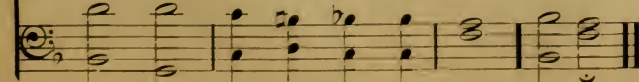
ANON, 1885.



1. Faith-ful Shepherd, feed me In the pastures green; Faithful Shepherd,  
 2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar-row way; So, with Thee be-  
 3. Hal-low ev-ery pleas-ure, Ev-ery gift and pain; Be Thy-self my



lead me Where Thy steps are seen.  
 side me, I shall nev-er stray.  
 treas-ure, Tho' none else I gain. A-MEN.



4 Give me joy or sadness,  
 This be all my care,  
 That eternal gladness  
 I with Thee may share.

5 Day by day prepare me  
 As Thou seest best;  
 Then let angels bear me  
 To Thy promised rest.

AMEN.

## Lead, kindly light.

J. H. NEWMAN, 1833  
*Moderato.*

"LUX IN TENEBRIS."

A. S. SULLIVAN.

## FIRST TUNE.

*p*

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd That  
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it

*The small notes are not to be used in the first verse.*

*p*

gloom, Lead Thou me on. The night is dark, and  
Thou Should'st lead me on. I lov'd to choose and  
still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er

*cres.* *mf* *f*

I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.  
see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I  
crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And

Keep Thou . . . my feet; I do not ask to  
lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,  
with the morn . . . those an - gel fa - ces smile, Which

Thou my feet; I  
gar - ish day and,  
morn those an - gel

Lead, kindly Light.—*Concluded.**dim.*

see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.  
 I have lov'd long since, and . . . lost a - while. A - MEN.

## SECOND TUNE.

I42<sup>a</sup>*In strict time, but not too fast.*

"LUX BENIGNA."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on. The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd That Thou Should'st lead me on. I lov'd to  
 3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the gar - ish  
 fen, or crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.  
 an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while. A-MEN.



## O Jesus, I have promised.

J. E. BODE, 1869.

"DAY OF REST."

J. W. ELLIOTT.

*Con moto.*

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;  
 2. O let me feel Thee near me— The world is ev - er near;  
 3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,

Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!  
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear.  
 A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will.

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,  
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;  
 O speak to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol:

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.  
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.  
 O speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guardian of my soul! A - MEN.

O Jesus, I have promised.—*Concluded.*

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

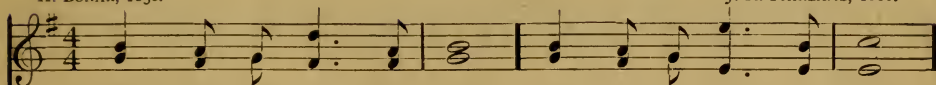
5 O let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant mine own;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end;  
And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

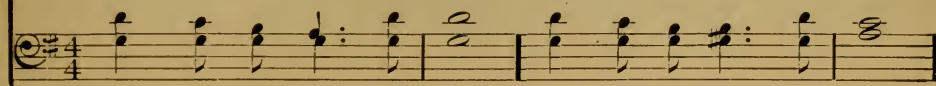
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H. BONAR, 1856.

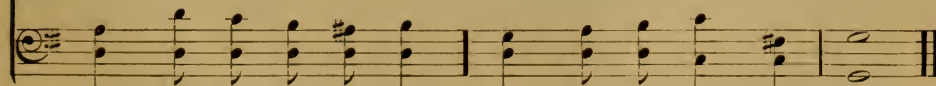
J. R. FAIRLAMB, 1886.



1. Thy	way,	not	mine,	O	Lord,	How - ev - er	dark	it	be!
2. I	dare	not	choose	my	lot:	I	would	not,	if I might;
3. The	king - dom	that	I	seek		Is	Thine:	so	let the way



Lead	me	by	Thine	own	hand;	Choose	out	my	path	for	me.
Choose	Thou	for	me,	my	God,	So	shall	I	walk	a -	right.
That	leads	to	it	be	Thine,	Else	I	must	sure -	ly	stray.



4 Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom and my All.

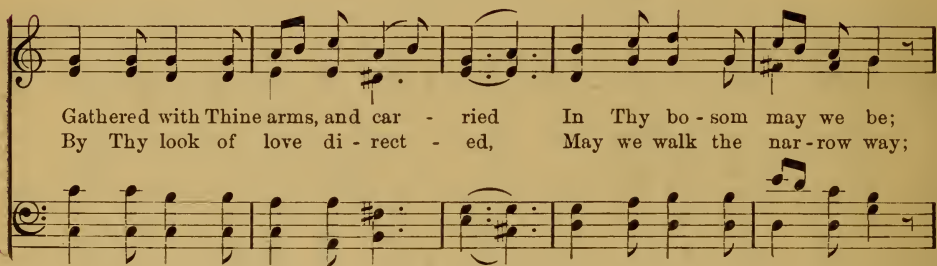
## Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.

JANE E. LEESON and J. WHITEMORE.

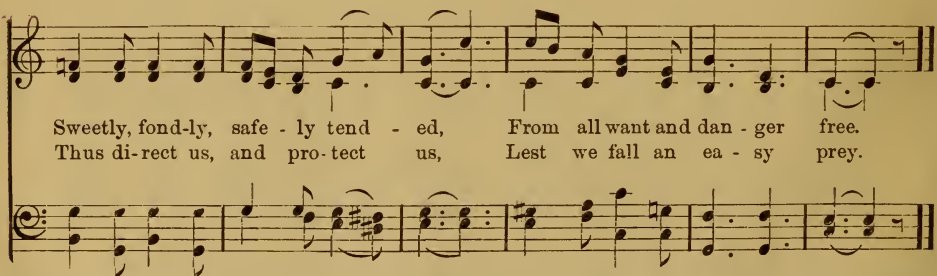
J. R. FAIRLAMB, 1886.



1. Gra-cious Saviour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee;  
2. Ten - der Shepherd, nev - er leave us From Thy fold to go a-stray;



Gathered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be;  
By Thy look of love di - rect - ed, May we walk the nar-row way;



Sweetly, fond-ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.  
Thus di-rect us, and pro-protect us, Lest we fall an ea - sy prey.

3 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;  
Guide us daily by its light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve whate'er is right,  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

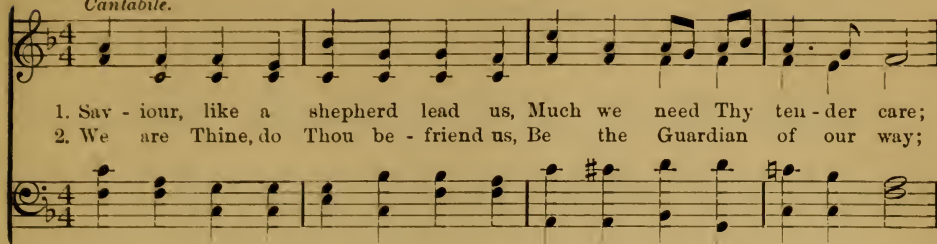
4 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned  
May we our thank-off'rings bring;  
Then with all the saints in glory  
Join to praise our Lord and King.

## Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

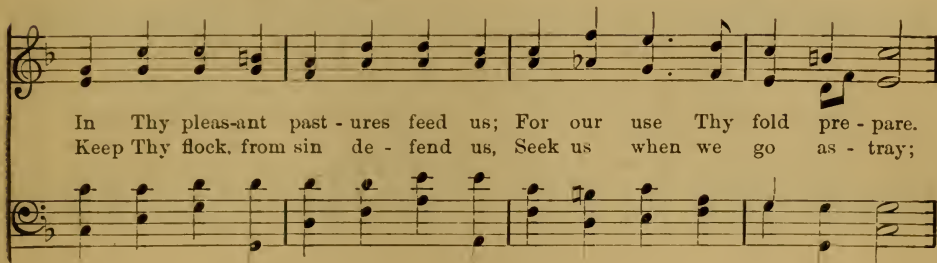
Miss D. A. THRUPP, 1830.

"PASTOR."

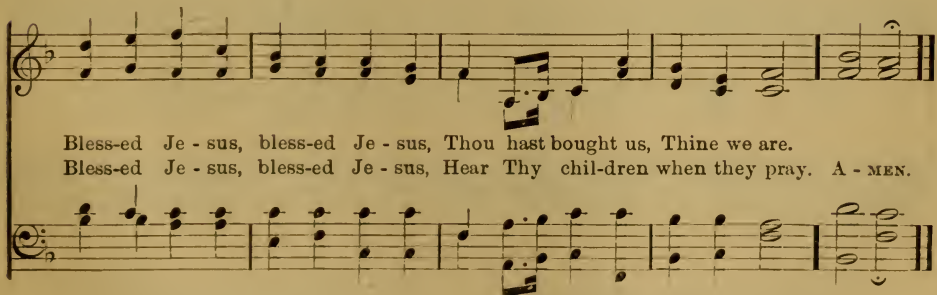
J. H. WILCOX.

*Cantabile.*


1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;  
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;



In Thy pleas - ant past - ures feed us; For our use Thy fold pre - pare.  
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go as - tray;



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil - dren when they pray. A - MEN.

3 Thou hast promis'd to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
||: Blessed Jesus, :||  
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!  
With Thy grace our bosoms fill:  
||: Blessed Jesus, :||  
Thou hast lov'd us, love us still. AMEN.



## Jesus Christ our Saviour.

W. WHITING.

N. H. ALLEN, 1886.

*Allegretto.*

1. Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a child, In Thy whole be-  
 2. For all Thou be - stow - est, All Thou dost with - hold; What-so - e'er Thou

hav - ior Meek, o - be-dient, mild: In Thy footsteps tread-ing We Thy flock would  
 know - est Best for us, Thy fold; For all gifts and gra - ces While we live be-

be, Foe nor dan-ger dread-ing, While we fol - low Thee.  
 low, Till in heav'nly plac - es We Thy face shall know. A - MEN.

3 We, Thy children, raising  
 Unto Thee our hearts,  
 In Thy constant praising  
 Bear our humble parts.  
 As Thy love hath won us  
 From the world away,  
 Still Thy hands put on us;  
 Bless us day by day.

4 Let Thine angels guide us,  
 Let Thine arms enfold;  
 In Thy bosom hide us,  
 Shelter'd from the cold;  
 To Thyself us gather,  
 With the ransom'd host,  
 Praising Thee, the Father,  
 And the Holy Ghost. AMEN.

## My Saviour, be Thou near me.

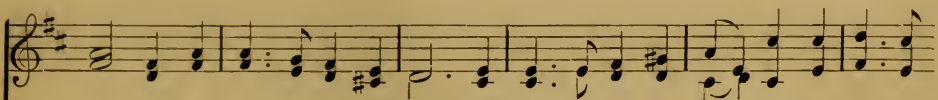
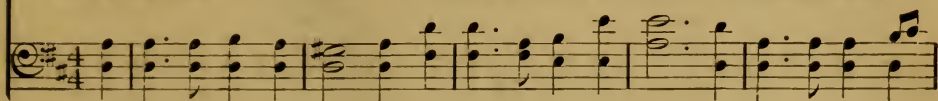
A. T. STOWELL.

"ALPHA."

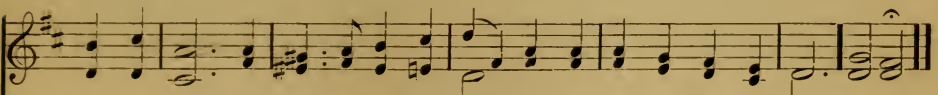
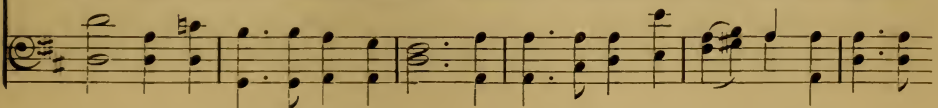
J. H. LESLIE.



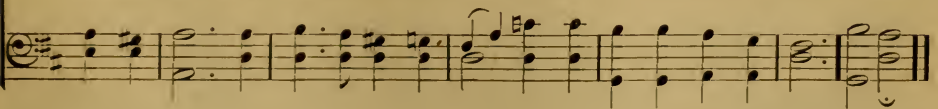
1. My Saviour, be Thou near me When I lie down to sleep, And safe from ev-ery  
 2. My Saviour, be Thou near me, When Sa-tan doth as-sail, To strengthen and pro-



dan-ger My soul and bo-dy keep. With Thee there is no dark-ness, The light it  
 tect me, That he may not pre-vail. When sor-rows come up-on me, And days are



shin-eth still; My Sav-iour, be Thou near me, And I shall fear no ill.  
 dark and sad, My Sav-iour, be Thou near me, And I shall still be glad. A-MEN.



- 3 My Saviour, be Thou near me,  
 In sickness and in pain,  
 To teach my spirit patience,  
 To make my suff'ring gain;  
 When heart and flesh are failing,  
 Receive my parting breath;  
 My Saviour, be Thou near me  
 To comfort me in death.

- 4 And then, for ever near Thee,  
 Safe in that happy place  
 Where angels sing Thy praises,  
 And saints behold Thy face,  
 My joy shall be Thy presence,  
 Yes, this my heav'n shall be,—  
 My Saviour shall be near me  
 Through all eternity. AMEN.

# Father of love, our Guide and Friend.

W. J. IRONS, 1853.

*Cantabile.*

"ST. AGNES."

J. B. DYKES, 1858.

1. Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, O lead us gen - tly on,  
 2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod,  
 3. But if some dark - er lot be good, O teach us to en - dure

Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heav'nly peace be won.  
 But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa - ther and our God.  
 The sor - row, pain, or sol - i - tude, That makes the spir - it pure. A - MEN.

4 Christ by no flow'ry pathway came,  
 And we, His servants here,  
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy name  
 In hope and love and fear.

5 And till in heav'n we sinless bow,  
 And faultless anthems raise,  
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
 Accept our feeble praise. AMEN.

# O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.

Miss C. ELLIOTT, 1834.

*Cantabile.*

"KIRKSTALL."

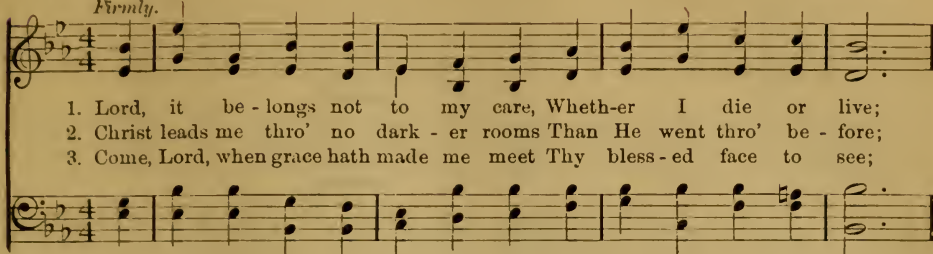
F. CARR.

1. O ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak on Thee may  
 2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth - ly friends and joys re -  
 3. Tho' faith and hope a - while be tried, I ask not, need not aught be -  
 4. Blest is my lot what - e'er be - fall; What can dis - turb me, who ap -

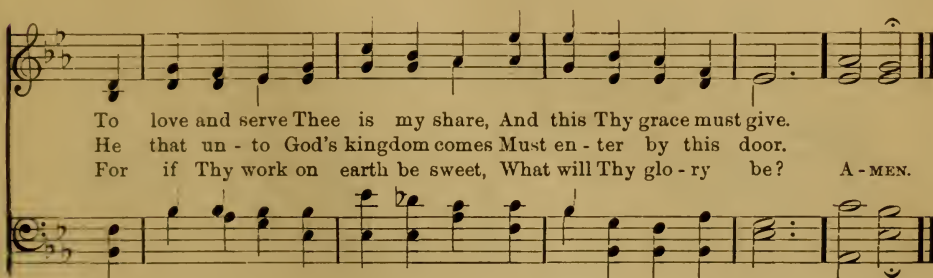
## Lord, it belongs not to my care.

R. BAXTER, 1681  
*Firmly.*

J. B. CALKIN.



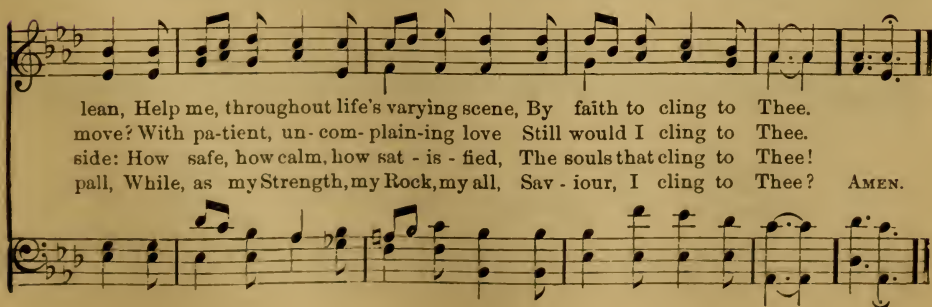
1. Lord, it be - longs not to my care, Wheth - er I die or live;  
 2. Christ leads me thro' no dark - er rooms Than He went thro' be - fore;  
 3. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet Thy bless - ed face to see;



To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.  
 He that un - to God's kingdom comes Must en - ter by this door.  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glo - ry be? A - MEN.

4 There shall I end my sad complaints,  
 My weary, sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim:  
 It is enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him. AMEN.

O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.—*Concluded.*


lean, Help me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee.  
 move? With pa-tient, un-com-plain-ing love Still would I cling to Thee.  
 side: How safe, how calm, how sat - is - fied, The souls that cling to Thee!  
 pall, While, as my Strength, my Rock, my all, Sav - iour, I cling to Thee? AMEN.



## Thou art gone up on high.

Mrs. E. L. TOKE, 1851.

J. NAVLOR, 1872.

*f* *Con brio.*

UNISON.

1. Thou art gone up on high To man - sions in the skies; And  
 2. Thou art gone up on high; But Thou didst first come down Thro'  
 3. Thou art gone up on high; But Thou shalt come a - gain, With

round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise.  
 earth's most bit - ter mis - er - y To pass un - to Thy crown;  
 all the bright ones of the sky At - tend - ant in Thy train.

*p* *cres.*

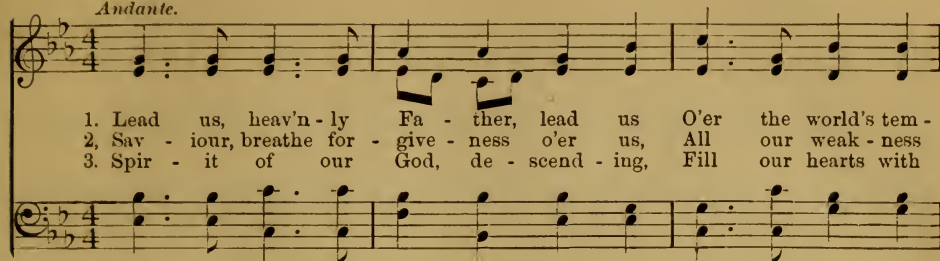
But we are ling' - ring here, With sin and care op - press'd; Lord,  
 And girt with griefs and fears Our on - ward course must be; But  
 Lord, by Thy sav - ing power, So make us live and die, That

send Thy prom-is'd Com - fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest.  
 on - ly let that path of tears Lead us at last to Thee!  
 we may stand in that dread hour At Thy right hand on high. A - MEN.

## Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.

J. EDMESTON, 1821.

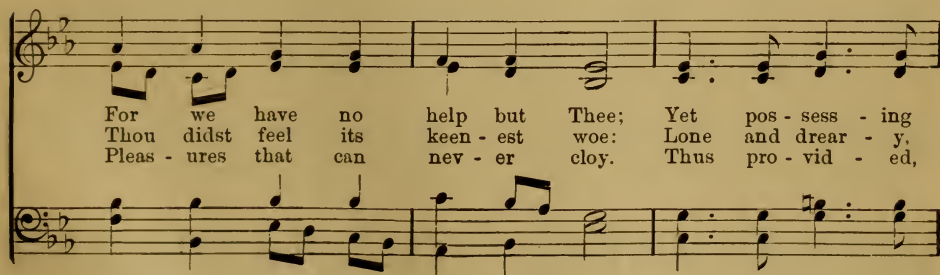
A. E. FISHER, 1886.

*Andante.*


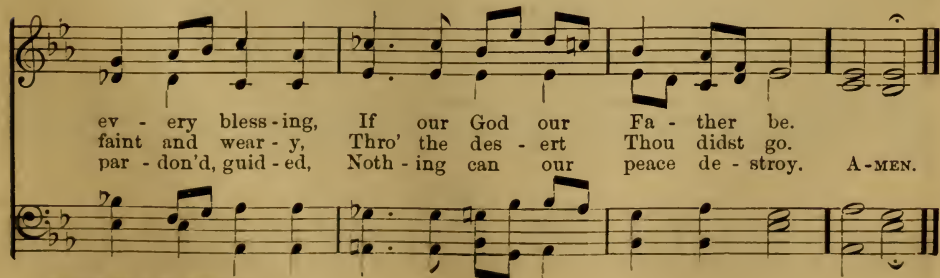
1. Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem -  
 2. Sav - iour, breathe for - give - ness o'er us, All our weak - ness  
 3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with



pest - ous sea; Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,  
 Thou dost know; Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us,  
 heav'n - ly joy, Love with ev - ery feel - ing blend - ing,



For we have no help but Thee; Yet pos - sess - ing  
 Thou didst feel its keen - est woe: Lone and drear - y,  
 Pleas - ures that can nev - er cloy. Thus pro - vid - ed,



ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.  
 faint and wear - y, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.  
 par - don'd, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy. A - MEN.

## Thou that once, by mother's knee.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1886.

*Allegretto.*

1. Thou that once, by moth-er's knee, Wast a lit - tle one, like me,  
 2. Be be - side me in the light, Close by me thro' all the night;  
 3. Thou art near me when I pray, Thou art nev - er far a - way;

UNISON.

When I wake or go to bed, Lay Thy hands a - bout my head;  
 Make me gen - tle, kind and true, Do as I am bid to do;  
 Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear, Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour dear,—

*rit*

Let me feel Thee ver - y near, Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour dear.  
 Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.  
 Thou that once, by moth-er's knee, Wast a lit - tle one, like me. A-MEN.

## The morning bright, with rosy light.

155

T. O. SUMMERS, 1846.

"MORNING HYMN."

Mrs. E. A. B. CURTIS, 1866.

*Allegretto.*

1. The morning bright, With ro - sy light, Has wak'd me from my sleep; Fa -  
 2. All thro' the day, I hum-bly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide; My  
 3. O make Thy rest With - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace; Make

ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.  
 sins for-give, And let me live, Lord Je - sus, near Thy side.  
 me like Thee, Then shall I be Pre - par'd to see Thy face. A-MEN.

## Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

156

Mrs. M. L. DUNCAN, 1839.

"ST. SYLVESTER."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

*Slowly.*

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
 2. Thro' this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning - light.  
 Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd me, fed me, List - en to my evening pray'r.  
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. A - MEN.



## O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend.

Miss C. ELLIOTT.

English.

*Andante.*

1. O Thou, the con - trite sin - ner's Friend, Who lov - ing, lov'st them to the end,  
 2. When, wea - ry in the Christian race, Far off ap - pears my rest - ing - place,  
 3. When I have err'd and gone a - stray, A - far from Thine and wis - dom's way.

On this a - lone my hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me.  
 And, fainting, I mis - trust Thy grace, Then, Sav - iour, plead for me.  
 And see no glimm'ring, guid - ing ray, Still, Sav - iour, plead for me. A - MEN.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
 And plead, O plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
 Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
 Then to my fainting sight appear,  
 Pleading in heav'n for me. AMEN.

## Responses.

[To Prayers, or to the Benediction.]

W. S. P., 1887.

UNISON.

A - - - MEN. (or) A - - - MEN. (or) A - - - MEN.

[To Psalms, to the Beatitudes, or with Offerings, etc.]

Gregorian, adapted.

UNISON.

*Last time.*

AL - LE - LU - IA! A - MEN. AL - LE - LU - IA! A - MEN.

# SONGS OF TRUST AND CONSECRATION.

159

## I lift my heart to Thee.

C. E. MUDIE.

*Andante.*

"BUDLEIGH."

T. M. MUDIE.

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - iour Di - vine; For Thou art all to  
 2. Thine am I by all ties; But chief - ly Thine, That thro' Thy sac - ri -  
 3. I pray Thee, Saviour, keep Me in Thy love, Un - til death's ho - ly

me, And I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos - er bond than  
 flee Thou, Lord, art mine. By Thine own cords of love, so sweet - ly  
 sleep Shall me re - move To that fair realm where, sin and sor - row

this: That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His?"  
 wound A - round me, I to Thee am close - ly bound.  
 o'er, Thou and Thine own are One for ev - er - more. A - MEN.

## Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS, 1841.

"MISTLEY."

L. G. HAYNE

*Cantabile.*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it  
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be—  
 o - ver me— My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 send - est me In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.  
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.  
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee. AMEN.

## My faith looks up to Thee.

R. PALMER, 1830.

W. S. P., 1887

*Slowlv.* *cres.*

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,

*f* *p*

Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire: As Thou hast died for me, O may my

*rit.*

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire! A - MEN.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul! AMEN.

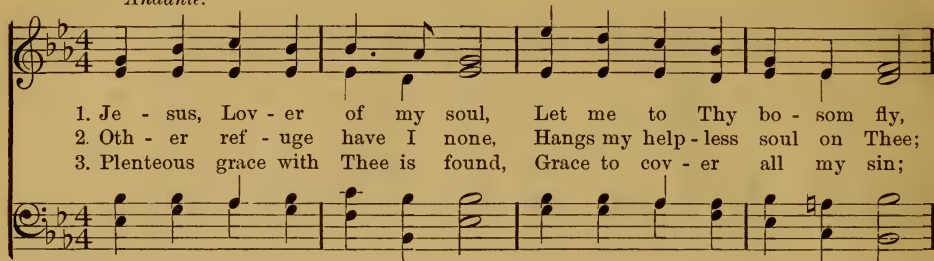


## Jesus, Lover of my soul.

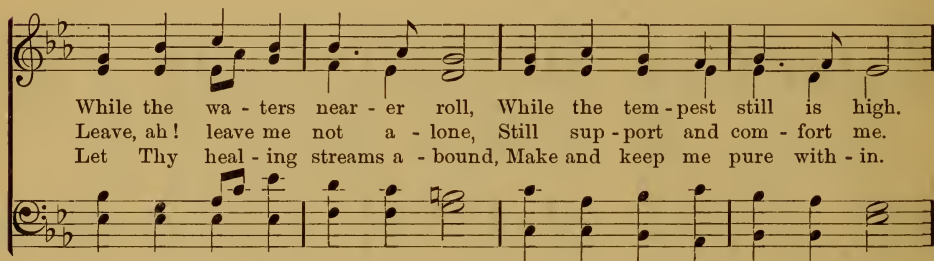
C. WESLEY, 1740.

"HOLLINGSIDE."

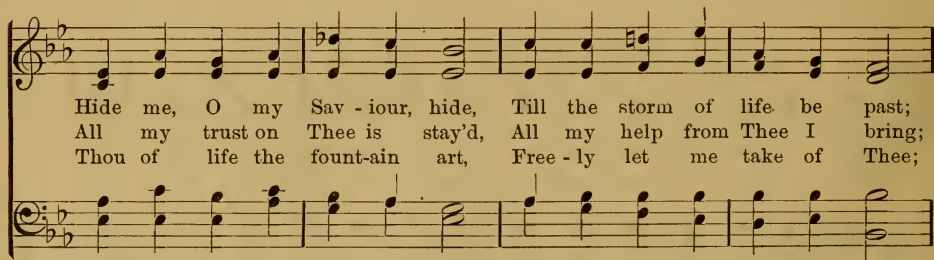
J. B. DYKES, 1861.

*Andante.*


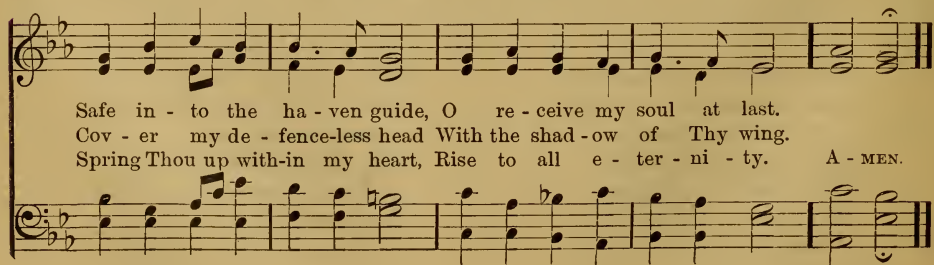
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the wa - ters near - er roll, While the tem - pest still is high.  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
 Let Thy heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

## As helpless as a child.

J. D. BURNS.

J. MOSENTHAL, 1886.

♩ = 76. *Andante.*

1. As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's  
 2. As trust - ful as a child who looks Up to his moth - er's  
 3. As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's

arm, And casts his weak - ness on the strength That keeps him safe from  
 face, And all his lit - tle griefs and fears For - gets in her em -  
 knee, And knows no want while it can have That sweet so - ci - e -

harm ; So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And thus I ev - ery  
 brace ; So I to Thee, my Sav - iour, look, And in Thy face di -  
 ty ; So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would all its love out -

hour Would link my earth - ly fee - ble - ness To Thine al - might - y power.  
 vine Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.  
 pour, And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more.

## We saw Thee not when Thou didst tread.

ANON., revised 1838, 1851.

"CREDO."

J. STAINER.

*Moderato.*

UNISON.

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst tread, O Sav-iour, this our sin - ful earth,  
 2. We were not with the faith - ful few Who stood Thy bit - ter cross a - round,

Nor heard Thy voice re - store the dead And wake them to a sec - ond birth:  
 Nor heard Thy pray'r for those that slew, Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground;

*f* *Slower.* *rit.*

HARMONY

But we believe that Thou didst come, And leave for us Thy glorious home.  
 We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side: Yet we believe that Thou hast died. A-MEN.

3 No angel's message met our ear  
 On that first glorious Easter-day:  
 "The Lord is ris'n, He is not here;  
 Come, see the place where Jesus lay!"  
 But we believe that Thou didst quell  
 The banded pow'rs of death and hell.

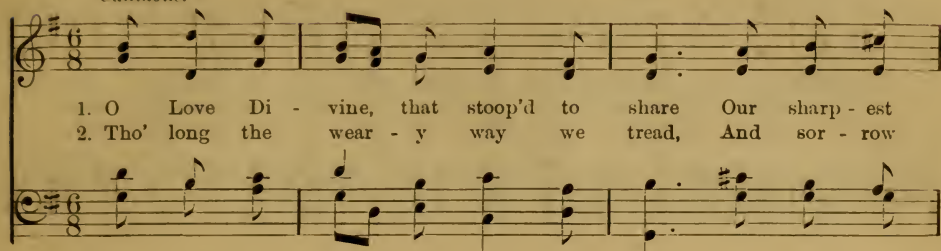
4 And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
 And still, our longing sight to bless,  
 No ray of glory from the sky  
 Shines down upon our wilderness:  
 Yet we believe that Thou art there,  
 And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and pray'r.  
 AMEN.

## O Love Divine, that stooped to share.

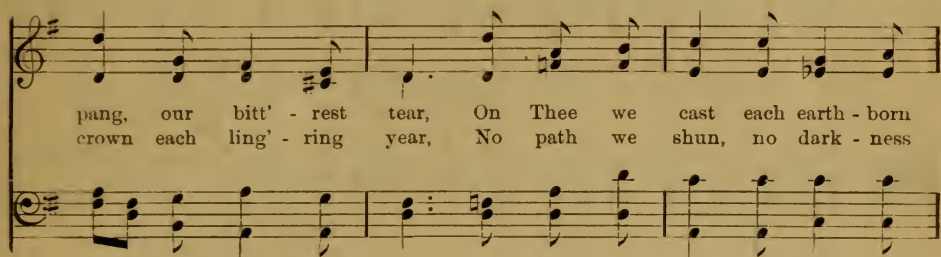
O. W. HOLMES, 1848.  
*Cantabile.*

"ST. RAPHAEL."

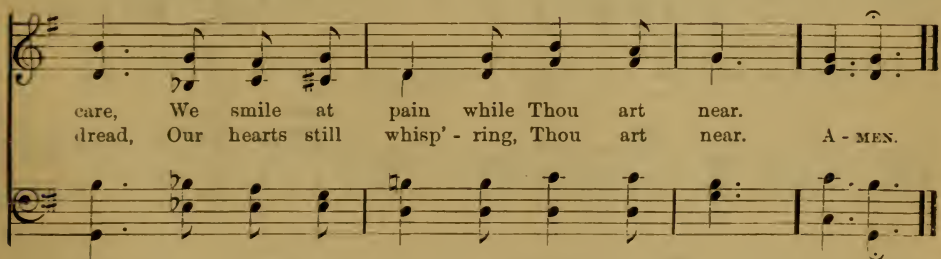
E. SEYMOUR, 1873.



1. O Love Di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp - est  
2. Tho' long the wear - y way we tread, And sor - row



pang, our bitt' - rest tear, On Thee we cast each earth - born  
crown each ling' - ring year, No path we shun, no dark - ness



care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.  
dread, Our hearts still whisp' - ring, Thou art near. A - MEN.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,  
O Love Divine, for ever dear!  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living or dying, Thou art near! AMEN.



## There is a green hill far away.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

R. S. WILLIS, 1860.

*Andante.*

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,  
 2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,  
 3. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He lov'd, And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.  
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,  
 There was none oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin,  
 For there's a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there.  
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.  
 Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - MEN.

# Art thou weary, art thou languid.

167

Greek, 8th Century.

"STEPHANOS."

H. W. BAKER, 1861

*Con moto.*

## FIRST TUNE.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?  
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"  
 In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side!  
 Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns! A - MEN.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What my portion here?  
 Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
 Many a tear!

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,  
 Jordan past!

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away!

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
 Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,  
 Answer, "Yes!" AMEN.

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*Andante.*

## SECOND TUNE.

W. S. P., 1887.

TREBLES ONLY, OR A FEW VOICES

*f*  
 ALL

## I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

E. P. PARKER.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee,  
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don; At Thy feet I bow;  
 3. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion Great and free.  
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.  
 I am trust - ing Thee for ev - er, And for all. A - MEN.

## O cease, my wandering soul.

W. A. MUHLBERG, 1826.

"DAWN."

E. P. PARKER.

*Cantabile.*

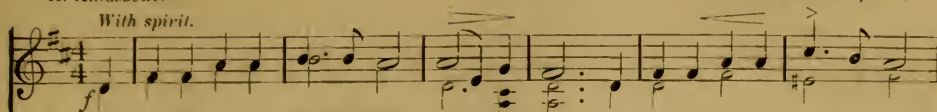
1. O cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam; All this wide  
 2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door! O haste to  
 3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery

world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.  
 gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
 long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest. A - MEN.

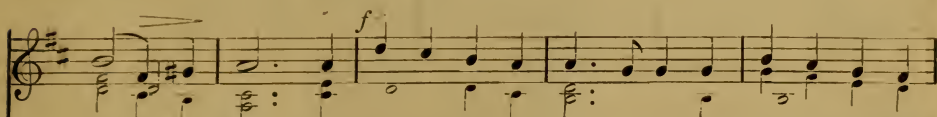
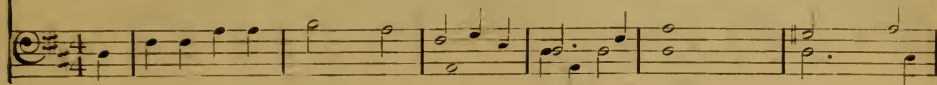
## Come, let us all unite and sing.

H. KINGSBURY.

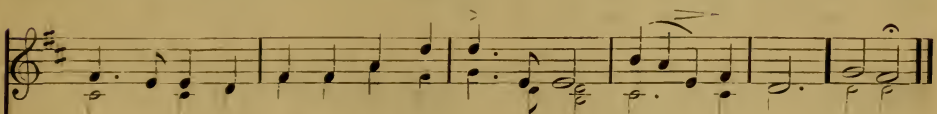
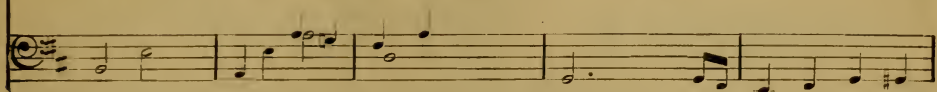
S. P. WARREN, 1886.

*With spirit.*

1. Come, let us all u - nite and sing, "God is love." Let heav'n and earth their praises bring:  
 2. O tell to earth's re-motest bound "God is love!" In Christ is full re-demp-tion found:



God is love; Let ev - ery soul from sin awake, Each in his heart sweet  
 God is love, His blood can cleanse our sins a-way; His Spir - it turns our



mu - sic make, And sweet-ly sing for Je - sus' sake, "God is love."  
 night to day, And leads our soul with joy to say, "God is love." A-MEN.



- 3 What though our heart and flesh should fail: 4 In heaven we shall sing again,  
 God is love, "God is love,"  
 Through Christ we shall o'er death prevail: Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,  
 God is love. "God is love."  
 In Jordan's swell we need not fear, While endless ages roll along,  
 For Jesus will be with us there In concert with the heav'nly throng,  
 Our souls above the waves to bear: This still shall be our sweetest song.  
 God is love. "God is love." AMEN.



## There's a Friend for little children.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860.

S. B. SCHLESINGER, 1886.

*Lento.* *p*

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A -  
 home for lit - tle chil - dren, A -  
 crown for lit - tle chil - dren, A -

*♩ = 46.* *p*

bove the bright, blue sky, A Friend who nev - er chang - eth, Whose  
 bove the bright, blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A  
 bove the bright, blue sky, And all who look for Je - - sus Shall

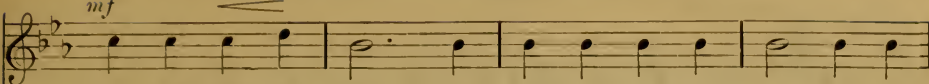
*p*

love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who  
 home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor  
 wear it by and by; A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which

TRUST.


There's a Friend for little children.—*Concluded.*

*mf*

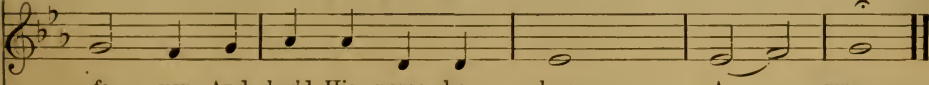
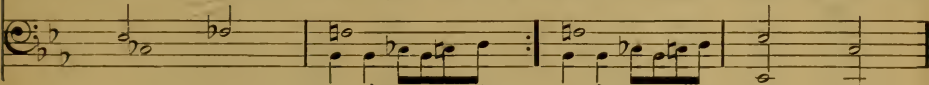
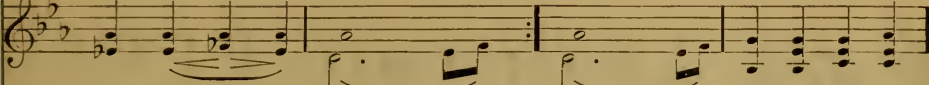


change with chang-ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The  
can with it com - pare; For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor  
He will then be - stow On all who found His fav - or And

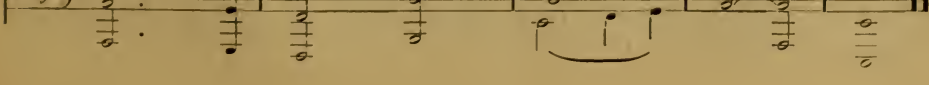
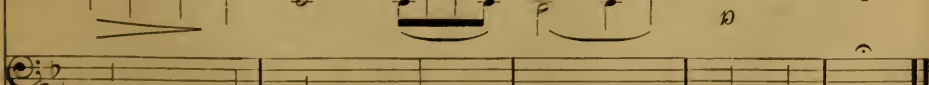
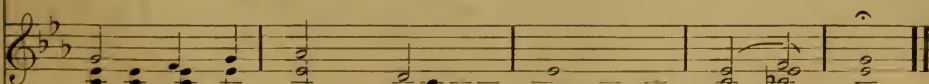
1st & 2nd. 3rd.



pre - cious name He bears. 2. There's a  
could be hap - pier, there. 3. There's a  
lov'd His name be - (Omit.....) low, On all who found His



fa - vor, And lov'd His name be - - low. A - - MEN.



## In heavenly love abiding.

Miss A. L. WARING, 1881.

J. R. FAIRLAMB, 1886.

*mp*

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,  
 2. Wher - ev - er, He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;  
 3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen,

And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.  
 My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where on - ly clouds have been.

*cres.*

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,  
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,  
 My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free,

*f*

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?  
 He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
 My Sav - iour is my treas - ure, And He will walk with me. A - MEN.

## Sometimes a light surprises.

W. COWPER, 1779.  
*Cantabile.*

"BENTLEY."

J. HULLAH, 1867.

1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings.  
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue  
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through;  
 4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther Their wont - ed fruit shall bear,

It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings.  
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new.  
 Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too:  
 Tho' all the field should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there:

When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain  
 Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,  
 Be - neath the spreading heav - ens, No creat - ure but is fed;  
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice;

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.  
 E'en let th'unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.  
 And He who feeds the ra - vens, Will give His chil - dren bread.  
 For, while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice. A - MEN.



# "Come unto Me, ye weary."

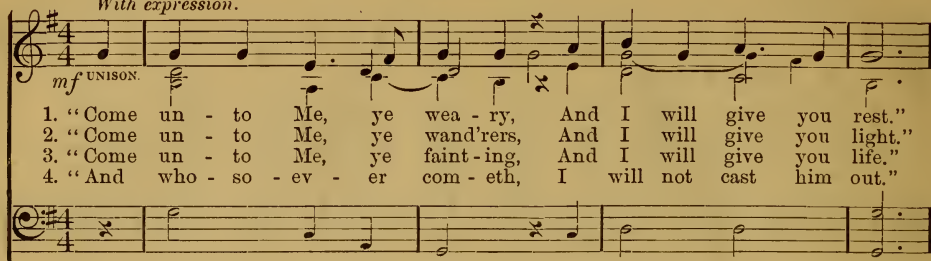
W. C. DIX, 1864.

"COME UNTO ME."

J. B. DYKES, 1874.

*With expression.*

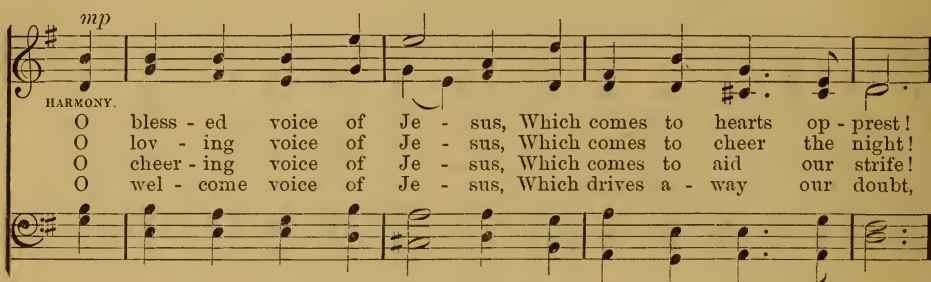
*mf* UNISON.



1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."  
 2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'ers, And I will give you light."  
 3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you life."  
 4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out."

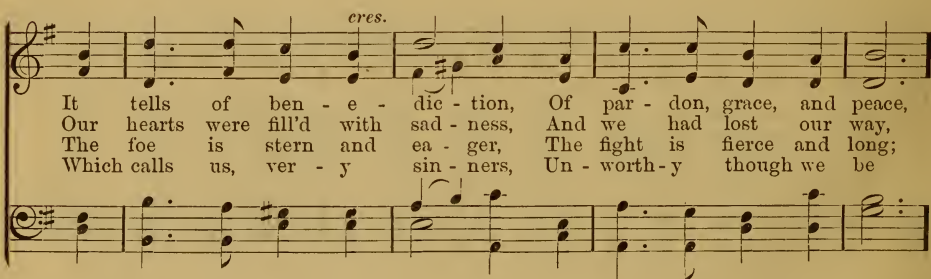
*mp*

HARMONY.



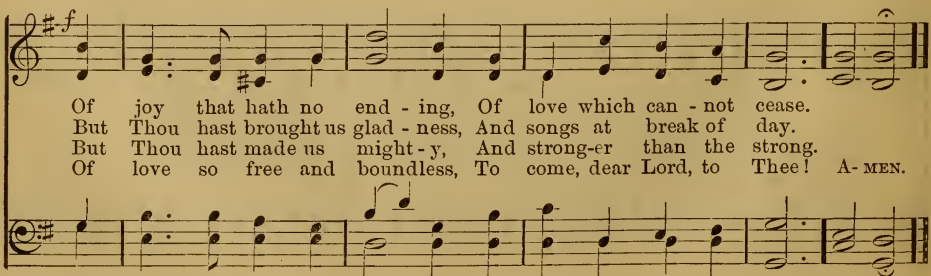
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!  
 O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!  
 O cheer - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to aid our strife!  
 O wel - come voice of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt,

*cres.*



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,  
 Our hearts were fill'd with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,  
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;  
 Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un - worth - y though we be

*f*



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.  
 But Thou hast brought us glad - ness, And songs at break of day.  
 But Thou hast made us might - y, And strong - er than the strong.  
 Of love so free and boundless, To come, dear Lord, to Thee! A - MEN.

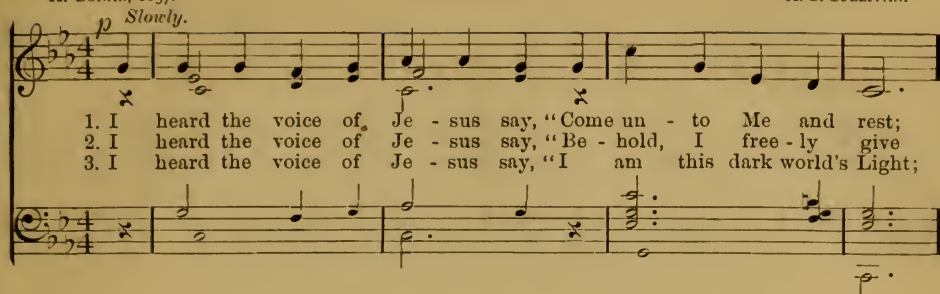
## I heard the voice of Jesus.

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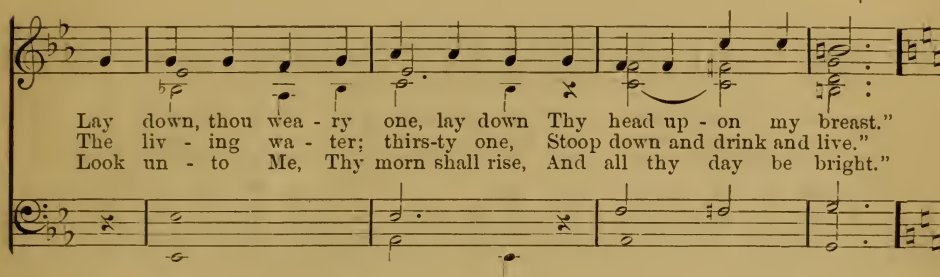
H. BONAR, 1857.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

*p* *Slowly.*

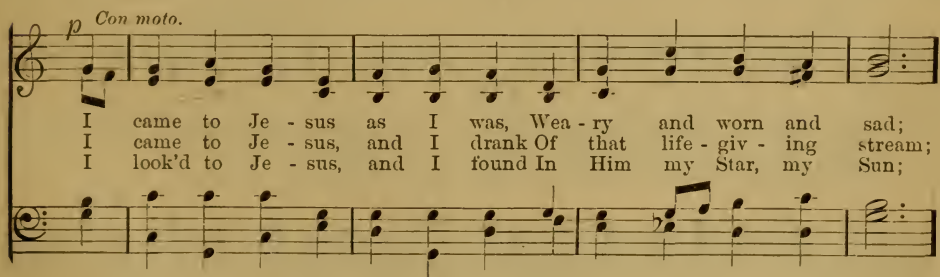


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



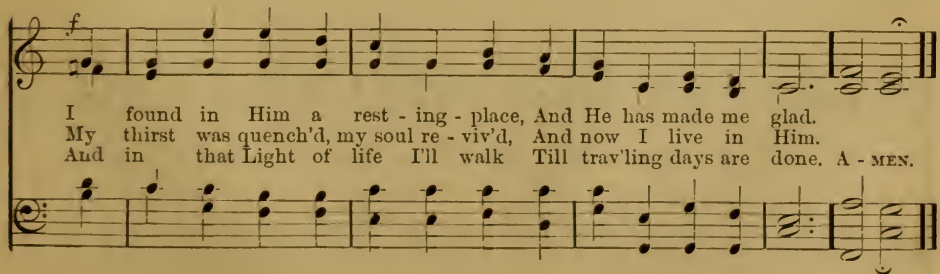
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."  
 Look un - to Me, Thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

*p* *Con moto.*



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

*f*



I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - viv'd, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done. A - MEN.

## Hark, hark, my soul!

F. W. FABER, 1840.

"VOX ANGELICA."

J. B. DYKES, 1868.

*p Andante.* *cres.*

1. Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus

*p*

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing  
 Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,

*cres.* *p* REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

*p* Sing -

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night,

Hark, hark, my soul!—*Concluded.*

*f* *pp rit.*

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - MEN.

4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn and darksome night be past,  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love !—REF.

# Through good report and evil, Lord.

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H. BONAR.

A. E. FISHER, 1886.

*p* *cres.*

1. Thro' good re - port and e - vil, Lord, Still guid - ed by Thy faith - ful word, —  
2. Strengthen'd by Thee we for - ward go, 'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,  
3. O Mas - ter, point Thou out the way, Nor suf - fer Thou our steps to stray ;

Our staff, our buck - ler, and our sword, — We fol - low Thee.  
Thro' pain or ease, through joy or woe, We fol - low Thee.  
Then in that path that leads to day We fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

4 Thou hast passed on before our face ;  
Thy footsteps on the way we trace ;  
Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace :  
We follow Thee.

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,  
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love ?  
Still in Thy light we onward move ;  
We follow Thee ! AMEN.



## God of my life, Thy boundless grace.

Miss C. ELLIOTT, 1841.

"ALMSGIVING."

J. B. DYKES.

*Cantabile.*

1. God of my life, Thy bound-less grace Chose, pardon'd, and a - dopt-ed  
2. Je - sus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield, Whose precious blood was shed for

me; My Rest, my Home, my Dwell - ing - place, I come to Thee.  
me, In - to Thy hands my soul I yield; I come to Thee. A - MEN.

3 Spirit of glory and of God,  
Long hast Thou deign'd my Guide to be;  
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestow'd;  
I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,  
Who praise Thy name unceasingly;  
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
I come to Thee. AMEN.

## The Lord is my Shepherd.

Psalm 23.

F. WALKER.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; | I • shall not | want. || He maketh me to lie down in green past-  
ures; He leadeth me be- | side the | still | waters;

3 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow of | death, || I will fear no evil; for |  
Thou art | with | me;

5 Thou hast anointed my | head with | oil; || my | cup | runneth | over.

7 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

## Just as I am.

Miss C. ELLIOTT, 1836.

"ST. CRISPIN."

G. J. ELVEV.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 Fightings and fears with - in, with - out, } O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - MEN.  
 Because Thy promise I be - lieve,

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,  
 The breadth, length, depth, and height to  
 Here for a season, then above,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! AMEN.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—*Concluded.*

- 2 He re - storeth my | soul: || He guideth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's |  
 sake.  
 4 Thy rod and Thy staff, they | comfort | me. || Thou preparest a table before me in the | pres-  
 ence | of mine | enemies;  
 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days • of my | life; || And I will dwell in  
 the | house • of the | Lord for | ever.  
 8 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end: A- | MEN.

## Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.

H. COOKE, 1881.

S. P. WARREN, 1886.

*p Andante.*

1. Je - sus, Shepherd of the sheep, Who Thy Father's flock dost keep, Safe we wake and

The melody is the same for all the verses.

safe we sleep, Guarded still by Thee. 2. In Thy promise firm we stand, None can

pluck us from Thy hand, Speak, - we hear; at Thy command We will fol - low Thee.

3. By Thy blood our souls were bought, By Thy life sal - va - tion wrought, By Thy Word our

CONSECRATION.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.—*Concluded.*

feet are taught, Lord, to fol - low Thee. 4. Fa - ther, draw us to Thy Son,

The first system of the musical score is in 7/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major. The lyrics are: "feet are taught, Lord, to fol - low Thee. 4. Fa - ther, draw us to Thy Son,". The music includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a repeat sign.

We with joy will fol - low on, Till the work of grace is done, And, from sin set

The second system continues the melody in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: "We with joy will fol - low on, Till the work of grace is done, And, from sin set". The music includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

free— 5. We in robes of glo - ry dress'd Join th'as - sembly of the blest,

The third system continues the melody. The lyrics are: "free— 5. We in robes of glo - ry dress'd Join th'as - sembly of the blest,". The music includes a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking and a repeat sign.

Gather'd to e - ter - nal rest, In the fold with Thee.....

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Gather'd to e - ter - nal rest, In the fold with Thee.....". The music includes a ritardando (*rit.*) dynamic marking and a repeat sign.



## I lay my sins on Jesus.

H. BONAR, 1843.

*With spirit.*

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1886.

UNISON.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;  
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;  
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;  
 He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;  
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child.

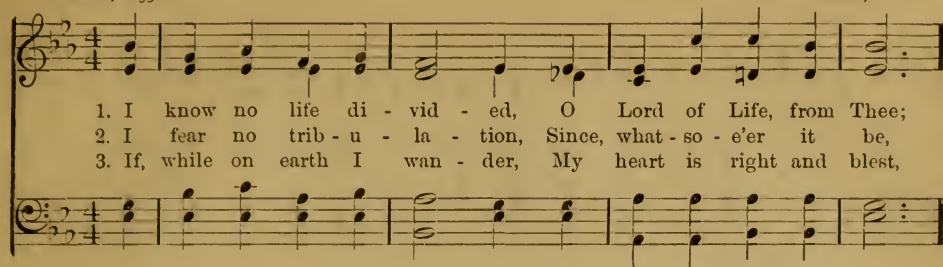
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains  
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;  
 I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,

White in His blood most pre - cious Till not a spot re - mains.  
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.  
 To sing with saints His prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song. A - MEN.

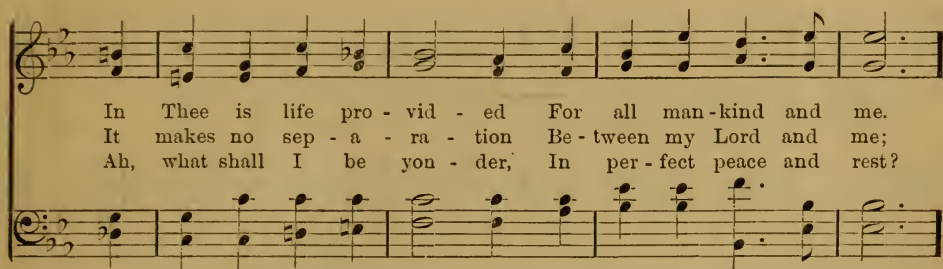
## I know no life divided.

German, 1833.

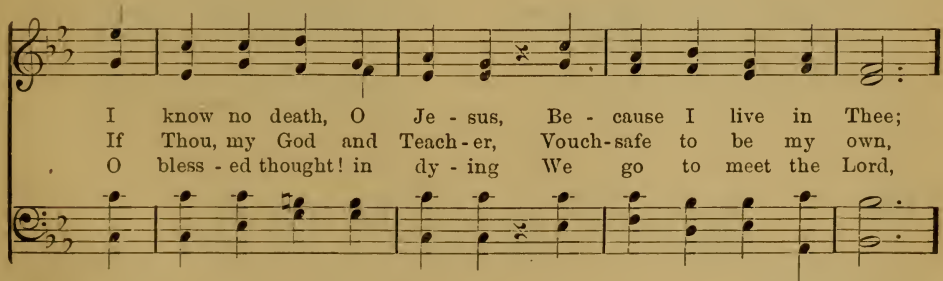
D. W. HYDE, 1886.



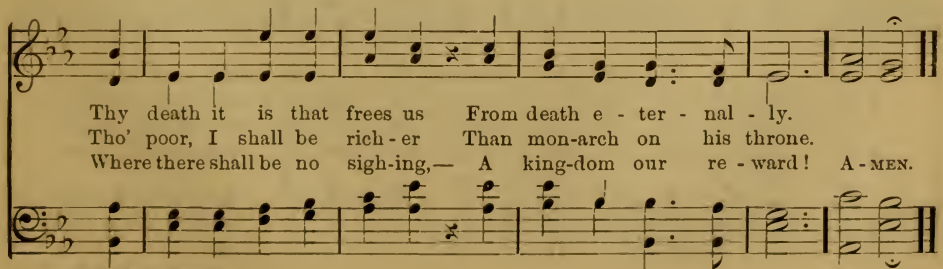
1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of Life, from Thee;  
 2. I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since, what - so - e'er it be,  
 3. If, while on earth I wan - der, My heart is right and blest,



In Thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man-kind and me.  
 It makes no sep - a - ra - tion Be - tween my Lord and me;  
 Ah, what shall I be yon - der, In per - fect peace and rest?



I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;  
 If Thou, my God and Teach - er, Vouch - safe to be my own,  
 O bless - ed thought! in dy - ing We go to meet the Lord,



Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.  
 Tho' poor, I shall be rich - er Than mon - arch on his throne.  
 Where there shall be no sigh - ing, — A king - dom our re - ward! A - MEN.

## My blessed Saviour, is Thy love.

J. STENNETT, 1697.

W. S. P., 1887.

*Andante.*

1. My bless - ed Sav - iour, is Thy love So great, so full, so free? Be -  
 2. I love Thee for that glo - rious worth In Thy great self I see; I

hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to Thee.  
 love Thee for that shame - ful cross Thou hast en - dur'd for me. A - MEN.

3 No man of greater love can boast  
 Than for his friend to die;  
 But for Thy foes, Lord, Thou wast slain:  
 What love with Thine can vie?

4 Make us like Thee in meekness, love,  
 In every beauteous grace,  
 From glory thus to glory changed  
 As we behold Thy face. AMEN.

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## Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1853.

"ST. MABYN."

A. H. BROWN.

*Con moto.*

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;  
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je - sus calls us. By Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,

## Still, still with Thee, my God.

J. D. BURNS, 1856.

"ALDRSGATE."

G. P. MERRICK.

*Andante.*

1. Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be; By  
 2. With Thee, when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care; Each  
 3. With Thee, a - mid the crowd That throngs the bu - sy mart, To

day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.  
 day re - turn - ing, to be - gin With Thee, my God, in pray'r.  
 hear Thy voice, 'mid clam - or loud, Speak soft - ly to my heart. A - MEN.

4 With Thee, when day is done,  
 And evening calms the mind;  
 The setting, as the rising sun,  
 With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
 Abiding I would be;  
 By day, by night, in life, in death,  
 I would be still with Thee. AMEN.

---

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.—*Concluded.*

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low Me."  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to Thine o - bedience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.



## Now I have found a Friend.

H. J. McC. HOPE, 1852.

G. A. BURDETT, 1886.

*Brightly.*

1. Now I have found a Friend, Je - sus is mine; His love shall nev - er end,  
 2. Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; Tho' I grow faint and cold,

Je - sus is mine; Tho' earth-ly joys de-crease, Tho' earth-ly friendships cease,  
 Je - sus is mine; He shall my wants sup-ply, His pre-cious blood is nigh,

Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.  
 Nought can my hope de - stroy, Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

3 When earth shall pass away,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 In the great judgment-day,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 O what a glorious thing  
 Then to behold my King,  
 With tuneful voice to sing  
 "Jesus is mine!"

4 Father, Thy name I bless,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Thine was the sov'reign grace,  
 Praise shall be Thine.  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 Sealing the Father's grace,  
 By Thee I would embrace  
 Jesus, as mine. AMEN.

# SONGS OF WORK AND WARFARE.

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## Jesus, still lead on.

German, 1721.

"ST. HUBERT."

L. DARWALL.

*Firmly.*

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won. And although the  
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less  
 3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief, — When oppress'd by  
 4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won. Heav'n-ly Lea - der,

way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less,  
 fears o'er - take us, Let not faith and hope for - sake us,  
 new temp - ta - tions, Lord, in - crease and per - fect pa - tience;  
 still di - rect us, Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us,

Guide us by Thy hand To our fa - ther - land.  
 For, through many a foe, To our home we go.  
 Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.  
 Till we safe - ly stand In our fa - ther - land. A - MEN.

## Onward, Christian soldiers!

S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.  
*Con moto.*

"ST. GERTRUDE."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of  
2. Like a might - y arm - y, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go.  
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

## REFRAIN.

*mf* On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

Onward, Christian soldiers!—*Concluded.*

*crea.*

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - MEN.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain:  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song:  
Glory, praise, and honor  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.—REF. AMEN.

## Uplift the banner!

190

J. W. DOANE, 1848.  
*Animato.*

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.

1. Up - lift the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The  
2. Up - lift the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign, And  
3. Up - lift the ban-ner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine! Nor

sun shall light its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.  
vain - ly try to com - prehend The won-der of the love di-vine.  
skill nor might nor mer - it ours,—We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A - MEN.

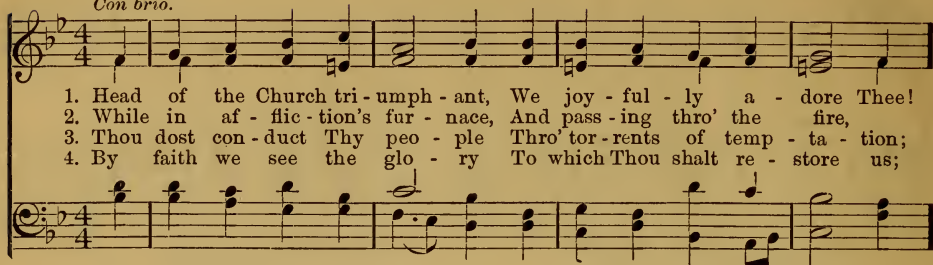


## Head of the Church triumphant.

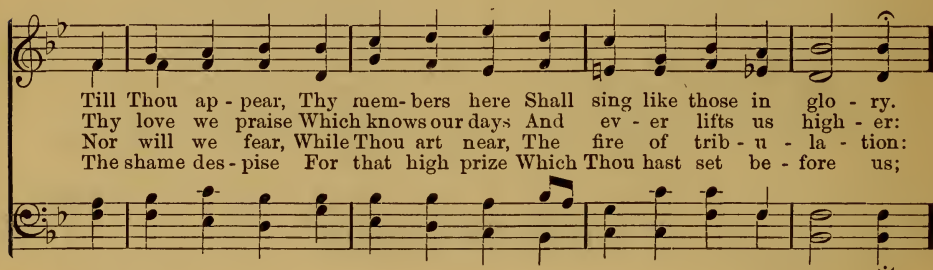
C. WESLEY, 1745.

"PROTOMARTYR."

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

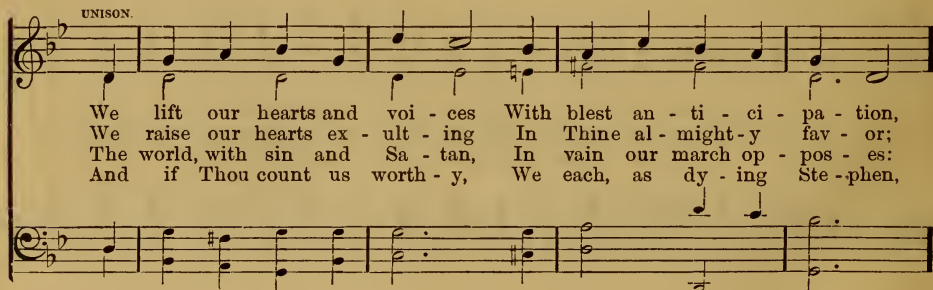
*Con brio.*


1. Head of the Church tri-umph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee!  
 2. While in af-flic-tion's fur-nace, And pass-ing thro' the fire,  
 3. Thou dost con-duct Thy peo-ple Thro' tor-rents of temp-ta-tion;  
 4. By faith we see the glo-ry To which Thou shalt re-store us;

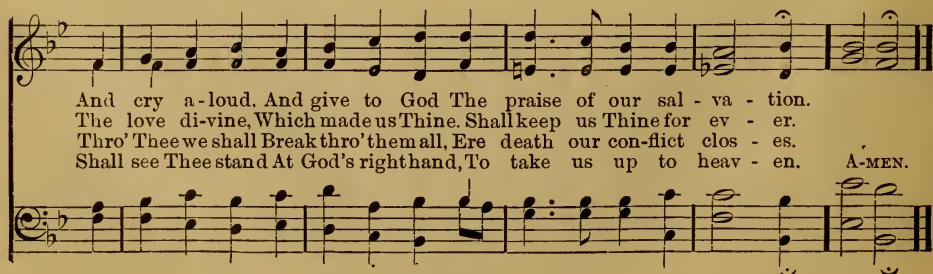


Till Thou ap-pear, Thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo-ry.  
 Thy love we praise Which knows our days And ev-er lifts us high-er:  
 Nor will we fear, While Thou art near, The fire of trib-u-la-tion:  
 The shame des-pise For that high prize Which Thou hast set be-fore us;

UNISON.



We lift our hearts and voi-ces With blest an-ti-ci-pa-tion,  
 We raise our hearts ex-ult-ing In Thine al-might-y fav-or;  
 The world, with sin and Sa-tan, In vain our march op-pos-es:  
 And if Thou count us worth-y, We each, as dy-ing Ste-phen,



And cry a-loud, And give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.  
 The love di-vine, Which made us Thine, Shall keep us Thine for ev-er.  
 Thro' Thee we shall Break thro' them all, Ere death our con-flict clos-es.  
 Shall see Thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to heav-en. A-MEN.

## The Son of God goes forth to war.

R. HEBER, 1827.

"ELLACOMBE."

German.

*Allegro.*

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far:— Who fol - lows in His train?  
 D. s. Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low,— He fol - lows in His train.  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.  
 D. s. He pray'd for them that did the wrong:— Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umphant o - ver pain;  
 Like Him with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain, A - MEN.

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
 On whom the Spirit came;  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
 And mock'd the cross and flame.  
 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
 The lion's gory mane;  
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel:—  
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed.  
 They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n  
 Through peril, toil, and pain:  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n  
 To follow in their train. AMEN.

## Brightly gleams our banner.

T. J. POTTER, 1862.

J. BARNBY, 1872.

*Con brio.*

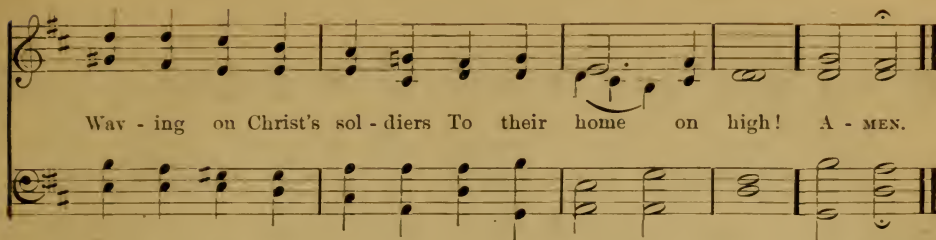
1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's  
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here, with hearts re-  
 3. Pat - tern of our child-hood, Once Thy - self a child, Make our childhood

sol - diers To their homes on high! March-ing thro' the con - flict,  
 joic - ing, See Thy chil - dren meet. Oft - en have we left Thee,  
 ho - ly, Pure, and meek, and mild. In the hour of dan - ger

Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our  
 Oft - en gone a - - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the  
 Whith-er can we flee, Save to Thee, dear Sav - iour, On - ly

## REFRAIN.

heav'n - ward way.  
 nar - row way.  
 un - to Thee? } Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky,

Brightly gleams our banner.—*Concluded.*

4 All our days direct us,  
In the way we go;  
Crown us still victorious  
Over every foe;  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds low'r;  
Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour. REF.

5 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Off'ring pray'rs and praises  
At Thy throne of love.  
When the march is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease! REF. AMEN.

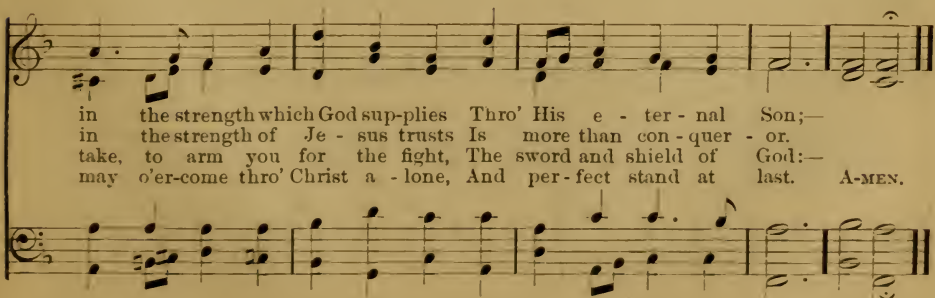
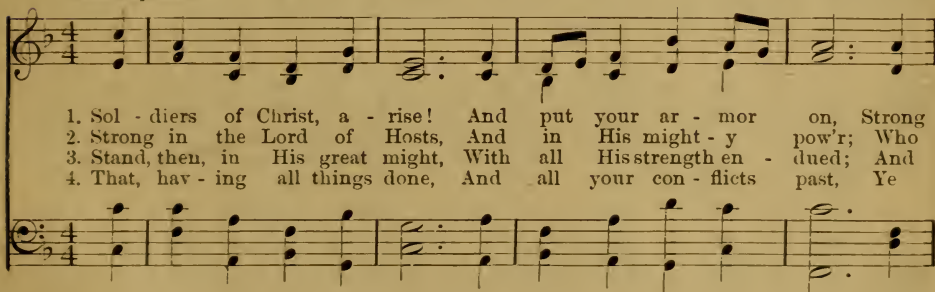
## Soldiers of Christ, arise!

194

C. WESLEY, 1749.  
With emphasis.

"DAY OF PRAISE."

C. H. STEGGALL.



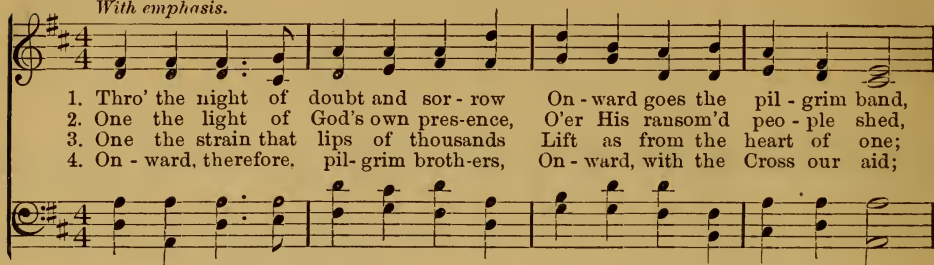


## Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow.

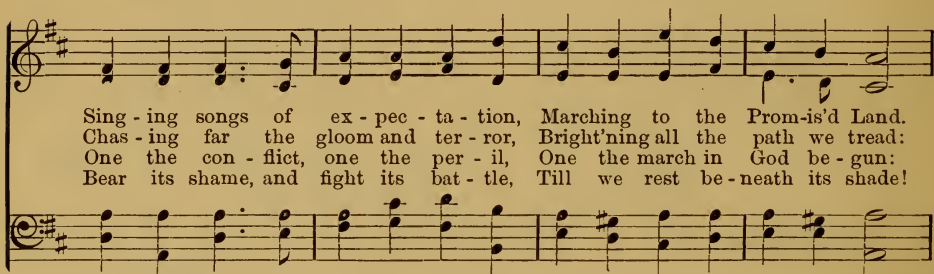
Danish, 1825.

"ST. ASAPH."

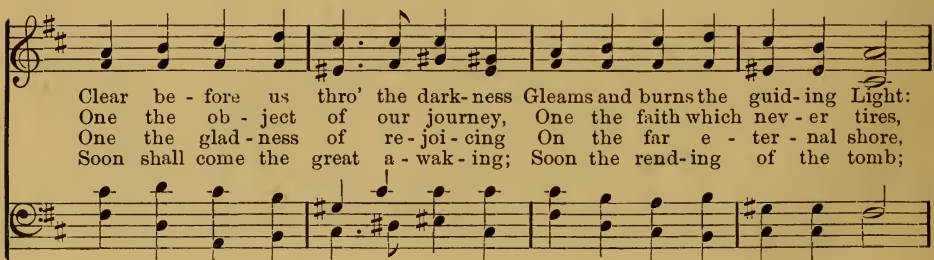
W. S. BAMBRIDGE.

*With emphasis.*


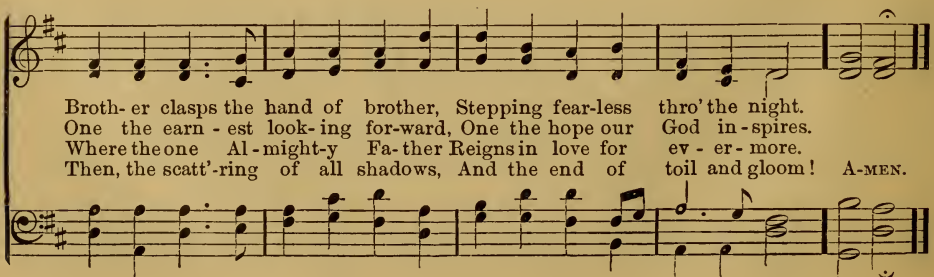
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row      On-ward goes the pil-grim band,  
 2. One the light of God's own pres-ence,      O'er His ransom'd peo-ple shed,  
 3. One the strain that lips of thousands      Lift as from the heart of one;  
 4. On-ward, therefore, pil-grim broth-ers,      On-ward, with the Cross our aid;



Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, Marching to the Prom-is'd Land.  
 Chas-ing far the gloom and ter-ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread.  
 One the con-flict, one the per-il, One the march in God be-gun:  
 Bear its shame, and fight its bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade!



Clear be-fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing Light:  
 One the ob-ject of our journey, One the faith which nev-er tires,  
 One the glad-ness of re-jo-i-cing On the far e-ter-nal shore,  
 Soon shall come the great a-wak-ing; Soon the rend-ing of the tomb;



Broth-er clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear-less thro' the night.  
 One the earn-est look-ing for-ward, One the hope our God in-spires.  
 Where the one Al-might-y Fa-ther Reigns in love for ev-er-more.  
 Then, the scatt'-ring of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom! A-MEN.

## A mighty fortress is our God.

M. LUTHER, 1521.

"EIN' FESTE BURG."

M. LUTHER, 1521.

*Maestoso.*

UNISON

1. { A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing; }  
 { Our help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. }  
 2. { Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing, }  
 { Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing. }

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He,—Lord Sa-ba-oth His

great, And, arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.  
 name, From age to age the same,—And He must win the bat-tle. A-MEN.

3 And though this world, with devils fill'd,  
 Should threaten to undo us,  
 We will not fear, for God hath will'd  
 His truth to triumph through us.  
 The prince of darkness grim,  
 We tremble not for him;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo! his doom is sure,—  
 One little word shall fell him.

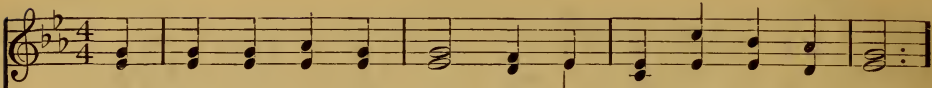
4 That Word above all earthly pow'rs,  
 In spite of them abideth;  
 The spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through Him who with us sideth.  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also;  
 The body they may kill,—  
 God's truth abideth still, °  
 His kingdom is for ever. AMEN.

## The Church's one foundation.


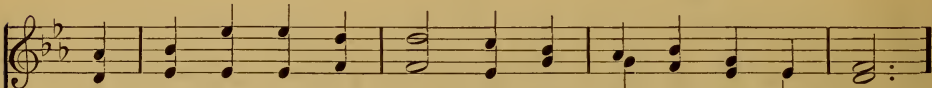
S. J. STONE, 1865.

"AURELIA."



S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



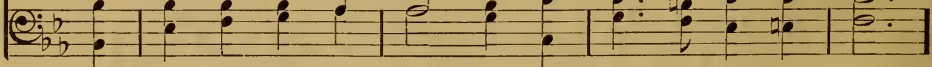
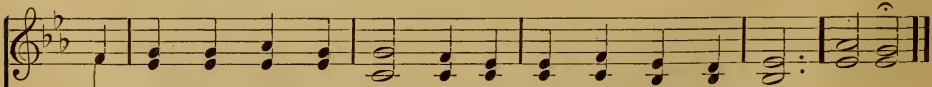
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tum - ult of her war,


She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;

From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride,  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es With ev - ery grace en - dued.  
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A - MEN.

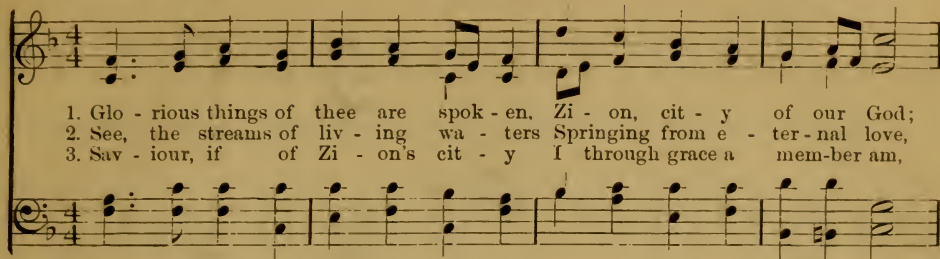


## Glorious things of thee are spoken.

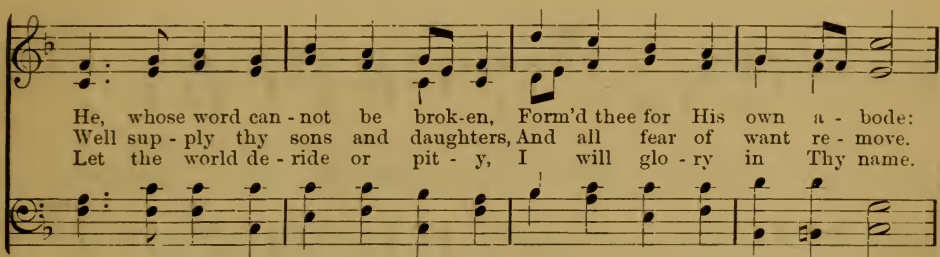
J. NEWTON, 1779.

"AUSTRIA."

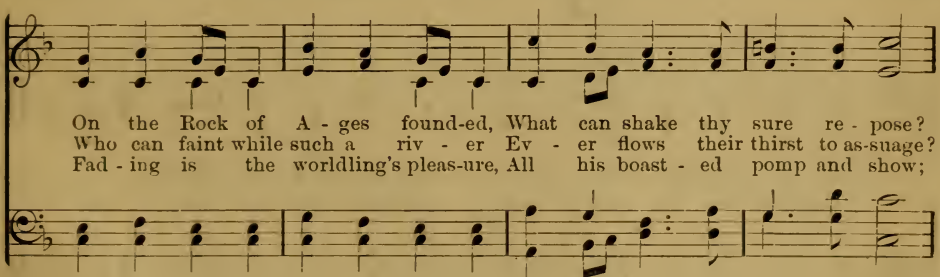
F. J. HAYDN, 1797.



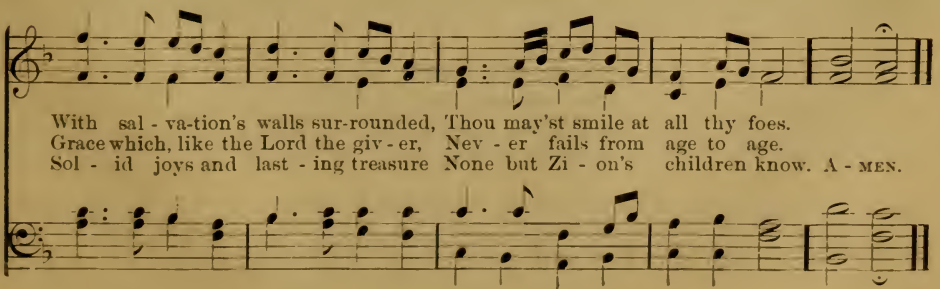
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en. Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Springing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I through grace a mem - ber am,



He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode:  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.  
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy name.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to as - suage?  
 Fad - ing is the worldling's pleas - ure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Sol - id joys and last - ing treasure None but Zi - on's children know. A - MEN.



## Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1740.

"CHRISTMAS."

G. F. HÄNDEL, 1728.

*Con moto.*

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with  
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in

vig - or on! A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And  
 full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And

an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way. A - MEN.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice

That calls thee from on high;

'Tis His own hand presents the prize

To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,

Have I my race begun;

And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet,

I'll lay my honors down. AMEN.

## Gracious Father, hear our prayer.

ANON.

*Maestoso.*

H. N. BARTLETT, 1886.

1. Gra - cious Fa - ther, hear our pray'r, Leave us not, lest we de - spair;  
 2. Sol - diers of the cross, we stand Trust - ing in Thy pow'r - ful hand;  
 3. Songs of tri - umph then we sing To the un - i - vers - al King;

REFRAIN.

Let Thine arm our safe-guard be, Hear the pray'r we raise to Thee.  
 Rock of strength, to Thee we fly, Save us in ad - vers - i - ty. } Fa - ther!  
 Sound His mighty praise a - broad! Glo - ry be to Is - rael's God!

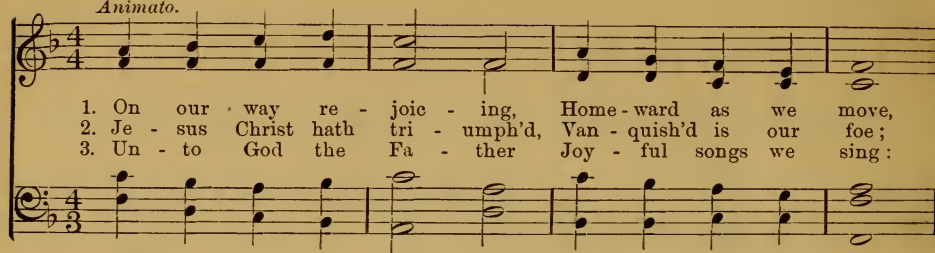
Fa - ther! God of pow'r and might, Shield Thy servants in the fight! A-MEN.

## On our way rejoicing.

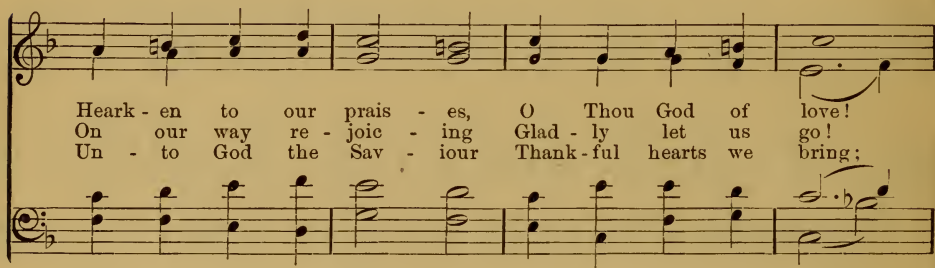
J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

*Animato.*

G. A. BURDETT, 1886.



1. On our way re-joic-ing, Home-ward as we move,  
 2. Je-sus Christ hath tri-umph'd, Van-quish'd is our foe;  
 3. Un-to God the Fa-ther Joy-ful songs we sing;



Hear-en to our prais-es, O Thou God of love!  
 On our way re-joic-ing, Glad-ly let us go!  
 Un-to God the Sav-iour Thank-ful hearts we bring;



Is there grief or sad-ness, Firm our trust shall be;  
 Christ with-out our safe-ty; Christ with-in our joy;  
 Un-to God the Spir-it Bow we and a-dore,



Is our sky be-cloud-ed, Light shall come from Thee,  
 Who, if we be faith-ful, Can our hope de-stroy?  
 On our way re-joic-ing, Now and ev-er-more.

## Happy are we.

Mrs HERRICK JOHNSON.

B. C. BLODGETT, 1886.

*Animato.*

1. Hap - py are we, . . . . God's own lit - tle flock, Shel - tered so  
 2. What shall we do for the Mas - ter so dear? Oh, there are  
 3. Ma - ny He has who are not of this fold, Out in the

close in the cleft of the Rock, Far a - bove tem - pest, or  
 ma - ny in need of our cheer, Souls that know noth - ing but  
 storm and the pit - i - less cold; These we will win by our

dan - ger, or shock, Hap - py are we in . . . Je - sus.  
 dark - ness and fear, Souls in the dark with - out Je - sus.  
 pray'rs and our gold, Win them to love our . . . Je - sus.

4 Over the mountains and over the seas,  
 Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these,  
 Seeking to save them by tenderest pleas,  
 Save by the blood of Jesus.

5 Joyfully, then, let us spread the glad news,  
 Never this service for Jesus refuse,  
 Never a moment to work for Him lose :  
 Joyfully work for Jesus.

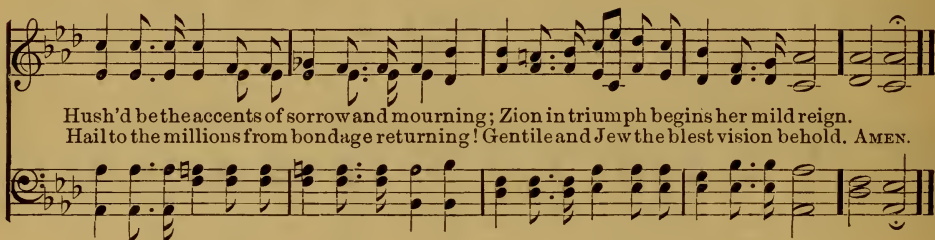
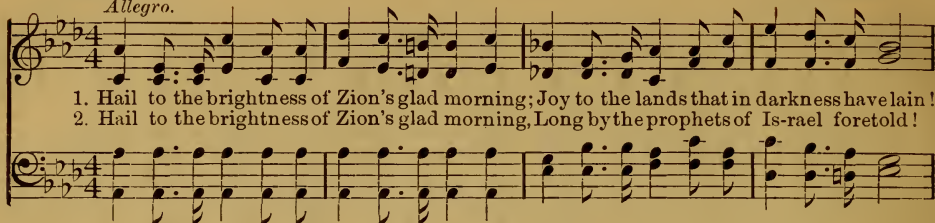


## Hail to the brightness.

T. HASTINGS, 1830.

"LEILA."

M. COSTA.

*Allegro.*

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song!

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high!  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky. AMEN.

## O Spirit of the living God.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1823.

"ALSTONE."

C. E. WILLING.

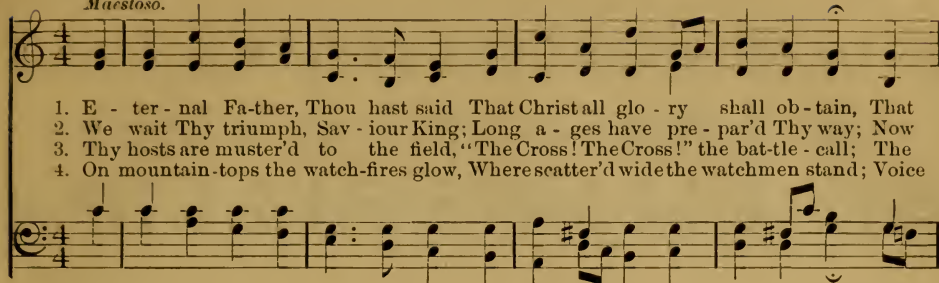
*Con moto.*

## Eternal Father, Thou hast said.

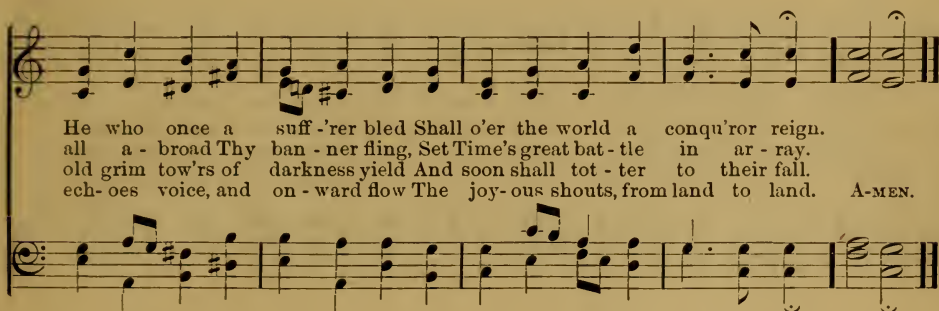
R. PALMER, 1830.

*Maestoso.*

B. TOURS.



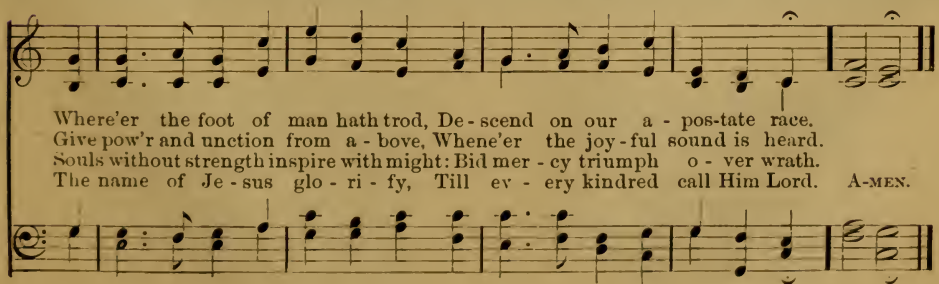
1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Thou hast said That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain, That  
 2. We wait Thy triumph, Sav - iour King; Long a - ges have pre - par'd Thy way; Now  
 3. Thy hosts are muster'd to the field, "The Cross! The Cross!" the bat - tle - call; The  
 4. On mountain - tops the watch - fires glow, Where scatter'd wide the watchmen stand; Voice



He who once a suff - rer bled Shall o'er the world a con - quer - or reign.  
 all a - broad Thy ban - ner fling, Set Time's great bat - tle in ar - ray.  
 old grim tow'rs of darkness yield And soon shall tot - ter to their fall.  
 ech - oes voice, and on - ward flow The joy - ous shouts, from land to land. A - MEN.

5 Ob, fill Thy Church with faith and pow'r;  
 Bid her long night of weeping cease;  
 To groaning nations haste the hour,  
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known!  
 Fulfil the Father's high decree;  
 Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,  
 Shall keep her last great jubilee. AMEN.

O Spirit of the living God.—*Concluded.*


Where'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.  
 Give pow'r and unction from a - bove, When'er the joy - ful sound is heard.  
 Souls without strength inspire with might: Bid mer - cy triumph o - ver wrath.  
 The name of Je - sus glo - ri - fy, Till ev - ery kindred call Him Lord. A - MEN.

## Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

G. DUFFIELD, 1858.

"WEBB."

G. J. WEBB, 1830.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet - call o - bey;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
 D.S.—Till ev - ery foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:  
 D.S.—Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,  
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - num - ber'd foes;

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you—  
 Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the Gospel-armor,  
 Each piece put on with pray'r;  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day, the noise of battle,  
 The next, the victor's song;  
 To him that over-cometh,  
 A crown of life shall be:  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

## Christ for the world we sing!

S. WOLCOTT, 1869.

"BERMONDSEY."

ANON, 1781.

*Con brio.*

1. "Christ for the world" we sing; The world to Christ we bring,  
2. "Christ for the world" we sing; The world to Christ we bring,

With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and  
With fer - vent pray'r; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less

o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal!  
pas-sions toss'd, Redeem'd at count-less cost, From dark des - pair! A - MEN.

3 "Christ for the world" we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our God!

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4 "Christ for the world" we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaim'd from error's ways,  
Inspir'd with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong! AMEN.

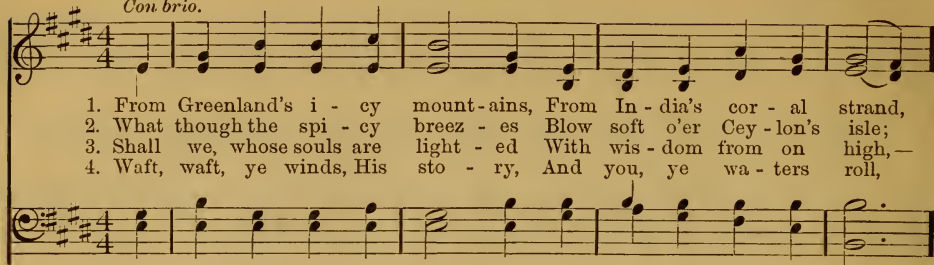


## From Greenland's icy mountains.

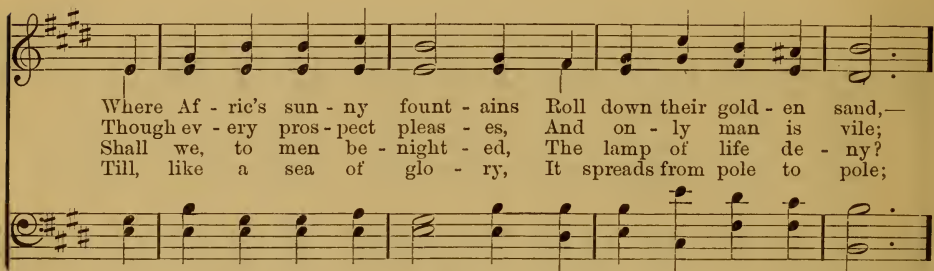
R. HEBER, 1819.

"MISSIONARY HYMN."

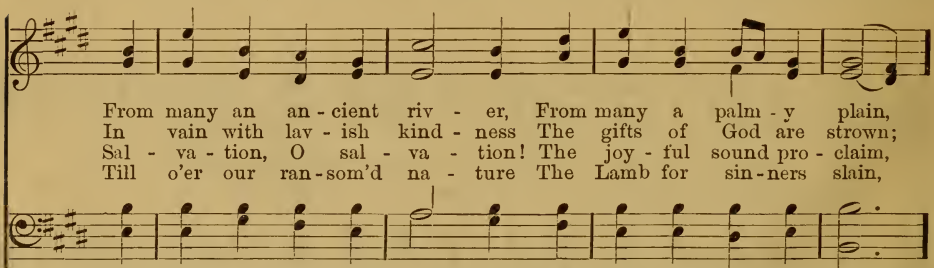
L. MASON, 1823.

*Con brio.*


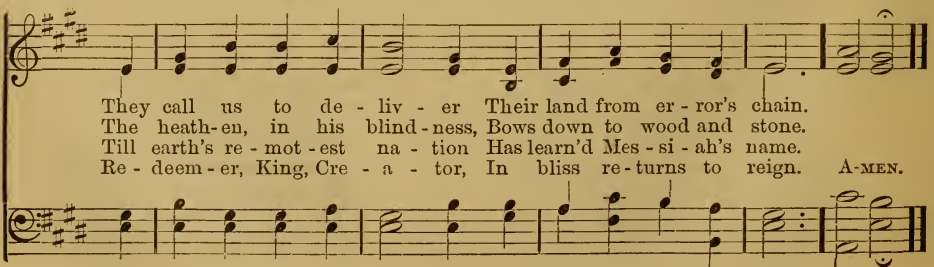
1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;  
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, —  
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand, —  
 Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;  
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,  
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;  
 Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
 Till o'er our ran - som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 The heath - en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - MEN.

# SONGS OF HEAVEN.

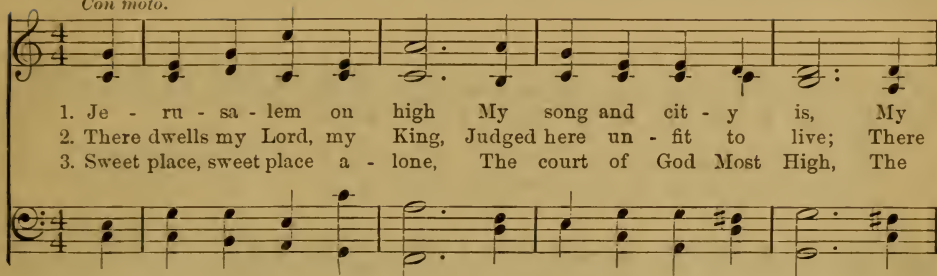
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## Jerusalem on high.

S. CROSSMAN, 1664.  
*Con moto.*

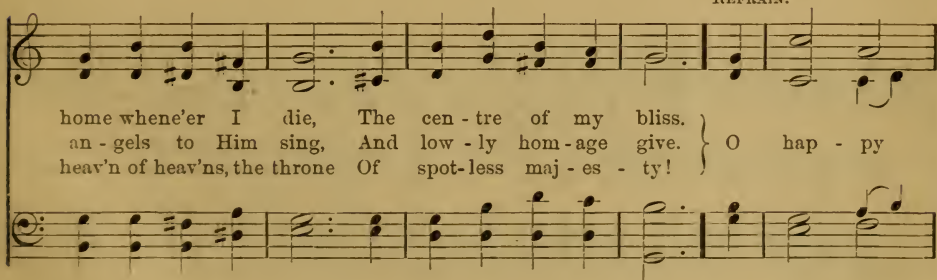
"EARLHAM."

J. BOOTH.

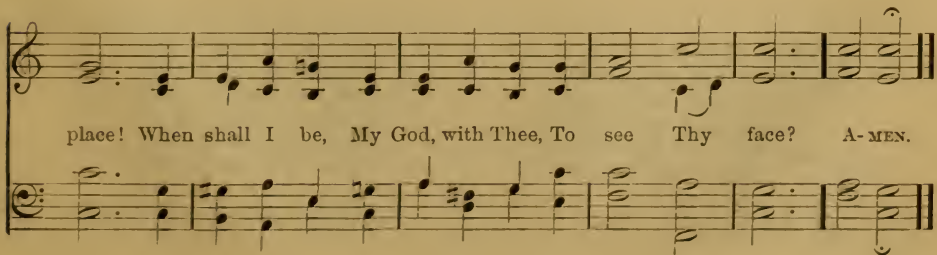


1. Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and cit - y is, My  
2. There dwells my Lord, my King, Judged here un - fit to live; There  
3. Sweet place, sweet place a - lone, The court of God Most High, The

REFRAIN.



home where'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss.  
an - gels to Him sing, And low - ly hom - age give. } O hap - py  
heav'n of heav'ns, the throne Of spot-less maj - es - ty!



place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy face? A-MEN.

## Jerusalem the golden.

Latin, 12th Century.

"EWING."

A. EWING, 1853.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con-tem-  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song; And bright with many an

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd. I know not, O I know not What joys a -  
 an - gel And all the mar-tyr-throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light

wait us there, What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond com-pare!  
 is se - rene; The pastures of the bless-ed Are deck'd in glorious sheen. A-MEN.

3 There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from care releas'd,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast:  
 And they who, with their Leader  
 Have conquer'd in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

## Jerusalem, the glorious.

Latin, 12th Century.

J. BARNBY.

*Andante.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glor - ious, The glo - ry of th'e - lect,— O  
 2. The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied, thy praise; His  
 3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! Shall I e'er see thy face? O

dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n  
 laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran - som'd peo - ple raise;— Je -  
 sweet and bless - ed coun - try! Shall I e'er win thy grace? Je -

now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis - cern; To  
 sus, the Crown of beau - ty, True God and Man they sing, Their  
 ru - sa - lem! ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est shore, I

*dim. e rall.*

thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn!  
 nev - er - fail - ing Por - tion. Their glo - rious Lord and King.  
 hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee ev - er - more. A-MEN.



## Brief life is here our portion.

Latin, 12th Century.

"THE HOMELAND."

A. S. SULLIVAN.

*Andante.*

1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;  
 2. And now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown  
 3. But He, whom now we trust in, Shall then be seen and known;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there.  
 Of full and ev - er - last - ing And pas - sion - less re - nown;  
 And they who know and see Him Shall have Him for their own;

O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, — e - ter - nal rest;  
 And now we watch and strug - gle, And now we live in hope,  
 Yes; God, our King and Por - tion, In ful - ness of His grace,

For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A mansion with the blest.  
 And Zi - on in her an - guish With Bab - y - lon must cope;  
 Shall we be - hold for ev - er, And wor - ship face to face. A-MEN.

## For thee, O dear, dear country.

Latin, 12th Century.

"ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON."

J. WALCH.

*Con moto.*

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;  
 2. O one, O on - ly man - sion, O par - a - dise of joy,  
 3. Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean; Thou hast no time, bright day:  
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.  
 Where tears are ev - er ban - ish'd, And smiles have no al - loy!  
 Dear fount - ain of re - fresh - ment To pil - grims far a - way.  
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,  
 Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced;  
 Up - on the Rock of A - ges They raise thy ho - ly tow'r.  
 In mer - cy, Je - sus, bring us To that dear land of rest;

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.  
 Thy saints build up the fab - ric; The cor - ner - stone is Christ.  
 Thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dow'r.  
 Where Thou art with the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - MEN.

## O what the joy and the glory must be.

Latin, 12th Century.

"O QUANTA QUALIA."

French, 1745.

## FIRST TUNE.

*Cantabile.*

1. O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those bless-ed Sab - baths the  
 2. Tru - ly Je - ru - sa - lem name we that shore, "Vis - ion of peace," that brings  
 3. There dawns no Sabbath, no Sab - bath is o'er, Those Sabbath-keep - ers have  
 4. Low be - fore Him with our prais - es we fall, Of whom and in whom and

bless - ed ones see; Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest;  
 joy ev - er - more; Wish and ful - fil - ment can sev - er'd be ne'er,  
 one ev - er - more; One and un - end - ing is that tri - umph - song,  
 through whom are all; Of whom, the Fa - ther; and in whom, the Son;

God shall be All and in all ev - er blest.  
 Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the pray'r.  
 Which to the an - gels and us shall be - long.  
 Thro' whom, the Spir - it, with Thee ev - er one. A - MEN.

## SECOND TUNE.

E. H. THORNE, 1872.

*Allegro.**cres.*

1. O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those bless-ed

O what the joy and the glory must be.—*Concluded.*

*f* *dim.*

Sab - baths the bless-ed ones see; Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones

rest; God shall be All and in all ev - er blest, A - MEN.

## Jerusalem, my happy home.

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ANON, 1801.

"BIRKENHEAD."

ANON, 1886.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me, When  
 2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl-y gates be - hold, Thy  
 3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, prophets there A - round my Sav - iour stand; And  
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee; Then

shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?  
 bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?  
 all I love in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.  
 shall my la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see. A - MEN.



# "Forward!" be our watchword.

H. ALFORD, 1871.

*Con brio.*

H. SMART, 1872.

1. "Forward!" be our watchword, Steps and voi - ces join'd, Seek the things be-  
 2. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre - par'd, By the souls that  
 3. Far o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God a-  
 4. To th'e - ter - nal Fa - ther Loud - est an - thems raise; To the Son and

fore us, Not a look be - hind. Burns the fier - y pil - lar  
 love Him One day to be shar'd; Eye hath not be - held them,  
 bid - eth,— That fair home is ours; Flash the streets with jas - per,  
 Spir - it Ech - o songs of praise; To the Lord of glo - ry,

At our ar - my's head; Whoshall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led?  
 Ear hath nev - er heard, Nor of them hath ut - ter'd Thought or speech a word.  
 Shine the gates with gold, Flows the gladd'ning riv - er Shedding joys un - told.  
 Bless-ed Three in One, Be by men and an - gels End - less hon - or done.

For - ward through the des - ert, Through the toil and fight;  
 For - ward, march - ing on - ward Where the heav'n is bright,  
 Thith - er, on - ward thith - er, In the Spir - it's might;  
 Weak are earth - ly prais - es, Dull the songs of night;

"Forward!" be our watchword.—*Concluded.*

For - ward out of dark - ness, For - ward in - to light!  
 Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!  
 Pil - grims, to your coun - try For - ward in - to light!  
 For - ward in - to tri - umph, For - ward in - to light! A - MEN.

## There is a happy land.

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A. YOUNG, 1838.

"HAPPY LAND."

Hindoo melody.

*Semplice.*

1. { There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, }  
 { Wheresaints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day. } O how they sweetly sing,

"Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let His praises ring. Praise, praise for aye." AMEN.

2 Come to this happy land,  
 Come, come away;  
 Why will ye doubting stand,  
 Why still delay?  
 O we shall happy be,  
 When, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
 Blest, blest for aye.

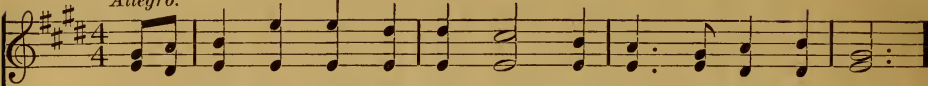
3 Bright in that happy land  
 Beams every eye;  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die.  
 On, then, to glory run,  
 Be a crown and kingdom won,  
 And, bright above the sun,  
 Reign, reign for aye. AMEN.

## From all Thy saints in warfare.

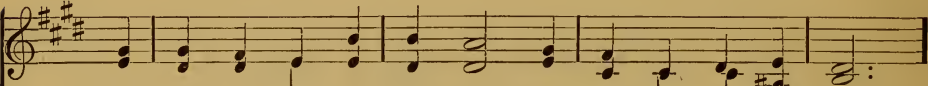
Earl NELSON, 1867.

"EDEN GROVE."

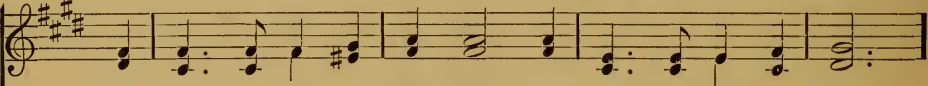
S. SMITH.

*Allegro.*


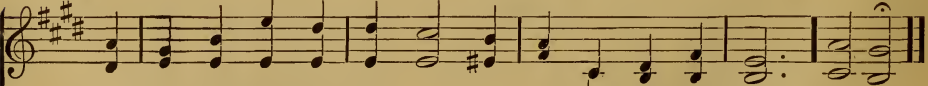
1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,  
 2. A - pos - tles, proph-ets, mar - tyrs, And all the sa - cred throng,  
 3. Then praise we God the Fa - ther, And praise we God the Son,



To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dress'd,  
 Who wear the spot - less rai - ment, Who raise the cease-less song;  
 And God the Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One;



Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might conqu'rors be;  
 For these, pass'd on be - fore us, Sav - iour, we Thee a - dore,  
 Till all the ran-som'd na - tions Fall down be - fore the throne,



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee.  
 And, walk - ing in their foot-steps, Would serve Thee more and more.  
 And hon - or, pow'r, and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone. A - MEN.

## Ten thousand times ten thousand.

H. ALFORD, 1866.

"ALFORD."

J. B. DYKES, 1875.

*Con brio.*

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,  
 2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!  
 3. O then what rap - tur'd greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,  
 4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;

The ar - mies of the ran - som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:  
 What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!  
 What knitt - ing sev - er'd friendships up, Where part - ings are no more!  
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign;

'Tis fin - ish'd, all is fin - ish'd, Their fight with death and sin;  
 O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!  
 Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brimm'd with tears of late,  
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions— Thine ex - iles long for home—

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in!  
 O joy, for all its form - er woes, A thou - sand-fold re - paid!  
 Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther - less, Nor wi - dows des - o - late,  
 Show in the heav'n's Thy prom - is'd sign, Thou Prince and Sav - iour, come! A-MEN.

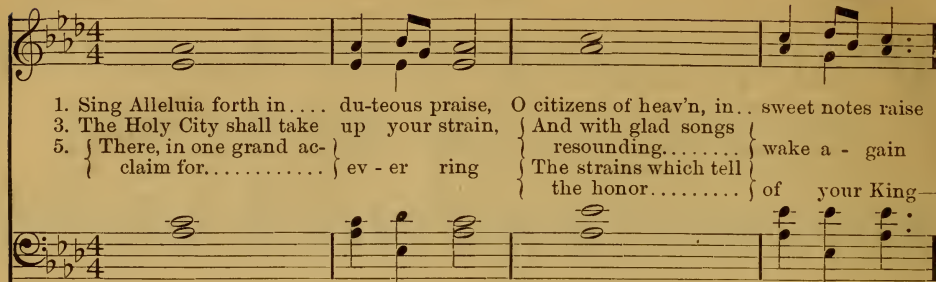


## Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

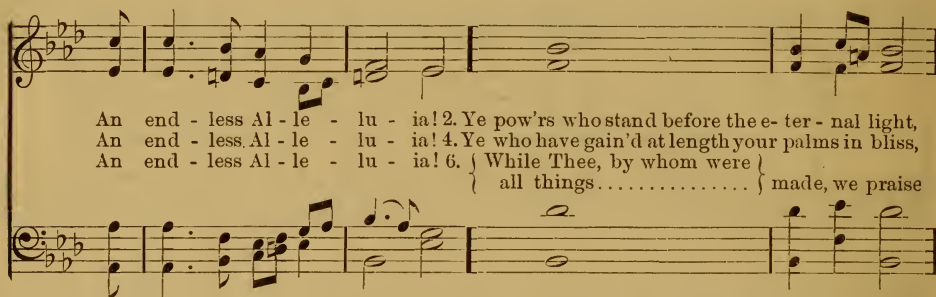
Latin, 5th Century.

"HOLY CITY."

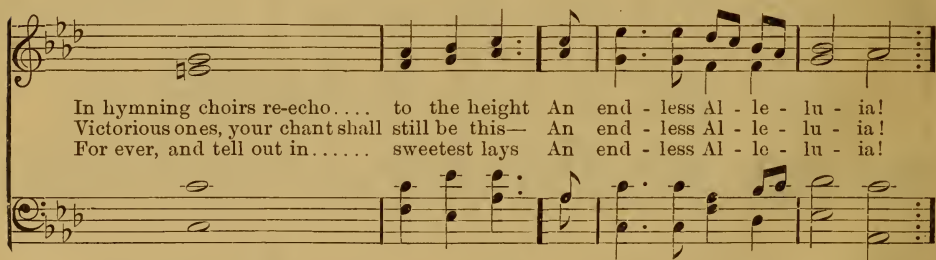
A. SULLIVAN.



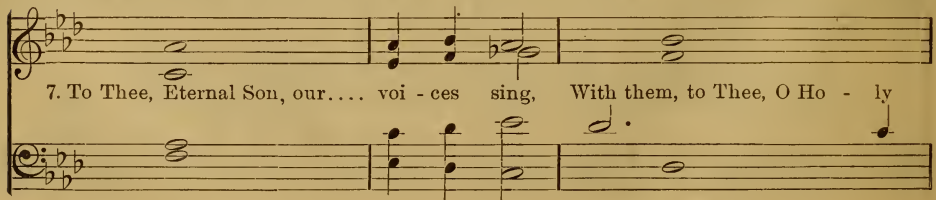
1. Sing Alleluia forth in . . . du-teous praise, O citizens of heav'n, in . . sweet notes raise  
 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, { And with glad songs { wake a - gain  
 5. { There, in one grand ac- { ev - er ring { resounding. . . . . { The strains which tell { of your King—  
       claim for. . . . . }



An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! 2. Ye pow'rs who stand before the e - ter - nal light,  
 An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! 4. Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in bliss,  
 An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! 6. { While Thee, by whom were { all things. . . . . { made, we praise



In hymning choirs re-echo . . . to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!  
 For ever, and tell out in . . . . . sweetest lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!



7. To Thee, Eternal Son, our . . . voi - ces sing, With them, to Thee, O Ho - ly

Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.—*Concluded.*

*rit.*

Ghost, we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

Who are these, like stars appearing.

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German, 18th Century.

"ALL SAINTS."

German, about 1700.

1. { Who are these, like stars ap - pear - ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand? }  
 { Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing—Who are all this glo - rious band? }  
 2. { These are they who have con - tend - ed For their Saviour's hon - or long, }  
 { Wrest - ling on till life was end - ed, Foll' - wing not the sin - ful throng; }

Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King!  
 These, who well the fight sus - tain'd, Triumph thro' the Lamb have gain'd. A - MEN.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
 Who in pray'r full oft have striven  
 With the God they glorified;  
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
 God has bid them weep no more.

4 These like priests have watched and waited,  
 Off'ring up to Christ their will,  
 Soul and body consecrated,  
 Day and night to serve Him still:  
 Now in God's most holy place  
 Blest they stand before His face. AMEN.

## For all Thy saints

W. W. How, 1854.

J. BARNEY, 1868.

1. For all Thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by  
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fort - ress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their  
 3. O may Thy sold - iers, Faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the

faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy Name, O Je - sus,  
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou in the dark - ness  
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the

be for ev - er blest! }  
 dearest their one true Light. } AL - LE - LU - IA! AL - LE - LU - IA!  
 victor's crown of gold. } A - MEN.

- 4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!  
 We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine! ALLELUIA!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong! ALLELUIA!
- 6 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 The King of Glory passes on His way! ALLELUIA!
- 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—ALLELUIA! AMEN.

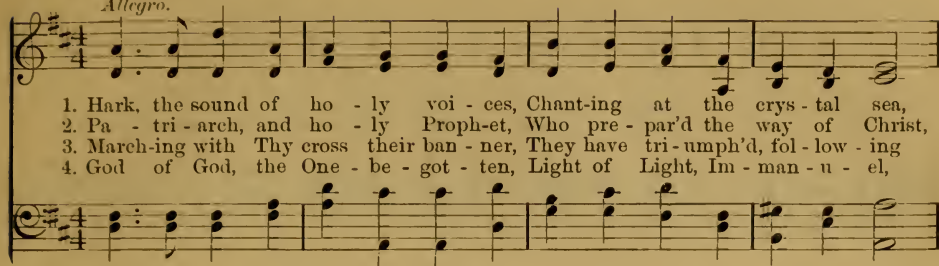
## Hark, the sound of holy voices!

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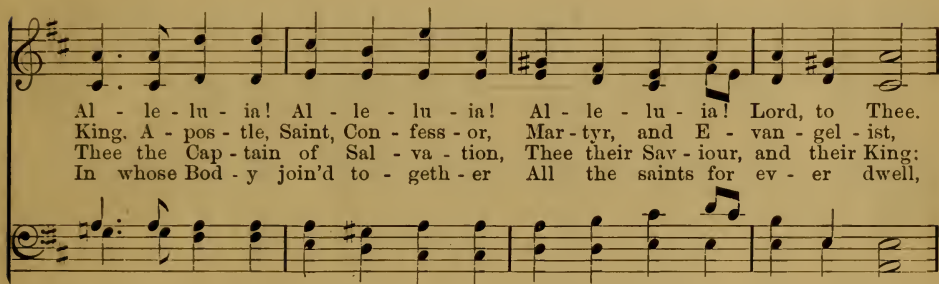
C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"Lux Eoi."

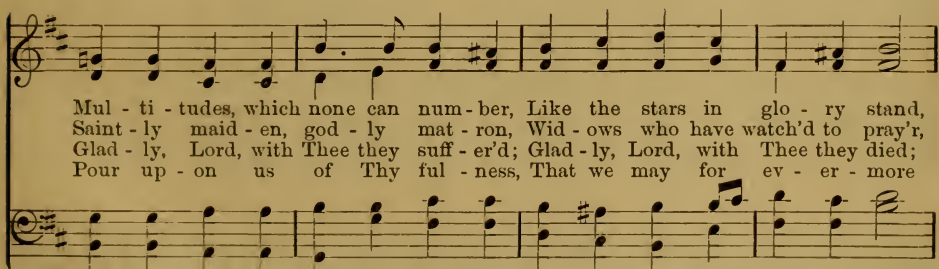
A. S. SULLIVAN.

*Allegro.*


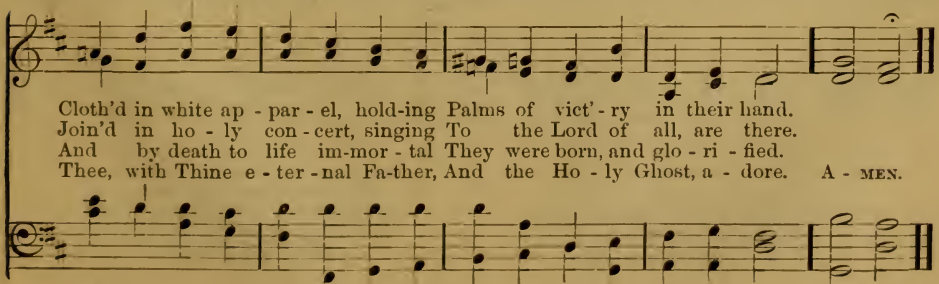
1. Hark, the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,  
 2. Pa - tri - arch, and ho - ly Proph-et, Who pre - par'd the way of Christ,  
 3. March-ing with Thy cross their ban - ner, They have tri - umph'd, fol - low - ing  
 4. God of God, the One - be - got - ten, Light of Light, Im - man - u - el,



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, to Thee.  
 King. A - pos - tle, Saint, Con - fess - or, Mar - tyr, and E - van - gel - ist,  
 Thee the Cap - tain of Sal - va - tion, Thee their Sav - iour, and their King;  
 In whose Bod - y join'd to - geth - er All the saints for ev - er dwell,



Mul - ti - tudes, which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,  
 Saint - ly maid - en, god - ly mat - ron, Wid - ows who have watch'd to pray'r,  
 Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they suff - er'd; Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
 Pour up - on us of Thy ful - ness, That we may for ev - er - more



Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vict' - ry in their hand.  
 Join'd in ho - ly con - cert, singing To the Lord of all, are there.  
 And by death to life im - mor - tal They were born, and glo - ri - fied.  
 Thee, with Thine e - ter - nal Fa - ther, And the Ho - ly Ghost, a - dore. A - MEN.



## O Paradise! O Paradise!

F. W. FABER, 1849.

"PARADISE."

J. BARNBY, 1866.

*p*

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?  
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;  
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;

*cres.*

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest?  
 Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold?  
 We long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;

*f*

Where loy - al hearts and true,  
 Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

*ff*

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - MEN.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 We long to sin no more;  
 We long to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 Oh, keep us in Thy love,  
 And guide us to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above:  
 Where loyal hearts, etc. AMEN.

## I'm but a stranger here.

T. R. TAYLOR, 1835.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

*Con moto.*

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth's joys soon dis-ap-pear,  
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,

Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand;  
 Heav'n is my home. For time's wild, wintry blast Soon will be o - ver - past;

Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.  
 I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home. A - MEN.

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
 Heav'n is my home;  
 I shall be glorified,  
 Heav'n is my home.  
 There are the good and blest,  
 Those I love most and best;  
 And there I too shall rest,  
 Heav'n is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,  
 Heav'n is my home;  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
 Heav'n is my home.  
 For I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand;  
 Heav'n is my fatherland,  
 Heav'n is my home! AMEN.

## Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee.

W. HAMMOND.

"BEATITUDO."

J. B. DYKES, 1874.

*Andante.*

1. Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee Be life, and strength, and peace,  
 2. How blest when we Thy glo - ry see In light with - out a shade;—  
 3. Dark - ly to us, as thro' a glass, Thy beau - ty now is shown;

How bless-ed shall the vis - ion be Which nev - er more can cease!  
 The glo - ry which sur - rounded Thee Be - fore the worlds were made!  
 Then we shall see Thee face to face, And know as we are known. A - MEN.

## Thine for ever!

Mrs. M. F. MAUDE.

G. M. GARRETT.

*Allegro.*

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;  
 2. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!  
 3. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup - plied.

Thine for ev - er may we be Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Sav - iour, Guardian, heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end!  
 All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

## The roseate hues of early dawn.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1853.

"CASTLE RISING."

F. A. J. HERVEY.

1. The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day,  
 2. The high-est hopes we cher-ish here, How fast they tire and faint!  
 3. Here faith is ours, and heav'n-ly hope, And grace to lead us high'r;

The crim-son of the sun-set-sky, How fast they fade a-way!  
 How many a spot de-files the robe That wraps an earth-ly saint!  
 But there are per-fect-ness and peace Be-yond our best de-sire.

O for the pearl-y gates of heav'n, O for the gold-en floor,  
 O for a heart that nev-er sins, O for a soul wash'd white,  
 O by Thy love and an-guish, Lord, O by Thy life laid down,

O for the Sun of Righteousness, That sett-eth nev-er-more!  
 O for a voice to praise our King, Nor wea-ry day or night!  
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace, Nor cast a-way our crown! A-MEN.

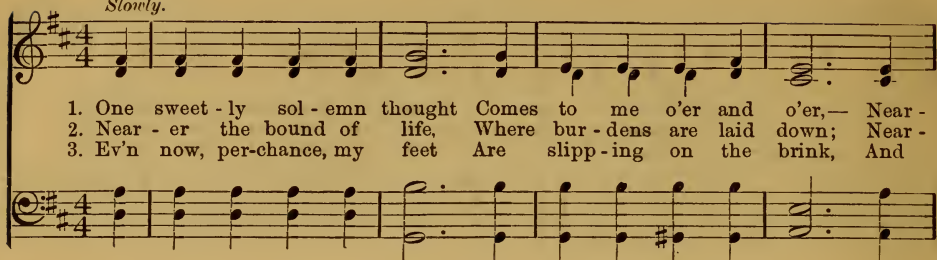


## One sweetly solemn thought.

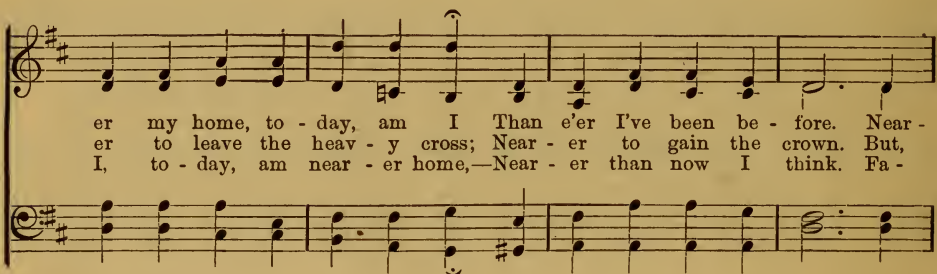
Miss P. CARY, 1852.

"LEOMINSTER."

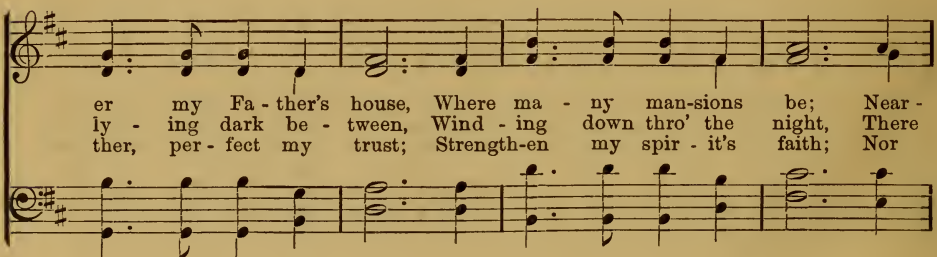
English.

*Slowly.*


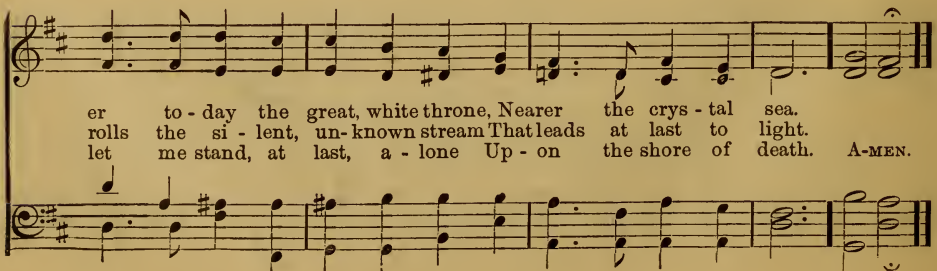
1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,— Near -  
 2. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down; Near -  
 3. Ev'n now, per-chance, my feet Are slipp - ing on the brink, And



er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore. Near -  
 er to leave the heav - y cross; Near - er to gain the crown. But,  
 I, to - day, am near - er home,—Near - er than now I think. Fa -



er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be; Near -  
 ly - ing dark be - tween, Wind - ing down thro' the night, There  
 ther, per - fect my trust; Strength-en my spir - it's faith; Nor



er to - day the great, white throne, Nearer the crys - tal sea.  
 rolls the si - lent, un-known stream That leads at last to light.  
 let me stand, at last, a - lone Up - on the shore of death. A-MEN.

# SONGS FOR SPECIAL DAYS.

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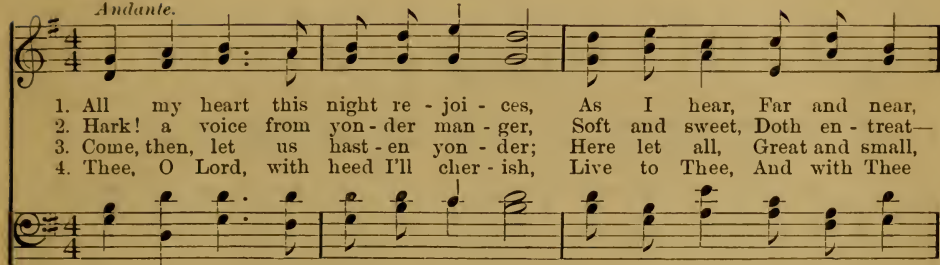
## All my heart this night rejoices.

German, 1656.

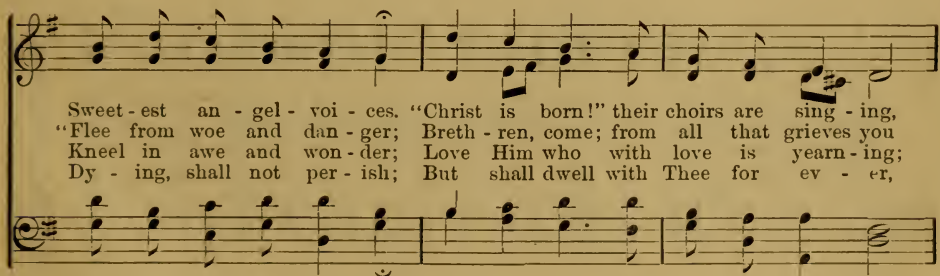
"BONN."

German, 1666.

*Andante.*



1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near,  
 2. Hark! a voice from yon - der man - ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en - treat -  
 3. Come, then, let us hast - en yon - der; Here let all, Great and small,  
 4. Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cher - ish, Live to Thee, And with Thee



Sweet - est an - gel - voi - ces. "Christ is born!" their choirs are sing - ing,  
 "Flee from woe and dan - ger; Breth - ren, come; from all that grieves you  
 Kneel in awe and won - der; Love Him who with love is yearn - ing;  
 Dy - ing, shall not per - ish; But shall dwell with Thee for ev - er,



Till the air Ev - ery - where Now with joy is ring - ing.  
 You are freed; All you need I will sure - ly give you."  
 Hail the Star, That from far Bright with hope is burn - ing.  
 Far on high, In the joy That can al - ter nev - er. A - MEN.

## Hark! the herald angels sing.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

"HERALD ANGELS."

F. MENDELSSOHN, 1840.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dor'd; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord! Late in time be -  
 3. Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - cil'd!" Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise,  
 hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb! Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;  
 all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies! With th'angel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in  
 Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im -  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

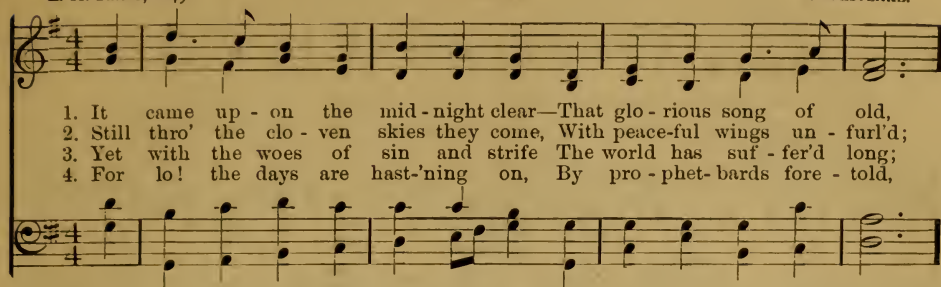
Beth - le - hem." } Hark! the herald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" AMEN.  
 man - u - el!  
 sec - ond birth.

## It came upon the midnight clear.

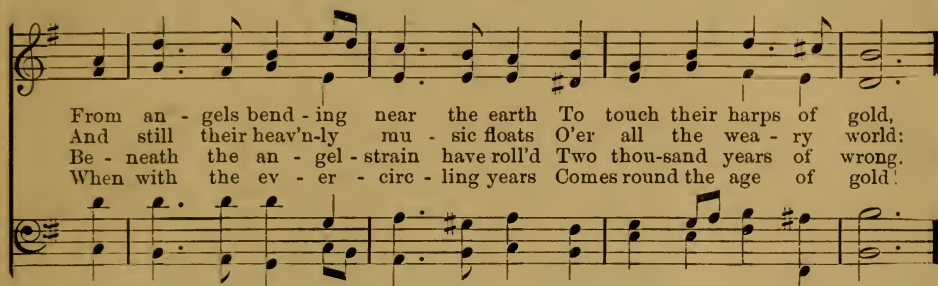
E. H. SEARS, 1849.

"ST. URSULA."

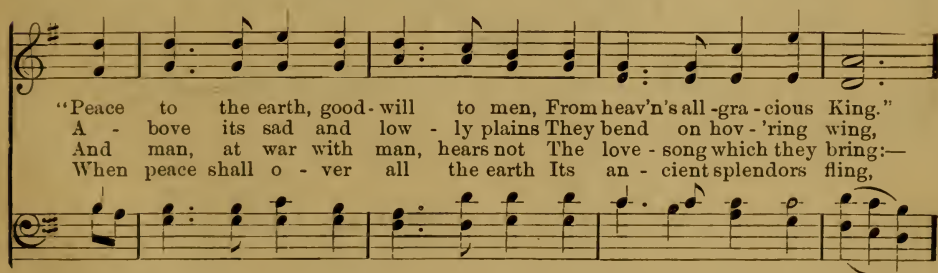
F. WESTLAKE.



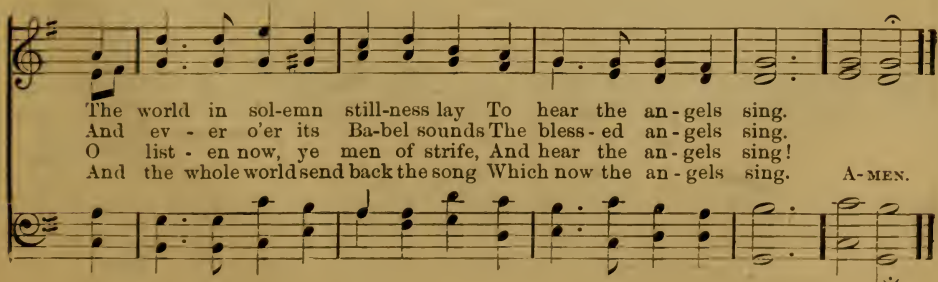
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear—That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furl'd;  
 3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fer'd long;  
 4. For lo! the days are hast - ning on, By pro - phet - bards fore - told,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold,  
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:  
 Be - neath the an - gel - strain have roll'd Two thou - sand years of wrong.  
 When with the ev - er - circ - ling years Comes round the age of gold!



"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,  
 And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song which they bring:—  
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splendors fling,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 O list - en now, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!  
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

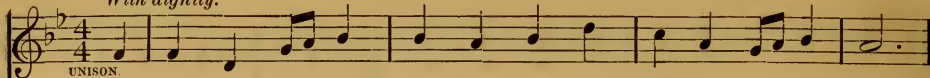
A - MEN.



## O'er Bethlehem's hill, in days of old.

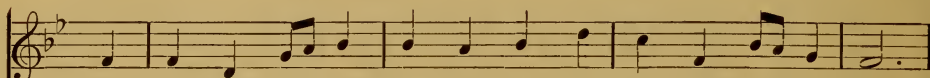
M. G. PEARSE.

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1886.

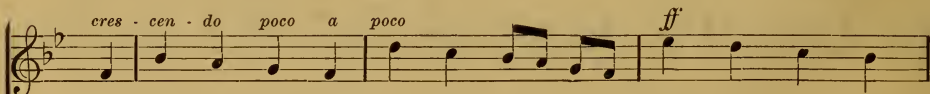
*With dignity.*

UNISON.

1. O'er Bethlehem's hill, in days of old, Came wise men from a - far,  
 2. The sil - ver lamp thro' all the night Led on their wea - ry way,

*Molto legato.*

Bring - ing their cost - ly gifts of gold, For they had seen His star;  
 Un - til up - on His low - ly home Was shed its gen - tle ray;



In prince - ly pomp, with pres - ents meet, They came to wor - ship  
 And there they found the in - fant King, And on the ground fell



CHRISTMAS.

O'er Bethlehem's hill, in days of old.—*Concluded.*

*ff* REFRAIN.

at His feet. } All glo - ry, praise, and hon - - - or Be  
wor - ship - ing. }

1st, 2d, 3rd & 4th. Last verse. *cres.* *ff*

un - to Thee our Sav - iour! un - to Thee our Sav - iour! A-MEN.

3 So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light  
Shine Thou upon our way,  
To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,  
Who would our homage pay;  
For He who is the children's King  
Will not disdain what children bring. REF.

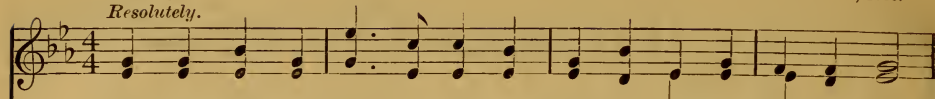
4 Not wise men we, with princely robes,  
With off'rings rich and rare,  
We come with empty hands, O Lord.  
Burden'd with sin and care,  
With hands that wrought Thy misery;—  
And yet Thou bidd'st us come to Thee. REF.

5 For gifts, we give ourselves to Thee;  
Our hearts shall be Thy throne;  
For gold, we give Thee all our love;  
O make it all Thine own!  
As incense sweet, Thy praise we sing,  
And bless Thy name, our Saviour-King. REF. AMEN.

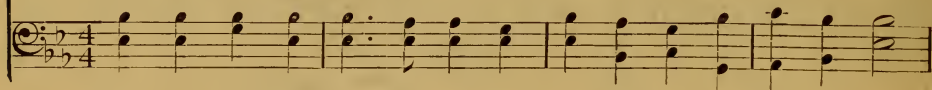
## Hark! what mean those holy voices?

J. CAWOOD, 1819.

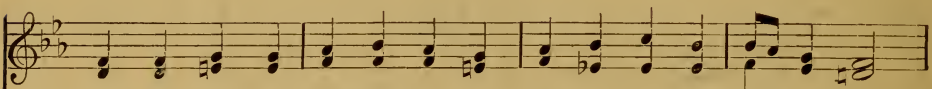
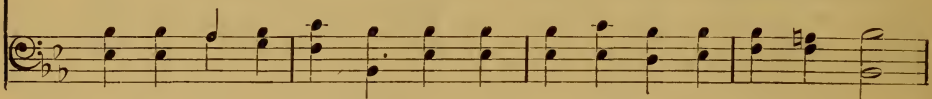
G. A. BURDETT, 1886.

*Resolutely.*

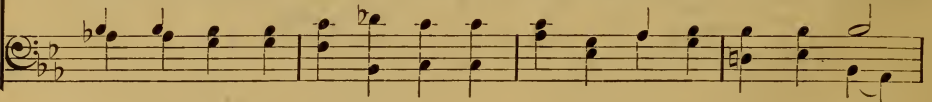
1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly warbling in the skies?  
 2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav - en, Reaching far as man is found;



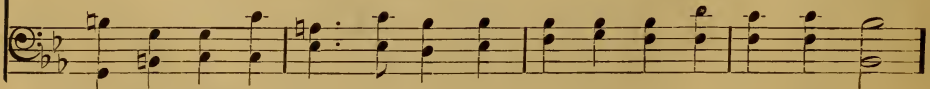
Sure, th'an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Loud-est al - le - lu - ias rise.  
 Souls redeem'd, and sins for - giv - en;— Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.



List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;—  
 Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed; Heav'n and earth His glo - ry sing:



"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!"  
 Glad, re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed, For your Proph-et, Priest, and King!"



Hark! what mean those holy voices?—*Concluded.*

## UNISON. REFRAIN.

Hast - en, then, let us a - dore Him, Learn His name and taste His joy;

Till in heav'n we sing be - fore Him;—"Glory be to God most high!" A-MEN.

As with gladness men of old.

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W. C. DIX, 1856.

"DIX."

German, 1838.

1. { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold; }  
 { As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on - ward, beaming bright; }  
 2. { As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed, }  
 { There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore; }  
 3. { Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - ery day Keep us in the nar - row way; }  
 { And, when earth - ly things are past, Bring our ransom'd souls at last }

So, most gra - cious God, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.  
 So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat.  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide. A - MEN.



## Holy night! peaceful night!

German.

J. BARNBY, 1868.

*p* *Larghetto.* *pp*

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the darkness beams a light; Ho - ly night!  
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies and all is light; Si - lent night!

*cres.*

peace-ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness  
ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies and all is light, Dark-ness flies and

*f* *mp* *cres.*

beams a light! Yon - der, where they sweet vi - gil keep O'er the Babe, who, in  
all is light! Shepherds hear the an - gels sing— "Al - le - lu - ia!

*dim.* *p* *pp* *c. rall.*

si - lent sleep, Rests in heav'n - ly peace, Rests in heav'n - ly peace.  
hail the King! Christ the Saviour is here, Christ the Saviour is here." AMEN.

||: 3 Silent night! holiest night!  
Guiding star, O lend thy light! :||  
See the eastern wise men bring  
Gifts and homage to our King!  
Christ the Saviour is here!

||: 4 Silent night! holiest night!  
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light! :||  
With the angels let us sing  
Alleluia to our King!  
Christ our Saviour is here! AMEN.

## Come, all ye faithful.

Latin, 17th or 18th Century.

"ADESTE FIDELES."

Portuguese, about 1800.

1. Come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, Come ye, O  
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ult - a - tion! Sing, all ye  
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born for our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Thy

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Born up - on earth be - hold the King of an - gels!  
 bright hosts of heav'n a - bove! Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the high - est!  
 name ev - er be a - dor'd! Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing!

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O

come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST THE LORD! A - MEN.

## Joy fills our inmost heart to-day.

W. C. DIX.

H. N. BARTLETT, 1886.

*f* *Vivace.*

1. Joy fills our in - most heart to - day: The roy - al Child is born:  
 2. Low at the cra - dle - throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;  
 3. Thou Light of un - cre - at - ed Light, Shine on us, ho - ly Child;

The an - gel-hosts in glad ar - ray His ad - vent keep this morn.  
 And feel no bliss can ours tran-scend, No joy was sweet be - fore.  
 That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un - de - fil'd.

## CHORUS.

Re - joice, re - joice, Th'in-car - nate Word Has come on earth to dwell! No

Joy fills our inmost heart.—*Concluded.*

musical score for a song. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *rit.* (ritardando). The lyrics are: "sweet - er sound than this is heard,—Im - man - u - el! Im - man - u - el!"

## There came a little Child to earth.

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Mrs. E. E. S. ELLIOTT, 1873.

"CHRISTMAS."

R. N. MATTHEWS.

*Semplice.*

musical score for a song. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the bass line. The lyrics are: "1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go; And 2. Out on the night, so calm and still Their song was heard; For they 3. And far a - way in a good - ly land, Fair and bright, Chil - 4. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A child was born; And that an - gels of God pro - claim'd His birth High and low. knew the child on Beth'hem's hill Was Christ the Lord. dren with crowns of glo - ry stand, Rob'd in white. they might crowns of glo - ry wear, Wore crown of thorn; A - MEN."

5 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain, 6 And ever more in their robes most fair

Came forth to die,

And undefil'd

That children of earth might ever reign

Those ransom'd children His praise declare,

With Him on high.

Who was once a Child. AMEN.



## Once in royal David's city.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

"IRBY."

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1856.

UNISON.

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,  
2. He came down to earth from heav - en Who is God and Lord of all,

Where a moth - er laid her ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:  
And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;

Ma - ry was the moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Liv'd on earth our Sav - iour holy. A - MEN.

3 But our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love,  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heav'n above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children rise,  
Singing praises in the skies. AMEN.

## Brightest and best.

R. HEBER, 1811.

"ST. NINIAN."

J. B. DYKES.

*Con moto.*

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our  
 2. Cold on His era - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His

N. B.—The first stanza should be repeated at the close of the hymn.

dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a -  
 head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re -

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
 clin - ing, Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all. A - MEN.

- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor. AMEN.

## Good news on Christmas morning.

M. M. DODGE.

F. J. HATTON, 1884.

*Con spirito.*

1. Good news on Christmas morn - ing, Good news, O chil - dren dear!  
 3. Good news on Christmas morn - ing, Good news, O chil - dren glad!

*mf*

For Christ once born in Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here!  
 Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord As ev - er wise men had.

2. Good news on Christ-mas morn - ing, Good news, O chil - dren sweet!  
 4. Good news on Christ-mas morn - ing, Good news, O chil - dren fair!

The way to find the Ho - ly Child Is light - ed for your feet.  
 Still doth the one good Shep - herd hold The feeb - lest in his care.

Good news on Christmas morning.—*Concluded.*

*mf*

5. Thank God on Christmas morn - ing, Thank God, O chil - dren dear!

*if* *rit.*

That Christ who came to Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here.

## Bright was the guiding star.

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Miss H. AUBER, 1829.

"BANSTEAD."

ANON, 1886.

1. Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild, be - nig - nant ray, The  
 2. But lo! a bright - er, clear - er light Now points to His a - bode; It  
 3. O glad - ly tread the nar - row path While light and grace are giv'n; Who

wise men to the low - ly shed Where the Re - deem - er lay.  
 shines thro' sin and sor - row's night, To guide us to our God.  
 meek - ly fol - low Christ on earth, Shall reign with Him in heav'n. A-MEN.



## Angels, from the realms of glory.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819.

"REGENT SQUARE."

H. SMART, 1867 ?

*Con brio.*

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er  
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your  
 3. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in  
 4. Saints and an - gels join in prais - ing Thee, the Fa - ther,

all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry  
 flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing,  
 hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing,  
 Spir - it, Son; Ev - er - more their voi - ces rais - ing

Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.  
 Yon - der shines the heav'n - ly Light. } Come and wor - ship,  
 In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.  
 To th'e - ter - nal Three in One.

Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King! A - MEN.

## Hail to the Lord's Anointed!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

A. E. FISHER, 1886.

*Con moto.*

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!  
 2. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,  
 3. Kings shall fall down be - fore Him, And gold and in - cense bring:  
 4. O'er ev - ery foe vic - to - rious, He on His throne shall rest;

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!  
 And love and joy, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:  
 All na - tions shall a - dore Him; His praise all peo - ple sing;  
 From age to age more glo - rious, All - bless - ing and all - blest.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,  
 Be - fore Him, on the mount - ains, Shall peace the her - ald go,  
 For He shall have do - min - ion, O'er riv - er, sea, and shore,  
 The tide of time shall nev - er His co - ve - nant re - move;

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.  
 And right - eousness in fount - ains From hill to val - ley flow.  
 Far as the ea - gle's pin - ion Or dove's light wing can soar.  
 His name shall stand for ev - er; His great, best name of Love. A - MEN.

## I think, when I read that sweet story of old.

Mrs. J. LUKE, 1841.

J. H. CORNELL, 1871.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His  
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle children as  
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind  
 ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earn - est - ly

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove— A-MEN.

By permission.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
 For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n;  
 And many dear children are gathering there,  
 "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
 Never heard of that heavenly home;  
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
 And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN.

## Father, let me dedicate.

L. TUTTIETT.

G. A. MACFARREN.

*Con moto.*

1. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate This new year to Thee,  
 2. If in mer - cy Thou wilt spare Joys that now are mine;  
 3. If Thou call - est to the cross, And its shad - ow come,

In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.  
 If on life, se - rene and fair, Bright - er rays may shine;  
 Turn - ing all my gain to loss, Shroud - ing heart and home,—

Not from sor - row, pain, or care Free - dom dare I claim;  
 Let my glad heart, while it sings, Thee in all pro - claim;  
 Let me think how Thy dear Son To His glo - ry came,

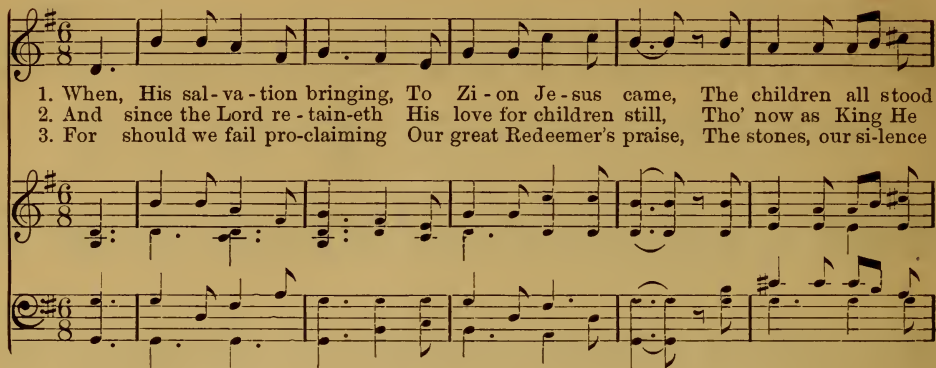
This a - lone shall be my pray'r: "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."  
 And, what - e'er the fu - ture brings, Glo - ri - fy Thy name.  
 And in deep - est grief pray on, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name." A - MEN.



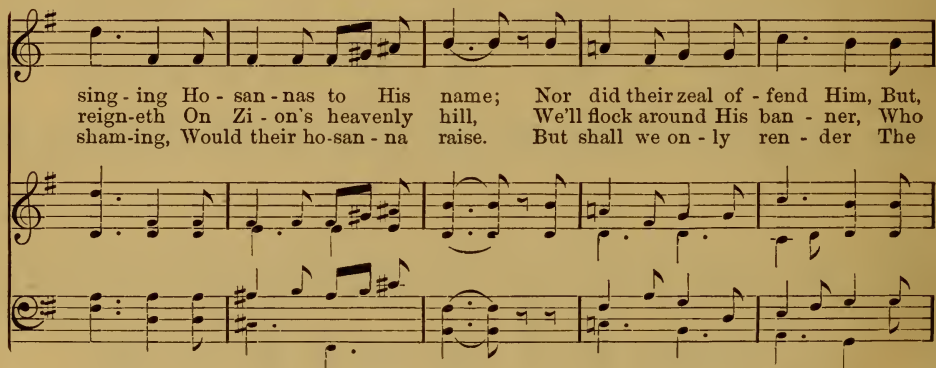
## When, His salvation bringing.

J. KING, 1830.

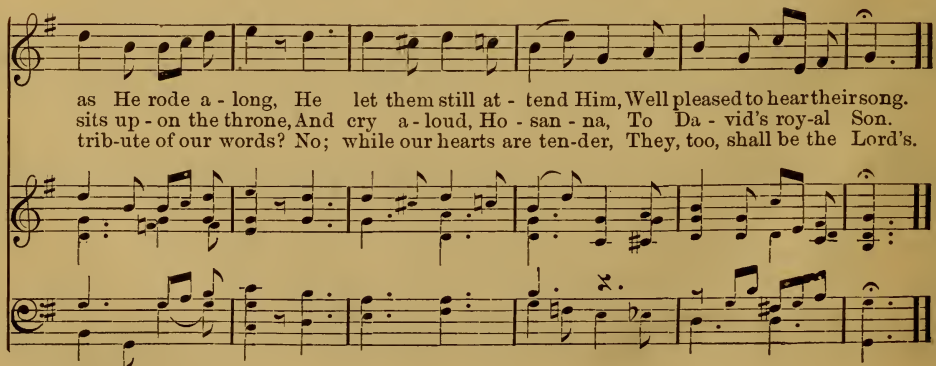
J. H. CORNELL, 1886.



1. When, His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood  
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for children still, Tho' now as King He  
3. For should we fail pro - claiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our si - lence



sing - ing Ho - san - nas to His name; Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But,  
reign - eth On Zi - on's heavenly hill, We'll flock around His ban - ner, Who  
sham - ing, Would their ho - san - na raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The



as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, Well pleased to hear their song.  
sits up - on the throne, And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na, To Da - vid's roy - al Son.  
trib - ute of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, shall be the Lord's.

## O Thou, th' eternal Son of God.

W. C. DIX.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.

*Solemnly.*

1. O Thou, th'e-ter-nal Son of God, The Lamb for sinners slain, We worship Thee, whose  
2. Thou great High Priest, Thy glory-robcs To-day are laid a - side; And hu-man sor-rows,

head is bow'd In ag-o-ny and pain.  
Son of Man, Thy Godhead seem to hide. AMEN.

3 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe  
This is the lightest part;  
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,  
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

4 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross  
Will truest, Lord, abide;  
Make Thou that cross our only hope,  
O Jesus Crucified! AMEN.

## So rest, my Rest.

German, 1716.

"ARIMATHEA."

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.

*Slowly.*

1. So rest, my Rest, Thou ev-er-blest, Thy grave with sinners mak-ing; By Thy precious  
2. Here hast Thou lain Aft-er much pain, Life of my life, re - pos - ing; Round Thee now a

death, from sin My dead soul a - wak-ing.  
rock-hewn grave, Rock of Ages, clos-ing. AMEN.

3 Breath of all breath,  
I know from death  
Thou wilt my dust awaken;  
Wherefore should I dread the grave,  
Or my faith be shaken?

4 Meantime I will,  
My Jesus, still  
Deep in remembrance lay Thee,  
Musing on Thy death; in death  
Be with me, I pray Thee. AMEN.

## The Day of Resurrection!

Greek, 8th Century.

"LANCASHIRE."

H. SMART, 1836?

*Con brio.*

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad!  
 2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right  
 3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin!

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!  
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion - light;  
 Let the round world keep tri - umph, And all that is there - in:

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,  
 And list' - ning to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,  
 In - vis - i - ble and visi - ble, Their notes let all things blend;

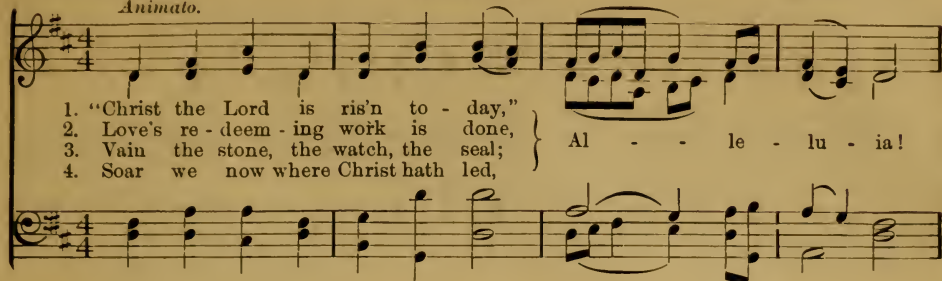
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
 His own "All - hail,"—and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor - strain.  
 For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our joy that hath no end! A - MEN.

# "Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

C. WESLEY, 1739.

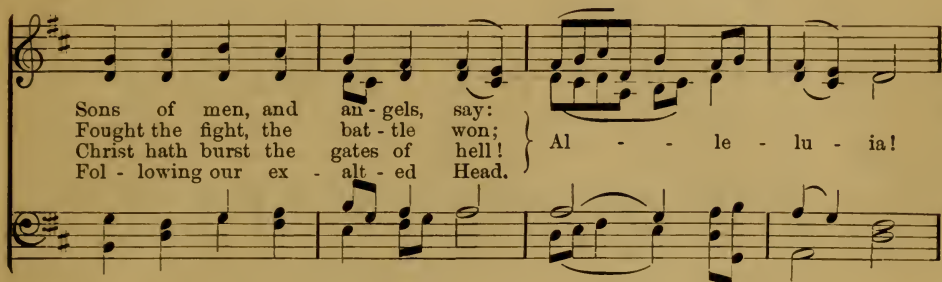
"EASTER HYMN."

English, 1708.

*Animato.*


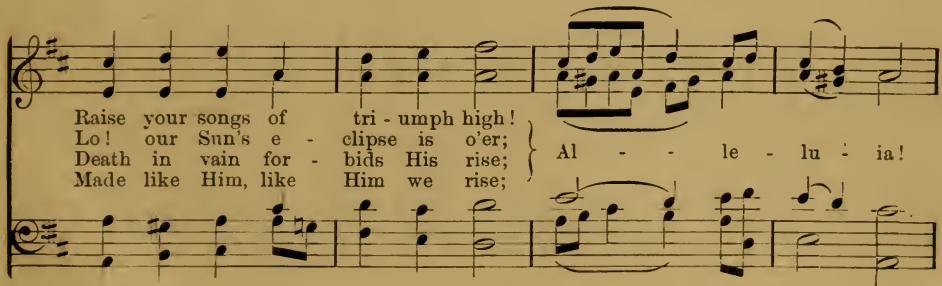
1. "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day,"  
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done,  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led,

Al - - le - lu - ia!



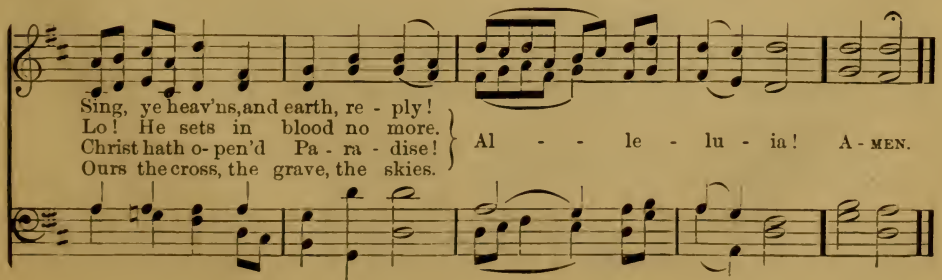
Sons of men, and an - gels, say:  
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!  
 Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed Head.

Al - - le - lu - ia!



Raise your songs of tri - umph high!  
 Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er;  
 Death in vain for - bids His rise;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;

Al - - le - lu - ia!



Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth, re - ply!  
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.  
 Christ hath o - pen'd Pa - ra - dise!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Al - - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

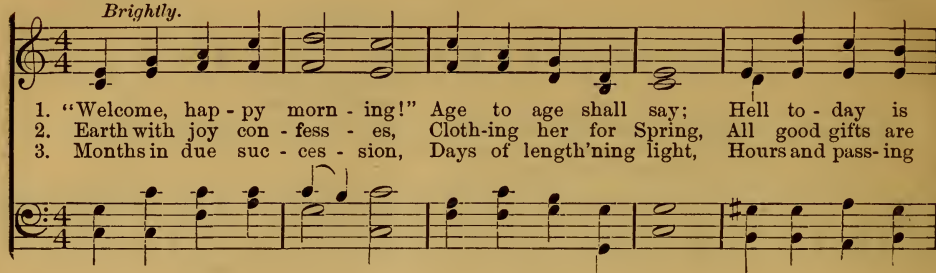


# "Welcome, happy morning!"

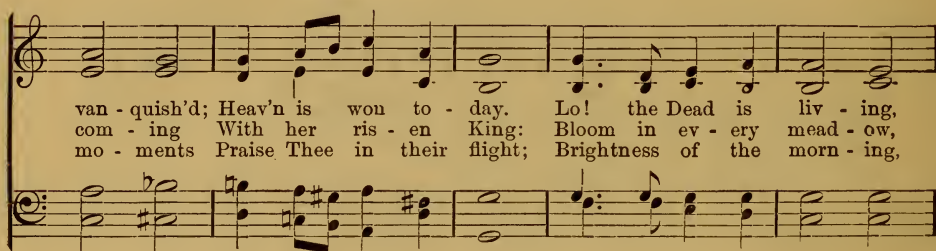
Latin, 6th Century.

*Brightly.*

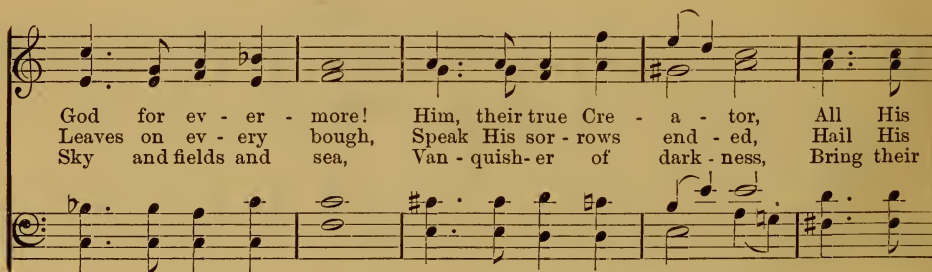
A. E. FISHER, 1886.



1. "Welcome, hap - py morn - ing!" Age to age shall say; Hell to - day is  
 2. Earth with joy con - fess - es, Cloth - ing her for Spring, All good gifts are  
 3. Months in due suc - ces - sion, Days of length'n'ing light, Hours and pass - ing

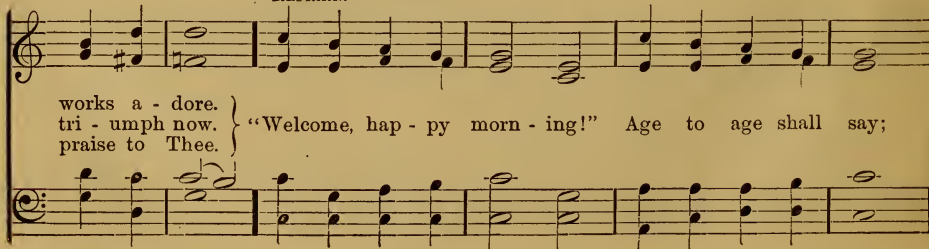


van - quish'd; Heav'n is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,  
 com - ing With her ris - en King: Bloom in ev - ery mead - ow,  
 mo - ments Praise Thee in their flight; Brightness of the morn - ing.



God for ev - er - more! Him, their true Cre - a - tor, All His  
 Leaves on ev - ery bough, Speak His sor - rows end - ed, Hail His  
 Sky and fields and sea, Van - quish - er of dark - ness, Bring their

## REFRAIN.



works a - dore. }  
 tri - umph now. } "Welcome, hap - py morn - ing!" Age to age shall say;  
 praise to Thee. }

"Welcome, happy morning!"—*Concluded.*

Musical score for the hymn "Welcome, happy morning!". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Hell to-day is van - quish'd; Heav'n is won to - day. A - MEN.

4 Thou, of Life the Author,  
Death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness,  
Saving strength to show;  
Come, then, True and Faithful,  
Now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis the promis'd morning;  
Rise, O buried Lord! REF.

5 Loose the souls long prison'd,  
Bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen,  
Raise to life again;  
Show Thy face in brightness,  
Bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight:  
Day returns with Thee. REF.

Come, let us sing the song of songs.

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J. MONTGOMERY, 1853.

*Stately.*

"DUKE STREET."

J. HATTON, 1790.

Musical score for the hymn "Come, let us sing the song of songs." It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, — The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain —  
2. Slain to re-deem us by His blood, To cleanse from ev-ery sin - ful stain,  
3. To Him, enthron'd by fil - ial right, All pow'r in heav'n and earth proclaim,  
4. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heav'n with Him we reign:

Musical score for the hymn "The homage which to Christ be-longs." It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

The homage which to Christ be-longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"  
And make us kings and priests to God — "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"  
Hon - or, and ma - jes - ty, and might: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"  
This song, our song of songs shall be: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-MEN.

# Jesus lives! Thy terrors now.

German, 18th Century.

J. R. FAIRLAMB, 1886.

UNISON

1. Je - sus lives! Thy ter - rors now Can no long - er,  
 2. Je - sus lives! Hence-forth is death But the gate of  
 3. Je - sus lives! For us He died: Then, a - lone to

HARMONY.

death, ap - pal us; Je - sus lives! By this we know  
 life im - mor - tal; This shall calm our trem - bling breath,  
 Je - sus liv - ing, Pure in heart may we a - bide,

Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - - ia!  
 When we pass its gloom - y por - tal. Al - le - lu - - ia!  
 Glo - ry to our Sav - iour giv - ing. Al - le - lu - - ia! A-MEN.

Copyright, 1887, by The Century Co

4 Jesus lives! Our hearts know well  
 Nought from us His love shall sever;  
 Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!

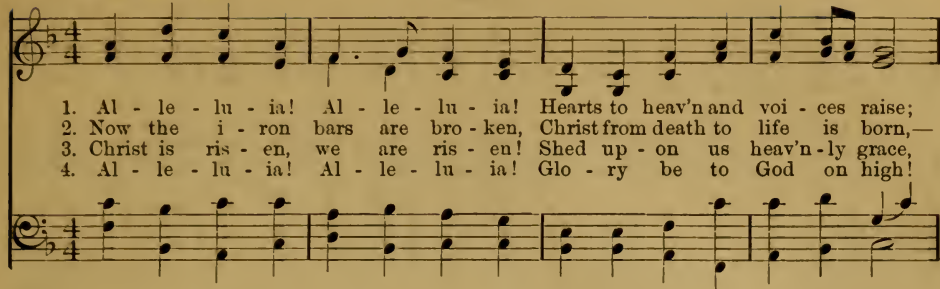
5 Jesus lives! To Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given;  
 May we go where He is gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in heav'n. Alleluia! AMEN.

## Alleluia! Alleluia!

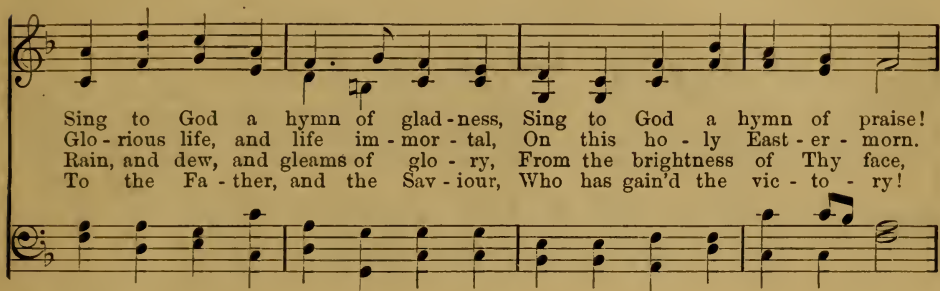
C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"BETHANY."

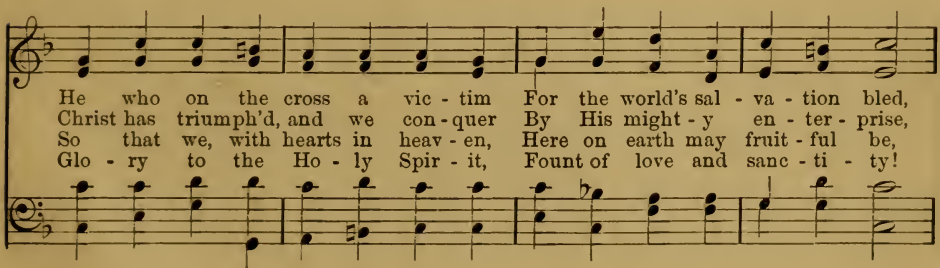
H. SMART.



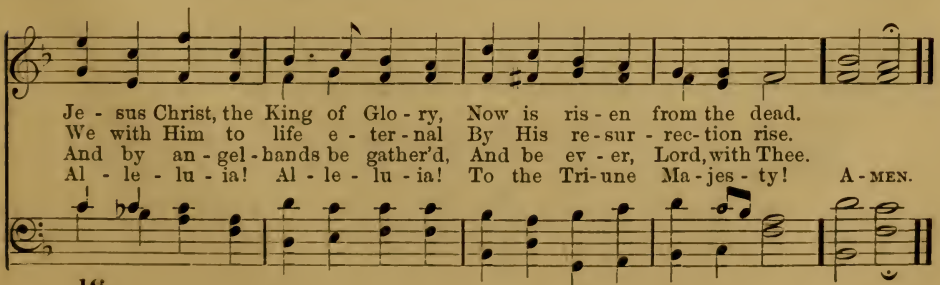
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voi - ces raise;  
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,—  
 3. Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en! Shed up - on us heav'n - ly grace,  
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high!



Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise!  
 Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal, On this ho - ly East - er - morn.  
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glo - ry, From the brightness of Thy face,  
 To the Fa - ther, and the Sav - iour, Who has gain'd the vic - to - ry!



He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,  
 Christ has triumph'd, and we con - quer By His might - y en - ter - prise,  
 So that we, with hearts in heav - en, Here on earth may fruit - ful be,  
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty!



Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.  
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His re - sur - rec - tion rise.  
 And by an - gel - hands be gather'd, And be ev - er, Lord, with Thee.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Ma - jes - ty! A - MEN.



## Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

A. T. GURNEY, 1862.  
*Con brio.*

"RESURREXIT."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1873.

1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!  
 2. Lo, the chains of death are bro - ken! Earth be - low, and heav'n a - bove  
 3. An - gel le - gions, downward thronging, Hail the Lord of earth and skies!

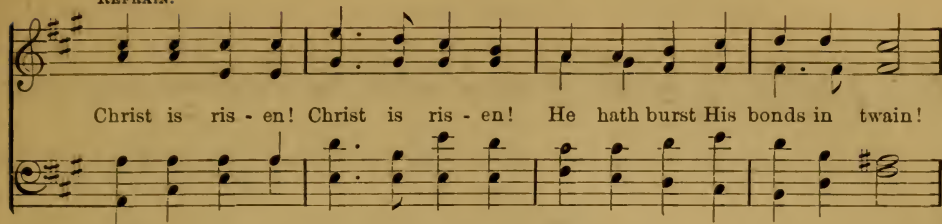
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and heav'n pro - long the strain!  
 Joy a - new in ev - ery to - ken Of Thy tri - umph, Lord of love!  
 Ye who watch'd with ho - ly long - ing Till your Sun a - gain should rise:—

He who suf - fer'd pain and loss, In His love to us,  
 He o'er earth and heav'n shall reign At His Fa - ther's side,  
 He is ris - en! Earth, re - joice! Sing, ye star - ry train!


Dy - ing on the bit - ter cross, Lives vic - to - ri - ous! }  
 Till He com - eth once a - gain, Bridegroom, to His Bride. }  
 All things liv - ing, find a voice! Je - sus lives a - gain! }

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!—*Concluded.*

## REFRAIN.



Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!



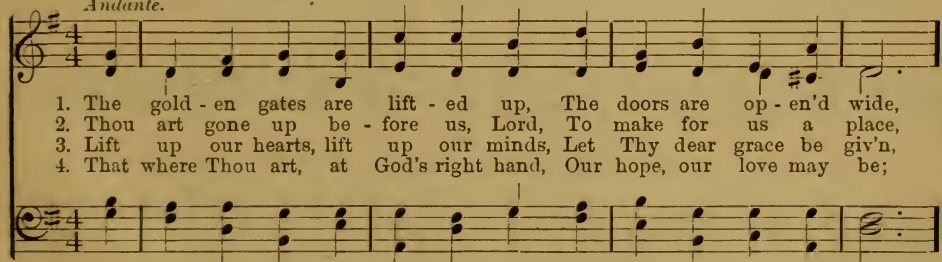
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and heav'n pro - long the strain! A-MEN.

## The golden gates are lifted up. 258

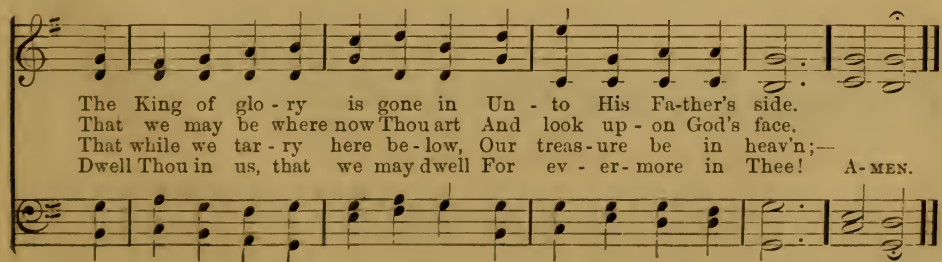
Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

"TREVES.

H. HILES.

*Andante.*


1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are op - en'd wide,  
 2. Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place,  
 3. Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be giv'n,  
 4. That where Thou art, at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be;



The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Fa - ther's side.  
 That we may be where now Thou art And look up - on God's face,  
 That while we tar - ry here be - low, Our treas - ure be in heav'n;—  
 Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell For ev - er - more in Thee! A-MEN.

## The strife is o'er, the battle done.

Latin.

"CHRISTENDOM."

J. W. ELLIOTT.

*Allegro.* *cres.* *ff* *UNISON.*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the
2. He brake the mighty
3. The pow'rs of death have

bat - tle done: The vic - to - ry of life is won: The song of triumph has begun, —  
chains of hell; The bars from heav'n's high portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumph tell, —  
done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispers'd; Let shout of ho - ly joy outburst, —

*Slower.* *p*

Al - le - lu - ia! 4. Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy

*cres. e accel.* *ff* *rit.*

servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee Al - le - lu - ia. A-MEN.

## Sweetly the birds are singing.

Miss E. D. CHAPMAN.

L. DAMROSCH, 1885.

*p* *Con brio.*

UNISON.

1. Sweet-ly the birds are sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn, Sweet - ly the  
2. Birds, for - get not your sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn; Bells, be ye  
3. Buds, ye will soon be flow - ers, Cher - ry and white; Snow-storms are  
4. East - er buds were grow - ing A - ges a - go; East - er

bells are ring - ing On Eas - ter morn, And the words that they say On  
ev - er ring - ing On Eas - ter morn. In the spring of the year, When  
changing to show - ers, Dark - ness to light. With wak' - ning of spring, O  
lil - ies were blow - ing By wa - ter's flow. All na - ture was glad, No

Eas - ter - Day Are—"Christ the Lord.... is ris - - en!"  
Eas - ter is here, Sing—"Christ the Lord.... is ris - - en!"  
sweet - ly sing—"Lo! Christ the Lord.... is ris - - en!"  
creature wassad, For Christ the Lord... was ris - - en! A - MEN.



## Golden harps are sounding.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

J. H. CORNELL, 1886.

*With spirit.*

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel - voice - es ring,  
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died,  
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place,

Pearl - y gates are o - pen'd, O - pen'd for the King.  
 Now is crown'd with glad - ness At His Fa - ther's side.  
 Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace;

Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone  
 Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die, Je - sus,  
 His bright home pre - par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus

Golden harps are sounding.—*Concluded.*

up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.  
 King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.  
 ev - er liv - eth,—Ev - er lov - eth too.

*ff*

REFRAIN.

All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;

Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King! A-MEN.

## Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.

T. KELLY, 1809.

C. FLORIO, 1886.

*Con moto.*

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of  
 2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro - phies  
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crown'd Him; Mock - ing thus the  
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri -

Sor - rows now: From the fight re - turn'd vic - to - rious,  
 Je - sus brings; In the seat of pow'r en - throne Him,  
 Sav - iour's claim: Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him,  
 umph - ant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion;

Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow: Crown Him,  
 While the vault of heav - en rings: Crown Him,  
 Own His ti - tle, praise His name: Crown Him,  
 O what joy the sight af - fords: Crown Him,

crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.  
 crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour "King of Kings."  
 crown Him; Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.  
 crown Him; "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." A - MEN.

## Our Lord is risen from the dead.

C. WESLEY, 1743.

*Con moto.*

J. BARNEY, 1872.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high;  
 2. "Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un - fold th'e - the - real scene;  
 3. Lo! His tri-umph - al char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay, —

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.  
 He claims these mansions as His right; Re - ceive the King of glo - ry in."  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way!"

There His tri-umph - al char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay, —  
 "Who is the King of glory?—who?" "The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,  
 "Who is the King of glory?—who?" "The Lord, of glo - rious pow'r possess'd;

"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way!"  
 World, sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew; And Je - sus is the Conqueror's name."  
 The King of saints and an - gels too; God o - ver all, for ev - er blest." AMEN.

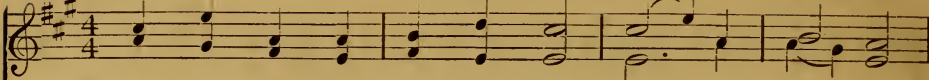


## Hail the day that sees Him rise.


C. WESLEY, 1739.

"ASCENSION."

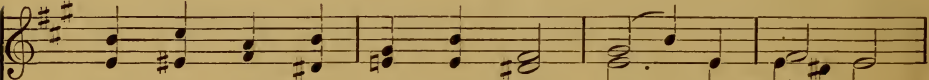
W. H. MONK.



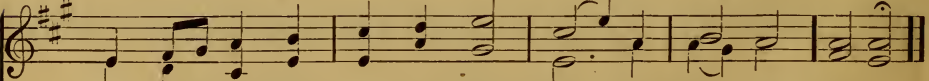
1. Hail the day that sees Him rise— Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2. There the glo - rous tri - umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 3. Him though high - est heav'n re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 4. Lord, though part - ed from our sight, Al - le - lu - ia!



To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Still He loves the earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 High a - bove yon a - zure height, Al - le - lu - ia!



Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Though re - turn - ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Grant our hearts may thith - er rise, Al - le - lu - ia!



Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Take the King of glo - ry in. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Fol - lowing Thee be - yond the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

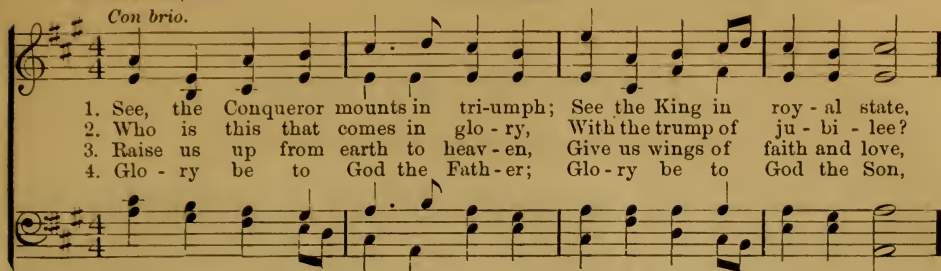
A-MEN.

## See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph.

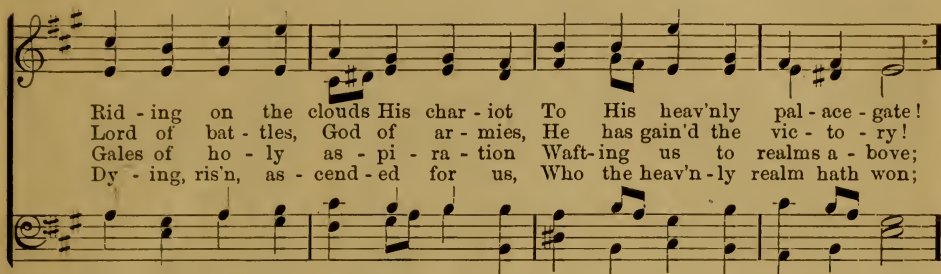
C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"REX GLORIAE."

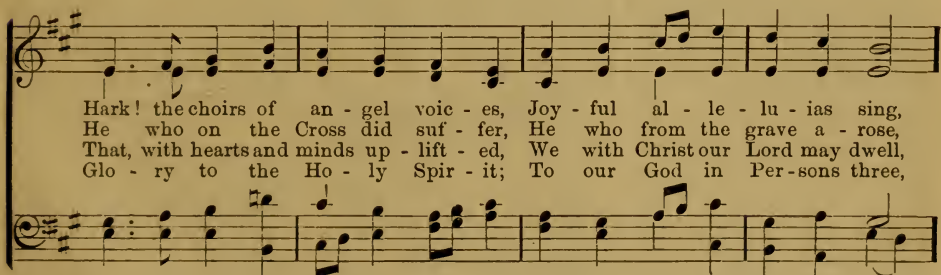
H. SMART.

*Con brio.*


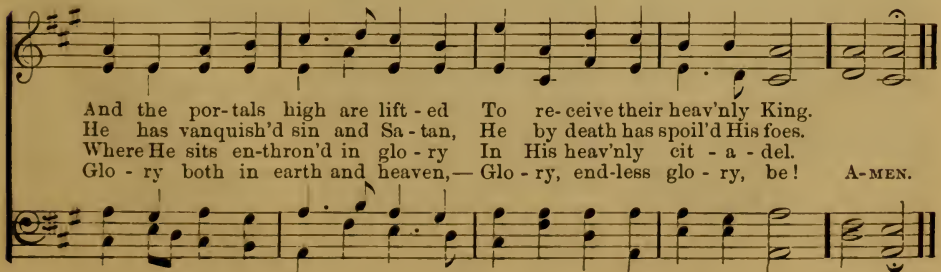
1. See, the Conqueror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,  
 2. Who is this that comes in glo-ry, With the trump of ju-bi-lee?  
 3. Raise us up from earth to heav-en, Give us wings of faith and love,  
 4. Glo-ry be to God the Fath-er; Glo-ry be to God the Son,



Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'nly pal-ace-gate!  
 Lord of bat-tles, God of ar-mies, He has gain'd the vic-to-ry!  
 Gales of ho-ly as-pi-ra-tion Waft-ing us to realms a-bove;  
 Dy-ing, ris'n, as-cend-ed for us, Who the heav'n-ly realm hath won;



Hark! the choirs of an-gel voic-es, Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,  
 He who on the Cross did suf-fer, He who from the grave a-rose,  
 That, with hearts and minds up-lift-ed, We with Christ our Lord may dwell,  
 Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Spir-it; To our God in Per-sons three,



And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King.  
 He has vanquish'd sin and Sa-tan, He by death has spoil'd His foes.  
 Where He sits en-thron'd in glo-ry In His heav'nly cit-a-del.  
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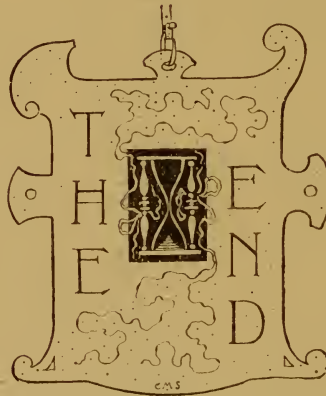
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Glory to God in the highest,  
and on earth peace,  
good will toward men.

